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THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

—BY—
CHARLES LEVER.



LONDON :

CHAPMAN & HALL, 133, PICCADILLY.

L. 65846
THE

DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

BY

CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER," "THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE,"
&c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

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LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

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1854

TO

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, BART., M.P.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,

WHILE asking you to accept the dedication of this volume, I feel it would be something very nigh akin to the Bathos were *I* to say one word of Eulogy of those powers which the world has recognised in *you*.

Let me, however, be permitted, in common with thousands, to welcome the higher development which your Genius is hourly attaining, to say God speed to the Author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," and cry "Hear!" to the Eloquent Orator, whose words have awakened an enthusiasm that shows Chivalry still lives amongst us.

Believe me, in all admiration and esteem,

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES LEVER.

Casa Capponi, Florence,
March, 1854.

“A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.”

THE Editor of the Dodd Correspondence may possibly be expected to give the Public some information as to the manner by which these Letters came into his possession, and the reasons which led him to publish them. Happily he can do both without any breach of honourable confidence. The circumstances were these :

Mr. Dodd, on his returning to Ireland, passed through the little watering-place of Spezzia, where the Editor was then sojourning. They met accidentally, formed acquaintanceship, and then intimacy. Amongst the many topics of conversation between them, the Continent and its habits occupied a very wide space. Mr. D. had lived little abroad ; the Editor had passed half of a life there. Their views and judgment were, as might be surmised, not always alike ; and if novelty had occasionally misled one, time and habit had not less powerfully blunted the perceptions of the other. The old resident discovered, to his astonishment, that the very opinions which he smiled at from his friend, had been once his own ; that he had himself incurred some of the mistakes, and fallen into many of the blunders, which he now ridiculed, and that, so far from the Dodd Family being the exception, they were in reality no very unfair samples of a large class of our travelling countrymen. They had come abroad with crude and absurd notions of what awaited them on the Continent. They dreamed of economy, refinement, universal politeness, and a profound esteem for England from all foreigners. They fancied that the advantages of foreign travel were to be obtained without cost or labour ; that locomotion could educate, sight-seeing cultivate them ; that in the capacity of British subjects every society should be open to them, and that, in fact, it was enough to emerge from home obscurity to become at once recognised in the fashionable circles of any continental city.

They not only entertained all these notions, but they held them in defiance of most contradictory elements. They practised the most rigid economy when professing immense wealth ; they affected to despise the foreigner while shunning their own countrymen ; they assumed to be votaries of art when merely running over galleries ; and lastly, while laying claim, and just claim, for their own country to the highest moral standard of Europe, they not unfrequently out-

raged all the proprieties of foreign life by an open and shameless profligacy. It is difficult to understand how a mere change of locality can affect a man's notions of right and wrong, and how Cis-Alpine evil may be Trans-Alpine good. It is very hard to believe that a few parallels of latitude can affect the moral thermometer; but so it is, and so Mr. Dodd honestly confessed he found it. He not only avowed that he could do abroad what he could not dare to do at home, but that, worse still, the infraction cost no sacrifice of self-esteem, no self-reproach. It was not that these derelictions were part of the habits of foreign life, or at least of such of it as met the eye; it was, in reality, because he had come abroad with his own preconceived ideas of a certain latitude in morals, and was resolved to have the benefit of it. Such inconsistency in theory, led, naturally, to absurdity in action, and John Bull became, in consequence, a mark for every trait of eccentricity that satirists could describe, or caricaturists paint.

The gradations of rank so rigidly defined in England are less accurately marked out abroad. Society, like the face of the soil, is not enclosed by boundaries and fenced by hedgerows, but stretches away in boundless undulations of unlimited extent. The Englishman fancies there are no boundaries, because he does not see the landmarks. Since all seems open, he imagines there can be no trespass. This is a serious mistake! Not less a one is, to connect title with rank. He fancies that nobility represents abroad the same pretensions which it maintains in England, and indignantly revenges his own blunder by calumniating in common every foreigner of rank.

Mr. Dodd fell into some of these errors; from others, he escaped. Most, indeed, of his mistakes were those inseparable from a false position; and, from the acuteness of his remarks in conversation, it is clear that he possessed fair powers of observation, and a mind well disposed to receive and retain the truth. One quality certainly his observations possessed—they were "his own." They were neither worked out from the Guide-book, nor borrowed from his *Laquais de Place*. They were the honest convictions of a good ordinary capacity, sharpened by the habits of an active life. It was with sincere pleasure the Editor received from him the following note, which reached him about three weeks after they parted:

"Dodsborough, Bruff.

"MY DEAR HARRY LOBBEQUER,

"I have fished up all the Correspondence of the Dodd Family during our 'Annus Mirabilis' abroad, and send it to you with this. You have done some queer pranks at Editorship before now, so what would you say to standing Sponsor to us all, foundlings as we are in the world

of letters? I have a notion in my head that we weren't a bit more ridiculous than nine-tenths of our travelling countrymen, and that, maybe, our mistakes and misconceptions might serve to warn such as may come after us over the same road. At all events, use your own discretion on the matter, but say nothing about it when you write to me, as Mrs. D. reads all my letters, and if she knew we were going to print her, the consequences would be awful!

“You'll be glad to hear that we got safe back here—Tuesday was a week—found everything much as usual—farming stock looking up, pigs better than ever I knew them. I have managed to get James into the Police, and his foreign airs and graces are bringing him into the tip-top society of the county. Purcell tells me that we'll be driven to sell Dodsborough in the Estates Court, and I suppose it's the best thing after all, for we can buy it in, and clear off the mortgages that was the ruin of us.

“When everything is settled, I have an idea of taking a run through the United States, to have a peep at Jonathan. If so, you shall hear from me.

“Meanwhile, I am yours, very faithfully,

“KENNY I. DODD.

“Do you know any Yankees, or could you get me a few letters to some of their noticeable men? for I'd like to have an opportunity of talk with them.”

The Editor at once set about the inspection of the documents forwarded to him, and carefully perused the entire correspondence; nor was it until after a mature consideration that he determined on accepting the responsible post which Mr. Dodd had assigned to him.

He who edits a Correspondence, to a certain extent is assumed to be a concurring party, if not to the statements contained in it, at least to its general tone and direction. It is in vain for him to try and hide his own shadow behind the foreground figure of the picture, or merge his responsibility in that of his principal. The reader will hold him chargeable for opinions that he has made public, and for sentiments which, but for his intervention, had slept within the drawer of a cabinet. This is more particularly the case where the sentiments recorded are not those of any great thinker or high authority amongst men whose dicta may be supposed capable of standing the test of a controversy, on the mere strength of him who uttered them. Now, unhappily, the Dodd Family have not as yet produced one of these gifted individuals. Their views of the world, as they saw it in a foreign tour, are those of persons of very moderate capacity, with

very few special opportunities for observation. They wrote in all the frankness of close friendship to those with whom they were most intimately allied. They uttered candidly what they felt acutely. They chronicled their sorrows, their successes, their triumphs, and their shame. And although experience did teach them something as they went, their errors tracked them to the last. It cannot be expected, then, that the Editor is prepared to back their opinions and uphold their notions, nor is he blameable for the judgments they have pronounced on many points. It is true, it was open to him to have retrenched this, and suppressed that. He might have cancelled a confession here, or blotted out an avowal there, but had he done so in one Letter, the allusion contained in some other might have been pointless—the distinctive character of the writer lost; and what is of more moment than either, a new difficulty engendered, viz., what to retain where there was so much to retrench. Besides this, Mrs. D. is occasionally wrong where K. I. is right, and it is only by contrasting the impressions, that the value of the judgments can be appreciated.

It is not in our present age of high civilisation that an Editor need fear the charge of having divulged family secrets, or made the private history of domestic life a subject for public commentary. Happily, we live in a period of enlightenment that can defy such petty slanders. Very high and titled individuals have shown themselves superior to similar accusations, and if the "Dodds" can in anywise contribute to the amusement or instruction of the world, they may well feel recompensed for an exposure to which others have been subjected before them.

As in all cases of this kind, the Editor's share has been of the very lightest. It would not have become him to have added anything either of explanation or apology to the contents of these Letters. Even when a word or two might have served to correct a mistaken impression, he has preferred to leave the obvious task to the reader's judgment to obtrusively making himself the means of interpretation. In fact, he has had little to do beyond opening the door and announcing the company, and his functions cease when this duty is accomplished. It would be alike ungracious and ungrateful in him, however, were he to retire without again thanking those kind and indulgent friends who have so long and so warmly welcomed him.

With no higher ambition in life than to be the servant of that same Public, nor any more ardent desire than to merit well at their hands, he writes himself, as he has so often had occasion to do before, but at no time more sincerely than now,

Their very devoted and faithful servant,

THE EDITOR.

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THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

LETTER I.

TO MR. THOMAS PURCELL, OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Hôtel de Bain, Ostende.

DEAR TOM,

HERE we are at last—as tired and sea-sick a party as ever landed on the same shore! Twenty-eight hours of it, from the St. Katharine Docks—six of them bobbing opposite Margate in a fog—ringing a big bell all the time, and firing minute-guns, lest some thumping Indiaman or a homeward-bound Peninsular should run into us; and five more sailing up and down before Ostend, till it was safe to cross the bar, and enter the blackguard little harbour. The *Phoenix*—that was our boat—started the night before the *Paul Jones* mail-packet, and we only beat her by a neck, after all! And this was a piece of Mrs. Dodd's economy: the *Phoenix* only charges "Ten and six" for the first cabin; but, what with the board for a day and a night—boats to fetch you out, and boats to fetch you in—brandy-and-water against the sickness, much good it was! soda-water, stewards, and the devil knows what of broken crockery—James fell into the "Cuddy," I think they call it, and smashed two dozen and three wine-glasses, the most of a blue tea-service, and a big tureen—the economy turned out a "delusion and a snare," as they say in the House. It's over now, thank God! and except some bruises against the bulkheads and a touch of a jaundice, I'm nothing the worse. We landed at night, and were marched off in a gang to the Custom House. Such a time I never spent before! for when they upset all our things on the floor, there was no getting them into the trunks, again; and so we made our way through the streets, with shawls, and muffs, and silk dresses all round us, like a set of play-actors. As for me, I car-

ried a turban in one hand, and a tray of artificial flowers in the other, with a toque on my head and a bird-of-paradise feather in my mouth. James fell, crossing the plank, with three bran new frocks and a bonnet of the girls, and a thing Mrs. D. calls a "visite"—egad, they made a visite of it, sure enough, and are likely to stay some time there, for they are under some five feet of black mud, that has lain there since before the memory of man. This wasn't the worst of it; for Mrs. D., not seeing very well in the dark, gave one of the passport people a box on the ear that she meant for poor Paddy, and we were hauled up before the police, and made pay thirty francs for "insulting the Authorities," with something written on our passport besides, describing my wife as a dangerous kind of woman, that ought to be looked after. Poor Mathews had a funny song, that ran—

"If ever you travel, it mustn't seem queer
That you sometimes get rubs that you never get here."

But, faith, it appears to me that we have fallen in with a most uncommon allowance of friction. Perhaps it's all for the best, and by a little roughing at first, we'll the sooner accustom ourselves to our new position.

You know that I never thought much of this notion of coming abroad, but Mrs. D. was full of it, and gave me neither peace nor ease till I consented. To be sure, if it only realises the half of what she says, it's a good speculation—great economy—tip-top education for Tom and the girls—elegant society without expense—fine climate—and wine for the price of the bottles. I'm sorry to leave Dodsborough. I got into a way of living there that suited me; and even in the few days I spent in London, I was missing my morning's walk round the big turnip-field, and my little gossip with Joe Moone. Poor Joe! don't let him want while I'm away, and be sure to give him his turf off our own bog. We won't be able to drain the Lough meadows this year, for we'll want every sixpence we can lay our hands on, for the start. Mrs. D. says, "'Tis the way you begin abroad decides everything;" and, faith, our opening up to this has not been too prosperous.

I thought we'd have got plenty of letters of recommendation for the Continent while we were in London; but it is downright impossible to see people there. Vickers, our member, was never at home, and Lord Pummistone—I might besiege Downing-street from morning till night, and never get a sight of him! I wrote as many as twenty letters, and it was only when I bethought me of saying that the Whigs never did anything except for people of the Grey, Elliott, or Dundas family, that he sent me five lines, with a kind of introduction

to any of the Envoys or Plenipotentiaries I might meet abroad—a roving commission after a dinner—sorrow more or less! I believe, however, that this is of no consequence: at least, a most agreeable man, one Krauth, the Sub-Consul at Mœlendrach, somewhere in Holland, and who came over in the same packet with us, tells me that people of condition, like us, find their place in the genteel society abroad as naturally as a man with moustaches goes to Leicester-square. That seems a comfort, for, between me and you, the fighting and scrambling that goes on at home about *who* we'll have, and *who'll* have *us*, makes life little better than an Election shindy! K. is a mighty nice man, and full of information. He appears to be rich, too, for Tom saw as many as thirteen gold watches in his room; and he has chains, and pins, and brooches, without end. He was trying to persuade us to spend the winter at Mœlendrach, where, besides a heavenly climate, there are such beautiful walks on the dykes, and elegant society! Mrs. D. doesn't like it, however, for though we've been looking all the morning, we can't find the place on the map, but that doesn't signify much; since even our Post town of Kellyunaignabacklish is put down in the "Gazeteer" "a small village on the road to Bruff," and no mention whatever of the Police station, nor Hannagin's school, nor the Pound. That's the way the blackguards make books now-a-days! Mary Anne is all for Brussels, and, afterwards, Germany and the Rhine, but we can fix upon nothing yet. Send me the letter of credit on Brussels in any case, for we'll stay there to look about us, a few weeks. If the two town-lands cannot be kept out of the "Encumbered Estates," there's no help for it; but sure any of our friends would bid a trifle, and not see them knocked down at seven or eight years' purchase. If Tullylicknaslatterley was drained, and the stones off it, and a good top dressing of lime for two years, you'd see as fine a crop of oats there as ever you'd wish; and there hasn't been an "outrage," as they call it, on the same land since they shot M'Shea, last September; and when you consider the times, and the way winter set in early, this year, 'tis saying a good deal. I wish Prince Albert would take some of these farms, as they said he would. Never mind enclosing the town parks, we can't afford it just now; but mind that you look after the preserves. If there's a cock shot in the Boundary-wood, I'll turn out every mother's son of the barony.

I was going to tell you about Nick Mahon's holding, but it's gone clean out of my head, for I was called away to the Police-office to bail out Paddy Byrne, the dirty little spalpeen; I wish I never took him from home. He saw a man running off with a yellow valise—this is his story—and thinking it was mine, he gave him chase; he

doubled and turned—now, under an omnibus, now, through a dark passage—till Paddy overtook him at last, and gave him a clippeen on the left ear, and a neat touch of the foot that sent him sprawling. This done, Pat shouldered the spoils, and made for the Inn; but what d'ye think? It turned out to be another man's trunk, and Paddy was taken up for the robbery; and what with the swearing of the Police, Pat's yells, and Mrs. D.'s French, I have passed such a half-hour, as I hope never to see again. Two "Naps." settled it all, however, and five francs to the Brigadier—as well-dressed a chap as the Commander of the Forces at home—but foreigners, it seems, are the devil for bribery. When I told Pat I'd stop it out of his wages, he was for rushing out, and taking what he called the worth of his money out of the blackguard; so that I had to lock him into my room, and there he is now, crying and screeching like mad. This will be my excuse for anything I may make in way of mistakes; for, to say truth, my head is fairly moidored! As it is, we've lost a trunk; and when Mrs. D. discovers that it was the one containing all her new silk dresses, and a famous red velvet, that was to take the shine out of the Tuileries, we'll have the devil to pay! She's in a blessed humour besides, for she says she saw the Brigadier wink at Mary Anne; and that it was a good kicking he deserved, instead of a five-franc piece: and now she's turning on me in the vernacular, in which, I regret to say, her fluency has no impediment. I must now conclude, my dear Tom, for it is quite beyond me to remember more than that I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

Betty Cobb insists upon being sent home; this is more of it! The journey will cost a ten-pound note, if Mrs. D. can't succeed in turning her off of it. I'm afraid the economy, at least, begins badly.

LETTER II.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, AT DODSBOROUGH.

Hôtel of the Baths, Ostende.

DEAR MOLLY,

THIS is the first blessed moment of quiet I've had since I quitted home; and even now there's the table d'hôte of sixty-two in the next room, and a brass band in the lobby, with, to be sure, the noisiest set of wretches as waiters ever I heard, shouting, screaming, knife-

jingling, plate-crashing, and cork-drawing—till my head is fairly turned with the turmoil. The expense is cruel besides—eighteen francs a day for the rooms, although James sleeps in the “salon;” and if you saw the bed—his father swears it was a mignonette-box in one of the windows! The eating is beautiful; that must be allowed. Two soups, three fishes, five roast chickens, and a piece of veal, stewed with cherries; a dish of chops with chickory, and a meat-pie garnished with cockscombs—you may be sure I didn’t touch them—after them there was a carp, with treacle, and a big plate of larks and robins, with eggs of the same, all round. Then came the heavy eating: a roast joint of beef, with a batter-pudding, and a turkey stuffed with chestnuts; ducks ditto, with olives and onions, and a mushroom-tart, made of grated chickens and other condiments. As for the sweets, I don’t remember the half of them, nor do I like to try; for poor dear James got a kind of surfeit, and was obliged to go to bed and have a doctor—a complaint, they tell me, mighty common amongst the English on first coming abroad. He was a nice man, and only charged five francs. I wish you’d tell Peter Belton that; for though we subscribe a pound a year to the Dispensary, Mr. Peter thinks to get six shillings a visit every time he comes over to Dodsborough—a pleasant ride of eleven miles—and sure of something to eat besides; and now that I think of it, Molly, ’tis what’s called the learned profession in Ireland is eating us all up. The Attorneys, the Doctors, the Parsons—look at them abroad. Mr. Krauth, a remarkable nice man, and a Consul, told me last night, that for two-and-sixpence of our money you’d have the best advice, law or medical, the Continent affords, and even that same is a comfort!

The table d’hôte is not without some drawbacks, however, my dear Molly, for only yesterday I caught an officer, the Brigadier of the Gendarmerie, they call him, throwing sly glances at Mary Anne across the table. I mentioned it to K. I., but like all fathers that were a little free and easy when young, he said, “Pooh! nonsense, déar. ’Tis the way of foreigners; you’ll get used to it at last.” We dined to-day in our own room; and just to punish us, as I suppose, they gave us a scrag of mutton, and two blue-legged chickens; and by the Bill before me—for I have it made up every day—I see “diner particulier” put down five francs a head, and the table d’hôte is for, two!

K. I. was in a blessed passion, and cursed my infernal prudery, as he called it. To be sure, I didn’t know it was to cost us a matter of fifteen francs. And now he’s gone off to the café, and Mary Anne is crying in her own room, while Caroline is nursing James; for, to tell you the truth, Betty Cobb is no earthly use to us, and as for Paddy

Byrne, 'tis bailing him out of the Police-office and paying fines for him we are, all day.

We'll scarcely save much this first quarter, for what with travelling expenses and the loss of my trunk—I believe I told you that some villain carried away the yellow valise, with the black satin trimmed with blonde, and the peach-coloured “gros de Naples,” and my two elegant ball-dresses, one covered with real Limerick lace—these losses, and the little contingencies of the road, will run away with most of our economies; but if we live we learn, and we'll do better afterwards.

I never expected it would be all pure gain, Molly; but isn't it worth something to see life—to get one's children the polish and refinement of the Continent—to teach them foreign tongues with the real accent—to mix in the very highest circles, and learn all the ways of people of fashion? Besides, Dodsborough was dreadful; K. I. was settling down to a common farmer, and in a year or two more, would never have asked any higher company than Purcell and Father Maher; as for James, he was always out with the greyhounds, or shooting, or something of the kind; and lastly, you saw yourself what was going on between Peter Belton and Mary Anne! . . . She might have had the pride and decency to look higher than a Dispensary doctor. I told her that her mother's family was M'Carthy's, and, indeed, it was nothing but the bad times ever made me think of Kenny Dodd. Not that I don't think well of poor Peter, but sure it's hard to dress well, and keep three horses, and make a decent appearance, on less than eighty pounds a year—not to talk of a wife at all!

I hope you'll get Christy into the Police—they are just the same as the Hussars, and not so costly. Be sure that you send off the two trunks to Ostend with the first sailing-vessel from Limerick; they'll only cost one-and-fourpence a cubic foot, whatever that is, and I believe they'll come just as speedy as by steam. I'm sorry for poor Nancy Doran; she'll be a loss to us in the dairy; but maybe she'll recover yet. How can you explain Brindled Judy not being in calf? I can scarce believe it yet. If it be true, however, you must sell her at the spring fair. Father Maher had a conceit out of her. Try if he is disposed to give ten pounds, or guineas—guineas if you can, Molly.

There's no curing that rash in Caroline's face, and it's making her miserable. I've lost Peter's receipt; and it was the only thing stopped the itching. Try and get a copy of it from him; but say it's for Betty Cobb.

I was interrupted, my dear Molly, by a visit from a young gentleman whose visiting-card bears the name of Victor de Lancy, come to ask after James—a very nice piece of attention, considering that he only met us once at the table d'hôte. He and Mary Anne talked a great deal together; for, as he doesn't speak English, I could only smile and say, "we-we," occasionally. He's as anxious about James as if he was his brother, and wanted to sit up the night with him; though what use would it be? for poor J. doesn't know a word of French, yet. Mary Anne tells me that he's a Count, and that his family was very high under the late King; but it's dreadful to hear him talk of Louis Philippe and the Orleans branch. He mentioned, too, that they set spies after him wherever he goes; and indeed Mary Anne saw a Gendarme looking up at the window all the time he was with us.

He spent two hours and a half here; and I must say, Molly, foreigners have a wonderful way of ingratiating themselves with one: we felt, when he was gone away, as if we knew him all our life. Don't pay any attention to Mat, but sell the fruit, and send me the money; and as for Bandy Bob, what's the use of feeding him now we're away? Take care that the advertisement about Dodsborough is in the *Mail* and the *Packet* every week: "A Residence fit for a nobleman or gentleman's family—most extensive out-offices, and two hundred acres of land, more if required," ought to let easy! To be sure, it's in Ireland, Molly, that's the worst of it. There isn't a little bit of a lodging here on the sands, with rush-bottom chairs and a painted table, doesn't bring fifty francs a week!

I must conclude now, for it's nigh post-hour. Be sure you look after the trunks and the pony. Never mind sending the Limerick paper; it costs three sous, and has never anything new. K. I. sees the *Times* at the rooms, and they give all the outrages just as well as the Irish papers. By the way, who was the Judkin Delaney, that was killed at Bruff? Sure it isn't the little creature that collected the County-Cess; it would be a disgrace if it was: he wasn't five foot high!

Tell Father Maher to send me a few threatening lines for Betty Cobb; 'tis nothing but the Priest's word will keep her down.

Your most affectionate friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER III.

MISS DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Hôtel de Bellevue, Brussels.

DEAREST KITTY,

IF anything could divert the mind from sorrow—from the “grief that sears and scalds”—it would be the delightful existence of this charming city, where associations of the past and present pleasure divide attention between them. We are stopping at the Bellevue, the great hotel of the upper town; but my delight, my ecstasy, is the old city—the Grande Place, especially, with its curious architecture of mediæval taste, its high polished roofs, and carved architraves. I stood yesterday at the window where Count Egmont marched forth to the scaffold—I touched the chair where poor Horn sat for the last time, while his fainting wife fell powerless at his knees, and I thought—yes, dearest Kitty, I own it—I thought of that last dreadful parting in the summer-house with poor Peter. My tears are blotting out the words as I write them. Why—why, I ask, must we be wretched? Why are we not free to face the humble destiny which more sordid spirits would shrink from? What is there in narrow fortune, if the heart soars above it? Papa is, however, more inexorable than ever; and as for Mamma, she looks at me as though I were the disgrace of our name and lineage. Cary never did—never could understand me, poor child!—may she never know what it is to suffer as I do! But why do I distress you with my sorrows?—“let me tune my harp to lighter lays,” as that sweet poet, Haynes Bailey, says. We were yesterday at the great ball of Count Haegenstroem, the Danish Ambassador here. Papa received a large packet of letters of introduction on Monday last, from the Foreign Office. It would seem that Lord P. thought Pa was a member, for he addressed him as M.P.; but the mistake has been so far fortunate, that we are invited on Tuesday to dine at Lord Gledworth’s, our Ambassador here, and we have his box for to-night at the Opera—not to speak of last night’s invitation, which came from him. I wore my amber gauze over the satin

slip, with the "jonquilles" and white roses, two camelias in my hair, with Mamma's coral chain twined through the roll at the back. Count Ambrose de Roncy called me a "rose-cameo," and I believe, I *did* look my best. I danced with "Prince Sierra d'Aguila Nero," a Sicilian that ought to be the King of Sicily, and will, they say, if the King of Naples dies without leaving seven sons. What a splendid man, Kitty! not tall, rather the reverse; but such eyes, and such a beard, and so perfumed! the very air around him was like the garden of Attarghul! He spoke very little English, and could not bear to talk French; he said the French betrayed "la sua carissima Patria;" and so, my dear Kitty, I did my best in the syllables of the sweet south. *He*, at least, called my accent "divina," and said that he would come and read Petrarch with me to-morrow. Don't let Peter be a fool when he hears this. The Prince is in a very different sphere from poor Mary Anne! he always dances with Queen Victoria when he's at Windsor, and called our Prince-Consort "Il suo diletto Alberto;" and more than all, he's married, but separated from the Princess. He told me this himself, and with what terrible emotion, Kitty! I thought of Charles Kean in "Claude Melnotte," as he spoke in a low guttural voice, with his hand on his bosom. It was very dreadful, but these temperaments, moulded alike by southern climes and ancient descent, are awful in their passionate vehemence. I assure you, it was a relief to me when he stopped one of the trays and took a pine-apple ice. I felt that it was a moment of peril passed in safety. You can form no notion, dearest, of the fascination of foreign manners, something there is so gently insinuating, so captivating, so bewitching, and withal so natural, Kitty—that's the very strangest thing of all. There is absolutely nothing a foreigner cannot say to you. I almost blush as I think or what, I now know, must have been the veriest commonplace of society, but which to my ears, in all their untutored ignorance, sounded very odd.

Mamma—and you know her prudery—is actually in ecstasy with them. The Prince said to me last night, "Savez-vous, Mademoiselle! Madame votre mère est d'une beauté classique;" and I assure you Ma was delighted with the compliment when she heard it. Papa is not so tractable: he calls them the most atrocious names, and has all the old prejudices about the Continent that we see in the old farces. Cary is, however, worse again, and thinks their easy elegance is impertinence, and all the graceful charm of their manner nothing but—her own words—"egregious vanity." Shall I whisper you a bit of a secret? Well then, Kitty, the reason of this repugnance may be,

that she makes no impression whatever, notwithstanding her beauty; and, there is no denying that she does not possess the gift—whatever it be—of fascination. She has, besides, a species of antipathy to everything foreign, that she makes no effort to disguise. A rather unfortunate acquaintance Ma made, on board the steam-packet, with a certain Mr. Krauth, who called himself Sub-Consul of somewhere in Holland, but who turned out to be a Jew pedlar, has given Cary such an opportunity of inveighing against all foreigners, that she is positively unendurable. This Krauth, I must say, was atrociously vulgar, and shockingly ugly; but as he could talk some broken English, Ma rather liked him, and we had him to tea; after which, he took James home to his lodgings, to show him some wonderful stuffed birds that he was bringing to one of the Royal Princesses. I have not patience to tell you all the narrative, but the end of it was, that poor dear James, having given all his pocket-money and his silver pencil-case for a tin musical snuff-box, that won't play Weber's last waltz, except in jerks like a hiccough, actually exchanged two dozen of his new shirts for a box of Havannah cigars and a cigar-case with a picture of Fanny Elssler on it! Papa was in a towering passion when he heard of it, and hastened off to K.'s lodgings; but he had already decamped. This unhappy incident threw a shade over our last few days at Ostend; for James never came down to dine, but sat in his own room smoking the atrocious cigars, and contemplating the portrait of the charming Fanny—pursuits which, I must say, seemed to have conduced to a most melancholy and despondent frame of mind.

There was another "*mésaventure*," my dearest Kitty. My thanks to that sweet language for the word by which I characterise it! A certain Count Victor de Lancy, who made acquaintance with us at the table d'hôte, and was presuming enough to visit us afterwards, turned out to be a common thief! and who, though under the surveillance of the Police, made away with Ma's workbox and her gold spectacles, putting on Pa's paletot, and a new plaid belonging to James, as he passed out. It is very shocking; but confess, dearest, what a land it must be, where the pedlars are insinuating, and the very pick-pockets have all the ease and breeding of the best society. I assure you that I could not credit the guilt of M. de L., until the Brigadier came yesterday to inquire about our losses, and take what he called his "*signalement*." I thought, for a moment or two, that he had made a mistake, Kitty, and was come for *mine*; for he looked into my eyes in such a way, and spoke so softly, that I began to blush;

and Mamma, always on the watch, bridled up, and said, "Mary Anne!" in that voice you must so well remember; and so it is, my dear friend, the Thief and the Constable, and I have no doubt, too, the Judge, the Jury, and the Gaoler, are all on the same beat!

I have just been called away to see such a love of a rose tunic, all glacé, to be worn over a dull slate-coloured jupe, looped up at one side, with white camellias and lilies of the valley. Think of me, Kitty, with my hair drawn back and slightly powdered, red heels to my shoes, and a great fan hanging to my side, like grave Aunt Susan in the picture, wanting nothing but the love-sick swain that plays the flageolet at her feet!—Madame Adele, the Modiste, says, "not long to wait for a dozen such"—and this, not for a fancy ball, dearest, but for a simple evening party—a "danceable tea," as Papa will call it. I vow to you, Kitty, that it greatly detracts from the pictorial effect of this taste, to see how obstinately men will adhere to their present ungainly and ungraceful style of dress—that shocking solecism in costume, a narrow-tailed coat, and those more fearful outrages on shape and symmetry for which no name has been invented in any language. Now, the levelling effect of this black coat system is terrific; and there is no distinguishing a man of real rank, from his tailor: amongst English at least, for the crosses and decorations so frequent with foreigners are unknown to us. Talking of these, Kitty, the Prince of Aguila Nero is splendid. He wears nearly every bird and beast that Noah had in the ark, and a few others quite unknown to antediluvian zoology. These distinctions are sad reflections on the want of a chivalric feeling in our country; and when we think of the heroic actions, the doughty deeds, and high achievements of these Paladins, we are forced to blush for the spirit that condemns us to be a nation of shopkeepers.

How I run on, dearest, from one topic to another! just as to my mind is presented the delightful succession of objects about me—objects of whose very existence I did not know till now! And then to think of what a life of obscurity and darkness we were condemned to, at home! Our neighbourhood—a Priest, a Miller, and those odious Davises; our gaities, a detestable dinner at the Grange; our theatricals, "The Castle Spectre," performed in the coach-house; and instead of those gorgeous and splendid ceremonials of our Church, so impressive, so soul-subduing, Kitty, the little dirty chapel at Bruff, with Larry Behan, the lame Sacristan, hobbling about and thrashing the urchins with the handle of the extinguisher! his muttered "If I was near yeez!" breaking in on the "Oremus, Domine." Shall I

own it, Kitty, there is a dreadful vulgarity about our dear little circle of Dodsborough; and "one demoralises," as the French say, by the incessant appeal of low and too familiar associations.

I have been again called away to interpret for Papa with the Police. That graceless little wretch, Paddy Byrne, who was left behind by the train at Malines, went to eat his dinner at one of the small "Restaurants" in the town, called the "Cheval Pié," and not finding the food to his satisfaction, got into some kind of an altercation with the waiter, when the name of the hostel coming up in the dispute, suggested to Paddy the horrid thought that it was the "Horse Pie-house" he had chanced upon—an idea so revolting to his culinary prejudices that he smashed and broke everything before him, and was only subdued at last by a corporal's party of the Gendarmerie, who handcuffed and conveyed him to Brussels; and here he is, now, crying and calling himself a "poor boy that was dragged from home," and, in fact, trying to persuade himself and all around him that he has been sold into slavery by a cruel master. Betty Cobb, too, has just joined the chorus, and is eloquently interweaving a little episode of Irish wrongs and sorrows into the tissue of Paddy's woes!

Betty is worse than him. There is nothing good enough for her to eat; no bed to sleep upon; she even finds the Belgians deficient in cleanliness. This, after Bruff, is a little too bad! Mamma, however, stands by her in everything, and in the end she will become intolerable. James intends to send a few lines to your brother Robert; but if he should fail—not improbable, as writing, with him, combines the double difficulties of orthography and manuscript—pray remember us kindly to him, and believe me ever, my dearest Kitty,

Your heart-devoted,

MARY ANNE DODD.

P. B. must not think of writing; but you may tell him that I'm unchanged, unchangeable. The cold maxims of worldly prudence, the sordid calculations of worldly interests, affect me not. As Metastasio says—

"O' se ragione intende
Subito, amor, non'e."

I know it—I feel it. There is what Balsac calls *une perversité divine* in true affection, that teaches one to brave father, and mother, and brother, and this glorious sentiment is the cradle of true martyrdom. May my heart cherish this noble grief, and never forget that if there is no struggle, there is no victory.

Do you remember Captain Morris, of the 25th, the little dark officer



Paddy Byrne displays his knowledge of how to do it.

that came down to Bruff after the burning of the Sheas? I saw him yesterday, but, Kitty, how differently he looked here, in his *passé* blue frock, from his air in "our village!" He wanted to bow, but I cut him dead. "No," thought I, "times are changed, and we with them!" Caroline, who was walking behind me with James, however, not only saluted, but spoke to him. He said, "I see your sister forgets me; but I know how altered ill-health has made me. I am going to leave the service." He asked where we were stopping—a most unnecessary piece of attention; for after the altercation he had with Pa on the Bench at Bruff, I think common delicacy might keep him from seeking us out.

Try and persuade your Papa to take you abroad, Kitty, if only for a summer ramble; believe me, there is no other refining process like it. If you only saw James already—you remember what a sloven he was—you'd not know him; his hair so nicely divided and perfumed; his gloves so accurately fitting; his boots perfection in shape and polish; and all the dearest little trinkets in the world—pistols and steam-carriages, death's-heads, ships, and serpents—hanging from his watch-chain; and as for the top of his cane, Kitty, it is paved with turquoise, and has a great opal in the middle. Where, how, and when he got all this "elegance," I can't even guess, and I see it must be a secret, for neither Pa nor Ma have ever yet seen him "*en gala*." I wish your brother Robert was with him. It would be such an advantage to him. I am certain Trinity College is all that you say of it; but confess, Kitty, Dublin is terribly behind the world in all that regards civilisation and "ton."

LETTER IV.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQUIRE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Hôtel de Bellevue, Brussels.

DEAR BOB,

HERE we are, living another kind of life from our old existence at Dodsborough! We have capital quarters at the "Bellevue"—a fine hotel, excellent dinners, and, what I think not inferior to either, a most obliging Jew money-changer hard by, who advances "moderate loans to respectable parties, on personal security"—a process in which I have already made some proficiency, and with considerable advantage to my outward man. The tailors are first-rate, and rig you out with gloves, boots, hat, even to your cane—they forget nothing. The hairdressers are also incomparable. I thought, at first, that capillary attraction was beyond *me*; but, to my agreeable surprise, I discover that I boast a very imposing "*chevelure*," and a bright promise of moustache, which, as yet, is only faintly depicted by a dusky line on my upper lip.

It's all nonsense to undervalue dress: I'm no more the same man in my dark-green paletôt, trimmed with Astracan, than I was a month ago in my fustian shooting-jacket—than a well-plumed eagle is like a half-moulted turkey. There is an inseparable connexion between your coat and your character; and few things so react on the morality of a man as the cut of his trousers. Nothing more certainly tells me this, than the feeling with which I enter any public place now, compared to what I experienced a few weeks back. It was then half-shame, half-swagger—a conflict between modesty and defiance. Now, it is the easy assurance of being "all right"—the conviction that my hat, my frock, my cravat, my vest, can stand the most critical examination; and that if any one be impertinent enough to indulge in the inquiry through his eye-glass, I have the equal privilege to return stare for stare, with, mayhap, an initiatory sneer into the bargain. By-the-way, the habit of looking unutterably fierce seems to be the first lesson abroad. The passport-people, as you land—the officers of the Customs—the landlord of your Inn—the waiters—the railroad clerks, all "get up" a general air of sovereign contempt for everybody and everything, rather puzzling at first, but quite re-assuring when you are trained to reciprocity. For the time, I rather flatter myself

to have learned the dodge well ; not but, I must confess to you, Bob, that my education is prosecuted under difficulties. During the whole of the morning, I'm either with the Governor or my Mother, sight-seeing and house-hunting—now, seeking out a Rubens, now, making an excursion into the market, and making exploratory researches into the prices of fish, fowl, and vegetables ; cheapening articles that we don't intend to buy—a process my Mother looks upon as a moral exercise ; and climbing up “two-pair,” to see lodgings we have no intention to take ; all because, as she says, “we ought to know everything ;” and really the spirit of inquiry that moves her will have its reward—not always, perhaps, without some drawbacks, as witness what happened to us on Tuesday. In our rambles along the Boulevard de Waterloo, we saw a smart-looking house, with an *affiche* over the door—“A louer,” and, of course, Mother and Mary Anne at once stopped the carriage for an exploration. In we went, asked for the Proprietor, and saw a small, rosy-cheeked little man, with a big wig, and a very inquiet, restless look in his eyes. “Could we see the house ? Was it furnished ?” “Yes,” to both questions. “Were there stables ?” “Capital room for four horses ; good water—two kinds, and both excellent.” Up-stairs we toiled, through one salon into another—now, losing ourselves in dark passages, now, coming abruptly to ununlockable doors—everlastingly coming back to the spot we had just left, and conceiving the grandest notions of the number of rooms, from the manner of our own perambulations. Of course you know the invariable incidents of this tiresome process, where the owner is always trying to open impracticable windows, and the visitors will rush into inscrutable places, in despite of all advice and admonition. Our voyage of discovery was like all preceding ones ; and we looked down well-staircases and up into skylights—snuffed for possible smells, and suggested imaginary smoke, in every room we saw. While we were thus busily criticising the domicile, its owner, it would seem, was as actively engaged in an examination of *us*, and apparently with a less satisfactory result, for he broke in upon one of our consultations by a friendly “No, no, Ladies ; it won't do—it won't do at all. This house would never suit ;” and while my Mother stared, and Mary Anne opened wide her eyes in astonishment, he went on, “We're only losing time, Ladies : both your time and mine will be wasted. This is not the house for *you*.” “I beg to observe, Sir, that I think it is,” interposed my Mother, who, with a very womanly feeling, took a prodigious fancy to the place the moment she discovered there was a difficulty about it. The owner, however, was to

the full as decided ; and, in fact, hurried us out of the rooms, down stairs, and into the street, with a degree of haste savouring far more of impatience than politeness. I rather was disposed to laugh at the little man's energetic rejection of us ; but my Mother's rage rendered any " mirthful demonstration inopportune," as the French would say ; and so I only exchanged glances with Mary Anne, while our eloquent parent abused the " little wretch" to her heart's content. Although the circumstance was amply discussed by us that evening, we had well-nigh forgotten it in the morning, when, to our astonishment, our little friend of the Boulevard sent in his name, " Mr. Cherry," with a request to see Papa. My Mother was for seeing him herself ; but this amendment was rejected, and the original motion carried.

After about five minutes' interview, we were alarmed by a sudden noise and violent cries ; and on rushing from the drawing-room, I just caught sight of Mr. Cherry making a flying leap down the first half of the staircase, while my father's up-lighted foot stood forth to evidence what had proved the " vis à tergo." His performances of the next flight was less artistic, for he rolled from top to bottom, when, by an almost preternatural effort, he made his escape into the street. The Governor's passion made all enquiry perilous for some minutes ; in fact, this attempt to make " Cherry-bounce," as Cary called it, seemed to have got into his head, for he stormed like a madman. At last the *causa belli* came out to be, that this unhappy Mr. Cherry had come with an apology for his strange conduct of the day before—by what think you ? By his having mistaken my Mother and Sister for what slang people call " a case of perhaps"—a blunder which certainly was not to be remedied by the avowal of it. So at least thought my Father, for he cut short the apology and the explanation at once, ejecting Mr. Cherry by a more summary process than is recognised in the law-courts.

My Mother had hardly dried up her tears in crying, and I mine in laughing over this strange incident, when there came an emissary of the Gendarmerie to arrest the Governor for a violent assault, with intent, &c., &c., and it is only by the intervention of our Minister here that bail has been accepted ; my Father being bound to appear before the " Court of Correctional Police," on Monday next. If we remain much longer here, we are likely to learn something of the laws, at least, and in a way which people assure you is always most indelible—practically. If we continue as we have commenced, a little management on the part of the lawyers, and a natural desire on the part of my Father to obtain justice, may prolong our legal affairs far into the

spring ; so that we may possibly not leave this for some months to come, which, with the aid of my friend, Lazarus Simrock, may be made pleasurable and profitable.

It's all very well to talk about "learning French, seeing galleries and studying works of art," my dear Bob ; but where's the time ?—that's the question. My Mother and the girls poach my entire morning. It's the rarest thing in the world for me to get free of them before five o'clock ; and then I have just time to dash down to the club, and have a "shy" at the *écarté* before dinner. Smart play it is, sometimes seventy, aye, a hundred Naps. on a game ; and such players too !—fellows that sit for ten minutes with a card on their knee, studying your face, watching every line and lineament of your features, and reading you, by Jove, reading you like a book. All the false air of ease and indifference, all the braggart assurance you may get up to conceal a "bad hand," isn't worth sixpence. They laugh at your puerile efforts, and tell you, "you are voled" before you've played a card. We hear so much about genius and talent, and all that kind of thing, at home, and you, I have no doubt, are full of the high abilities of some fellowship or medallist man of Trinity ; but give *me* the deep penetration, the intense powers of calculation, the thorough insight into human nature, of some of the fellows I see here ; and for success in life, I'll back them against all your conic section and x plus y geniuses, and all the double first-classes that ever breathed. There's a splendid fellow here, a Pole, called Koratinsky ; he commanded the cavalry at Ostrolenka, and, it is said, rode down the Russian Guard, and sabred the Imperial Cuirassiers to a man. He's the first *écarté* and picquet player in Europe, and equal to Deshapelles at whist. Though he is very distant and cold in his manner to strangers, he has been most kind and good-natured to me ; has given me some capital advice, too, and warned me against several of the fellows that frequent the Club. He tells me that he detests and abhors play, but resorts to it as a distraction. "Que voulez-vous ?" said he to me the other day ; "when a man who calls himself Ladislaas Koratinsky, who has the blood of three monarchies in his veins, who has twice touched the crown of his native land, sees himself an exile and a 'proscrit,' it is only in the momentary excitement of the gaming-table he can find a passing relief for crushing and withering recollections." He could be in all the highest circles here. The greatest amongst the Nobles are constantly begging and entreating him to come to their houses, but he sternly refuses. "Let me know one family," says he, "one domestic circle, where I can go uninvited, when I will—where I can repose my confidence, tell my sorrows, and speak of my poor country ; give me

one such, and I ask for no more ; but as for Dukes and Grand Seigneurs, Princesses and Duchesses, I've had but too much of them." I assure you, Bob, it's like a page out of some old story of chivalry, to listen to him. The splendid sentiments, the glorious conceptions, and the great plans he has for the regeneration of Europe ; and how he abhors the Emperor of Russia! "It's a 'duel à la mort entre Nicholas et moi,' " said he to me, yesterday. "The terms of the conflict were signed on the field of Ostrolenka ; for the present the victory is his, but there is a time coming!" I have been trying all manner of schemes to have him invited to dine with us. Mother and Mary Anne are with me, heart and hand ; but the Governor's late mischances have soured him against all foreigners, and I must bide my time. I feel, however, when my Father sees him, he'll be delighted with him ; and then he could be invaluable to us in the way of introductions, for he knows every crowned head and prince on the Continent.

After dinner, pretending to take an evening lesson in French, I'm off to the Opera. I belong to an Omnibus-box—all the fast fellows here—such splendid dressers, Bob, and each coming in his Brougham. I'm deucedly ashamed that I've nothing but a cabriolet, which I hire from my friend Lazarus at twelve pounds a month. They quiz me tremendously about my "rococo" taste in equipage, but I turn off the joke by telling them that I'm expecting my cattle and my "traps" from London next week. Lazarus promises me that I shall have a splendid "Malibran" from Hobson and two greys over by the Antwerp packet, if I give him a bill for the price, at three months ; and that he'll keep them for me at his stables till I'm quite ready to pay. Stickler, the other job-master here, wanted the Governor's name on the bills, and behaved like a scoundrel, threatening to tell my Father all about it. It cost me a ten "pounder" to stop him.

After the theatre we adjourn to Dubos' to supper, and I can give you no idea, Bob, of what a thing that supper is ! I remember when we used to fancy it was rather a grand affair to finish our evening at Jude's or Hayes's, with a vulgar set-out of mutton chops, spatch-cocks, and devilled kidneys, washed down with that filthy potation called punch. I shudder at the vile abomination of the whole when I think of our delicate lobster *en mayonnaise*, our cruton *en truffes*, red partridges in Rhine wine, and mareschino jelly, with Moet, frappé to perfection. We generally invite some of the "corps," who abound in conversational ability, and are full of all the pleasant gossip of the stage. There is a Madlle. Leonine, too, in the ballet, the loveliest creature ever was seen. They say Count Maerlens, Aide-de-Camp of the King, is privately married to her, but that she won't leave the

boards till she has saved a million—but whether of francs or pounds I don't remember.

When our supper is concluded it is generally about four o'clock, and then we go to D'Arleen's rooms, where we play chicken-hazard till our various houses are accessible. I'm not much up to this as yet; my forte is *écarté*, at which I am the terror of these fellows; and when the races come on next month, I think my knowledge of horseflesh will teach them a thing or two. I have already a third share in a splendid horse called Number Nip, bred out of Barnabas by a Middleton mare; he's engaged for the Lacken Cup and the Salle Sweepstakes, and I'm backing him even against the field for everything I can get. If you'd like to net a fifty without risk, say so before the tenth, and I'll do it for you.

So that you see, Bob, without De Porquet's Grammar and "Ollendorf's Method," my time is tolerably full. In fact, if the day had forty-eight hours, I have something to fill every one of them.

There would be nothing but pleasure in this life, but for certain drawbacks, the worst of which is, that I am not alone here. You have no idea, Bob, to what subterfuges I'm reduced, to keep my family out of sight of my grand acquaintances. Sometimes I call the Governor my guardian; sometimes an uncle, so rich that I am forced to put up with all his whims and caprices. Egad, it went so far, t'other day, that I had to listen to a quizzing account of my Aunt's costume at a concert, and hear my Mother shown up as a *précieuse ridicule* of the first water. There's no keeping them out of public places, too; and how they know of all the various processions, Te Deums, and the like, I cannot even guess. My own metamorphosis is so complete that I have cut them twice dead, in the Park; and no later than last night, I nearly ran over my Father in the Allée Verte with my tandem leader, and heard the whole story this morning at breakfast, with the comforting assurance that "he'd know the puppy again, and will break every bone in his body if he catches him." In consequence of which threat, I have given orders for a new beard and moustache of the Royal Albert hue, instead of black, which I have worn heretofore. I must own, though, it is rather a bore to stand quietly by and see fellows larking your Sister; but Mary Anne is perfectly incorrigible, notwithstanding all I have said to her. Cary's safety lies in hating the Continent and all foreigners, and that is just as absurd.

The Governor, it seems, is perpetually writing to Vickers, our Member, about something for *me*. Now, I sincerely hope that he may not succeed; for I own to you, that I do not anticipate as much pleasure and amusement from either a "snug berth in the Customs"

or a Colonial situation ; and after all, Bob, why should I be reduced to accept of either ? Our estate is a good one, and if a little encumbered or so, why, we're not worse off than our neighbours. If I must do something, I'd rather go into a Light Cavalry Regiment—such as the Eleventh, or the Seventeenth, than anything else. I say this to you, because your Uncle Purcell is bent on his own plans for me, which would be nothing short of utter degradation ; and if there's anything low-bred and vulgar on earth, it's what they call a " Profession." You know the old adage about leading a horse to the water ; now I frankly declare to you that twenty shall not make me drink any of the springs of this knowledge, whether Law, Medicine, or Divinity lie at the bottom of the well.

It does not require any great tact or foresight to perceive that not a man of my " set" would ever know me again under such circumstances. I have heard their opinions often enough on these matters not to be mistaken ; and whatever we may think in Ireland about our Doctors and Barristers, they are what Yankees call " mighty small potatoes," abroad.

Lord George Tiverton said to me last night, " Why doesn't your Governor put you into ' the House ?' You'd make a devilish good figure there." And the notion has never left me since. Lord George himself is Member for Hornby, but he never attends the sittings, and only goes into Parliament as a means of getting leave from his Regiment. They say he's the " fastest" fellow in the service ; he has already run through seventeen thousand a year, and one hundred and twenty thousand of his wife's fortune. They are separated now, and he has something like twelve hundred a year to live on ; just enough for cigars and brandy-and-water, he calls it. He's the best-tempered fellow I ever saw, and laughs and jokes about his own misfortunes as freely as possible. He knows the world—and he's not yet five-and-twenty—perhaps better than any man I ever saw. There is not a Bill-discounter, not a Betting-man, nor a Ballet-dancer, he is not acquainted with ; and such amusing stories as he tells of his London Life and experiences. When he found that he had run through everything—when all his horses were seized at Ascot, and his house taken in execution in London, he gave a splendid fête at Hornby, and invited upwards of sixty people down there, and half the county to meet them. " I resolved," said he, " on a grand finish ; and I assure you that the company did not enjoy themselves the less heartily because every second fellow in my livery was a sheriff's officer, and that all the forks and spoons on the table were under seizure. There was a ' Caption,' as they term it, on everything, down to the footmen's bag-

wigs and knee-buckles. We went to supper at two o'clock; and I took in the Duchess of Allington, who assuredly never suspected that there was such a close alliance between my drawing-room and the Queen's Bench. The supper was exquisite; poor Marrison had exhausted himself in the devices of his art, and most ingeniously intimated his appreciation of my situation by a plate of ortolans *en salmi, sautés à la Fonblanque*—a delicate allusion to the Bankrupt Commissioner. I nearly finished the dish myself, drank off half a bottle of champagne, took out Lady Emily de Maulin for the cotillion, and then slipping quietly away, threw myself into a post-chaise, arrived at Dover for the morning mail-packet, and landed at Boulogne, free as William Tell, or that eagle which he is so enthusiastic in describing as a most remarkable instance of Constitutional Liberty." These are his own words, Bob; but without you saw his manner, and heard his voice, you could form no notion whatever of the careless, happy, self-satisfaction of one who calls himself irretrievably ruined.

From all that I have been jotting down, you may fancy the set I am moving in, and the class with whom I associate. Then there is a German Graf von Blumenkohl, and a Russian Prince Kubitzkoy, two tremendous swells; a young French Marquis de Tregues, whose mother was granddaughter, I believe, of Madame du Barri, and a large margin of inferior dons, Spanish, Italian, and Belgian. That your friend Jemmy Dodd should be a star, even a little one, in such a galaxy, is no small boast; and such, my dear Bob, I am bound to feel it. Each of these fellows has a princely fortune, as well as a princely name, and it is not without many a clever dodge and cunning artifice that, weighted as I am, I can keep pace with them. I hope you'll succeed, with all my heart, for the scholarship or fellowship. Which is it? Don't blame me for the blunder, for I have never, all my life through, been able to distinguish between certain things which I suppose other persons find no resemblance in. Thus I never knew exactly whether the word "people" was spelled "eo," or "oe." I never knew the Derby from the Oaks, nor shall I ever, I'm certain, be able to separate in my mind Moore O'Ferral from Carew O'Dwyer, though I am confidently informed there is not a particle of similarity in the individuals, any more than in the names.

Write to me when your match is over—I mean your examination—and say where you're placed. I'll take you against the field, at the current odds, in "five's,"

And believe me, ever your attached friend,

J. DODD.

LETTER V.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ.

Hôtel de Bellevue, Brussels.

DEAR TOM,

YOURS did not reach me till yesterday, owing to some confusion at the Post-office. There is another Dodd here, who has been receiving *my* letters, and I, *his*, for the last week; and I conclude that each of us has learned more than was quite necessary of the other's affairs; for while *he* was reading of all the monied distresses and embarrassments of your humble servant, *I* opened a letter, dated Doctors' Commons, beginning, "Dear Sir, we have at last obtained the most satisfactory proofs against Mrs. Dodd, and have no hesitation in now submitting the case to a jury." We met yesterday, and exchanged credentials, with an expression of face that I'm sure "Phiz" would have given a five-pound note to look at. Peachem and Lockit were nothing to it. We agreed that either of us ought to leave this, to prevent similar mistakes in future, although, in my heart, I believe that we now know so much of each other's affairs, that we might depute one of us to conduct both correspondences. In consequence, we tossed up who was to go. *He* won; so that we take our departure on Wednesday next, if I can settle matters in the meanwhile. I'm told Bonn, on the Rhine, is a cheap place, and good for education—a great matter as regards James—so that you may direct your next to me there. To tell you the truth, Tom, I'm scarcely sorry to get away, although the process will be anything but a cheap one. First of all, we have taken the rooms for three months, and hired a job-coach for the same time. Moving is also an expensive business, and not over-agreeable at this season; but against these there is the set-off that Mrs. D. and the girls are going to the devil in expense for dress. From breakfast-time till three or four o'clock every day, the house is like a fair with milliners, male and female, hairdressers, perfumers, shoemakers, and trinket-men. I thought we'd done with all this when we left London; but it seems that everything we bought there is perfectly useless, and Mrs. D. comes sailing in every now and then, to make me laugh, as she says, at a bit of English taste, by showing me where her waist is too short, or her sleeves too long; and Mary Anne comes down to breakfast in a great stiff watered silk, which for economy she has converted into a house-dress. Caroline, I must say, has not followed the lead, and is quite satisfied to be dressed as she

used to be. James I see little of, for he's working hard at the languages, and, from what the girls say, with great success. Of course, this is all for the best; but it's little use French or even Chinese would be to him in the Customs or the Board of Trade, and it's there I'm trying to get him. Vickers told me last week that his name is down on no less than four lists, and it will be bad luck but we'll hit upon something. Between ourselves, I'm not over-pleased with Vickers. Whenever I write to him about James, his reply is always what he's doing about the Poor Laws, or the Jews, or the Grant to Maynooth; so that I had to tell him, at last, that I'd rather hear that my son was in the Revenue, than that every patriarch in Palestine was in Parliament, or every Papist in Ireland eating venison and guinea-hens. Patriotism is a fine thing, if you have a fine fortune, and some men we could mention haven't made badly out of it, without a sixpence; but for one like myself, the wrong side of fifty, with an encumbered estate, and no talents for agitation, it's as expensive as horse-racing, or yachting, or any other diversion of the kind. So there's no chance of a tenant for Dodsborough! You ought to put it in the English papers, with a puff about the shooting and the trout-fishing, and the excellent neighbourhood, and all that kind of thing. There's not a doubt but it's too good for any Manchester blackguard of them all! What you say about Tully Brack, is quite true. The encumbrances are over eleven thousand; and if we bought in the estate, at three or four, there would be so much gain to us. The *Times* little knew the good it was doing us, when it was blackguarding the Irish landlords, and depreciating Irish property. There's many a one has been able to buy in his own land, for one-fifth of the mortgages on it; and if this isn't repudiation, it's not so far off Pennsylvania, after all.

I don't quite approve of your plan for Ballyslevin. Whenever a property's in Chancery, the best thing is, to let it go to ruin entirely. The worse the land is, the more miserable the tenants, the cheaper will be the terms you'll get it on; and if the boys shoot a Receiver once or twice, it's no great harm. As for the Government, I don't think they'll do anything for Ireland, except set us by the ears about Education and Church matters; and we're getting almost tired of quarrelling, Tom; for so it is, the very best of dispositions may be imposed on too far!

Now, as to "Education," how many amongst those who insist on a particular course for the poor, ever thought of stipulating for the same, for their own children? or do they think that the Bible is only necessary for such as have not an independent fortune? And as to

Maynooth, is there any man such a fool as to believe that 30,000*l.* a year would make the priests loyal? You gave the money well knowing what for—to teach Catholic theology, not to instil the oath of allegiance. To expect more, would be like asking a market-gardener to raise strawberries with fresh cream round them! The truth is, they don't wish to advance our interests in England. They're afraid of us, Tom. If we ever were to take a National turn, like the Scotch, for instance, we might prove very dangerous rivals to them in many ways. I'm sick of politics; not indeed that I know too much of what's doing, for the last *Times* I saw, was cut up into a new pattern for a polka, and they only kept me the supplement, which, as you know, is more varied than amusing. In reply to your question as to how I like this kind of life, I own to you that it doesn't quite suit me. Maybe I'm too old in years, maybe too old in my notions, but it doesn't do, Tom. There is an everlasting bowing and scraping, and introducing—a perpetual prelude to acquaintanceship, that never seems to begin. It appears to me like an orchestra that never got further than the tuning of the instruments! I'm sure that, at the least, I've exchanged bows, and grins, and leers with fifty gentlemen here, whom *I* shouldn't know to-morrow, nor do *they* care whether I did or no. Their intercourse is like their cookery, and you are always asking, "Is there nothing substantial coming?" Then they're frivolous, Tom. I don't mean that they are fond of pleasure, and given up to amusement, but that their very pleasures and amusements are contemptible in themselves. No such thing as field-sports; at least, nothing deserving the name; no manly pastimes, no bodily exercises; and lastly, they all, even the oldest of them, think that they ought to make love to your wife and daughters, just as you hand a lady a chair or a cup of tea in our country—a mere matter of course. I need not tell you that my observations on men and manners are necessarily limited by my ignorance of the language; but I have acquired the deaf man's privilege, and if I hear the less, I see the more.

I begin to think, my dear Tom, that we all make a great mistake in this taste we've got into for foreign travel, foreign languages, and foreign accomplishments. We rear up our families with notions and habits quite inapplicable to home purposes; and we are like the Parisian shopkeepers, that have nothing on sale but articles of luxury; and after all, we haven't a genius for this trifling, and we make very ungraceful idlers in the end. To train a man for the Continent, you must begin early; teach him French when a child; let him learn dominoes at four, and to smoke cigars at six; wear lacquered boots at eight, and put his hair in paper at nine; eat sugar-plums for

dinner, and barley-water for tea; make him a steady shot with the pistol, and a cool hand with the rapier; and there he is finished and fit for the Boulevard—a nice man for the salons.

It is cheap, there is no doubt; but it costs a great deal of money to come at the economy. You'll perhaps say, that's my own fault. Maybe it is. We'll talk of it more another time.

I ought to confess that Mrs. D. is delighted with everything; she vows that she is only beginning to live; and, to hear her talk, you'd think that Dodsborough was one of the new model Penitentiaries. Mary Anne's her own daughter, and she raves about Princes, and Dukes, and Counts, all day long. What they'll say when I tell them that we're to be off on Wednesday next, I can't imagine. I intend to dine out that evening, for I know there will be no standing the row!

The Ambassador has been mighty polite and attentive: we dined there last week. A grand dinner, and fine company: but, talking French, and nothing but French, all the time—Mrs. D. and your humble servant were rather at a nonplus. Then we had his Box at the Opera, where, I must say, Tom, anything to equal the dancing I never saw—indecency is no name for it. Not but Mrs. D. and Mary Anne are of a contrary opinion, and tauntingly ask me if I prefer "Tatter Jack Walsh," at the cross-roads, to Taglioni. As for the singing, it's screeching—that's the word for it, screeching. The composer is one Verdi—a fellow, they tell me, that cracks every voice in Europe; and I can believe it. The young woman that played the first part grew purple in the face, and strained till her neck looked like a half-unravell'd cable; her mouth was dragged sideways; and it was only when I thought she was off in strong convulsions that the audience began to applaud. There's no saying what their enthusiasm might not have been, had she burst a blood-vessel.

I intended to have despatched this by to-day's post, but it is Saint Somebody's day, and the office closes at two o'clock, so that I'll have to keep it over, perhaps till Saturday, for to-morrow, I find, we're to go to Waterloo, to see the field of battle. There's a Prince, whose name I forget, and, indeed, I couldn't spell, if I remembered it, going to be our "Cicerone." I'm not sure if he says he was there at the battle; but Mrs. D. believes him as she would the Duke of Wellington. Then there's a German Count, whose father did something wonderful, and two Belgian Barons, whose ancestors, I've no doubt, sustained the national reputation for speed. The season is hardly suitable for such an excursion; but even a day in the country—a few hours in the fields and the free air—will be a great enjoyment. James is going to bring a Polish friend of his—a great Don, he calls

him—but I'm so overlaid with nobility, the Khan of Tartary would not surprise me now. I'll keep this open to add a few lines, and only say good-bye for the present.

Saturday.

Waterloo's a humbug, Tom. I don't mean to say that Bony found it so some thirty odd years back, but such it now appears. I assure you they've cut away half the field, to commemorate the battle—a process mighty like slicing off a man's nose to establish his identity. The result is, that you might as well stand upon Hounslow Heath or Salisbury Plain, and listen to a narrative of the action, as visit Waterloo for the sake of the localities. La Haye Sainte and Hougomont stand certainly in the old places, but the deep gorge beside the one, and the ridge from whence the cannonade shattered the other, are totally obliterated. The guides tell you, indeed, where Vivian's brigade stood—where Picton charged and fell—where Ney's column halted, faltered, and broke; they speak of the ridge behind which the Guard lay in long expectancy; they describe to you the undulating swell over which our line advanced, cheering madly: but it's like listening to a description of Killarney in a fog, and being informed that Turk Mountain is yonder, and that the waterfall is down a glen to your right. One thing is clear, Tom, however—we beat the French; and when I say "We," I mean what I say. England knows, and all Europe knows, who won the battle, and more's the disgrace for the way we're treated. But, after all, it's our own fault in a great measure, Tom: we take everything that comes from Parliament as a boon and a favour, little guessing often how it will turn out. Our conduct in this respect reminds me of Poor Jack Whalley's wife. You remember Jack, that was Postboy at the Clanbrazil Arms. Well, his wife one day chanced to find an elegant piece of white leather on the road, and she brought it home with her in great delight, to mend Jack's small-clothes, which she did very neatly. Jack set off the next day, little suspecting what was in store for him; but when he trotted about five miles—it was in the month of July—he began to feel mighty uneasy in the saddle—a feeling that continued to increase at every moment, till at last, as he said, "It was like taking a canter on a beehive in swarming time;" and well it might, for the piece of leather was no other than a blister, that the Apothecary's boy had dropped that morning on the road; and so it is, Tom. There's many a thing we take to be a fine patch for our nakedness, that's only a blister after all. Witness the Poor Law and the "Cumbrous Estates Court," as Rooney calls it. But I'm wandering away from Waterloo all this time. You know the grand controversy is about what time the Prussians came up; because that mainly decides

who won the battle. I believe it's nearly impossible to get at the truth of the matter; for though it seems clear enough they were in the wood early in the day, it appears equally plain they stayed there—and small blame to them—till they saw the Inniskillings cutting down the Cuirassiers and sabring all before them. They waited, as you and I often waited in a row, till the enemy began to run, and then, they were down on them. Even that same was no small help; for by the best accounts, the French require a deal of beating, and we were dreadfully tired giving it to them! Sergeant Cotton, the guide, tells me it was a grand sight just about seven o'clock, when the whole line began cheering; first, Adam's brigade, then Cooke's battalion, all taking it up and cheering madly; the general officers waving their hats, and shouting like the rest. I was never able to satisfy myself whether we gained or lost most by that same victory of Waterloo; for you see, Tom, after all our fighting in Spain and Portugal—after all Nelson's great battles—all our triumphs and votes of thanks, Europe is going back to the old system again: Kings bullying their People, setting spies on them, opening their letters, transporting the writers, and hanging the readers. If they'd have let Bony alone when he came back from Elba, the chances were that he'd not have disturbed the peace of the world. He had already got his bellyful of fighting; he was getting old, falling into flesh, and rather disposed to think more of his personal ease than he used to do. Are you aware that the first thing he said on entering the Tuileries from Elba was, "*Avant tout un bon diner.*" One of the Marshals who heard the speech, whispered to a friend, he is greatly changed; you'll see no more campaigns. I know you'll reply to me with your old argument about Legitimacy and Divine right, and all that kind of thing. But, my dear Tom, for the matter of that, haven't I a Divine right to my ancestral estate of Tullylicknaslatterley; and look what they're going to do with it, to-morrow or next day! 'Tis much Commissioner Longfield would mind, if I begged to defer the sale, on the ground of "my Divine right." Kings are exactly like Landlords; they can't do what they like with their own, hard as it may seem to say so. They have their obligations and their duties; and if they fail in them, they come into the Encumbered Estates Court, just like us—aye, and, just like us, they "take very little by their motion."

I know it's very hard to be turned out of your "holding." I can imagine the feelings with which a man would quit such a comfortable quarter as the Tuileries, and such a nice place for summer as Versailles; Dodsborough is too fresh, in my mind, to leave any doubt on this point; but there's another side of the question, Tom. What were they there for? You'll call out, "This is all Socialism and Demo-

cracy, and the devil knows what else." Maybe I'll agree with you. Maybe I'll say, I don't like the doctrine myself. Maybe I'll tell you that I think the old time was pleasantest, when if we pressed a little hard to-day, why we were all the kinder to-morrow, and both ruler and ruled looked more leniently on each other's faults. But say what we will—do what we will—these days are gone by, and they'll not come back again. There's a set of fellows at work, all over the world, telling the people about their rights. Some of these are very acute and clever chaps, that don't overstate the case; they neither go off into any flights about Universal Equality, or any balderdash about our being of the same stock; but they stick to two or three hard propositions, and they say, "Don't pay more for anything than you can get it for—that's Free-trade; don't pay for anything you don't want—that's a blow at the Church Establishment; don't pay for soldiers, if you don't want to fight—that's at 'a standing army;' and above all, when you haven't a pair of breeches to your back, don't be buying embroidered small-clothes for Lords-in-Waiting or Gentlemen of the Bedchamber." But here I am again, running away from Waterloo just as if I was a Belgian.

When we got to Hougoumont, a dreadful storm of rain came on—such rain as I thought never fell out of Ireland. It came swooping along the ground, and wetting you through and through in five minutes. The thunder, too, rolled awfully, crashing and cannonading around these old walls, as if to wake up the dead by a memory of the great artillery. Mrs. D. took to her prayers in the little chapel, with Mary Anne and the Pole, James's friend. Caroline stood with me at a little window, watching the lightning; and James, by way of airing his French, got into a conversation, or rather a discussion, about the battle, with a small foreigner with a large beard, that had just come in, drenched to the skin. The louder it thundered, the louder they spoke, or rather screamed at each other; and though I don't fancy James was very fluent in the French, it's clear the other was getting the worst of the argument, for he grew terribly angry, and jumped about and flourished a stick, and, in fact, seemed very anxious to try conclusions once more on the old field of conflict.

James carried the day, at last; for the other was obliged, as Uncle Toby says, "to evacuate Flanders;" meaning thereby, to issue forth into the thickest of the storm, rather than sustain the combat any longer. When the storm passed over, we made our way back to the little Inn, at the village of Waterloo, kept in the house where Lord Anglesey suffered amputation, and there we dined. It was neither a very good dinner nor a very social party. Mrs. D.'s black velvet

bonnet and blue ribbons had got a tremendous drenching; Mary Anne contrived to tear a new satin dress all down the back, with a nail in the old Chapel; James was unusually grave and silent; and as for the Pole, all his efforts at conversation were so marred by his bad English, that he was a downright bore. It is such a mistake to bring one of these foreigners out with a small family party! they neither understand *you*, nor *you them*. Cary was the only one that enjoyed herself; but she went about the Inn picking up little curiosities of the Battle—old buttons, bullets, and the like; and it was a comfort to see that one, at least, amongst us derived pleasure from the excursion.

I have often heard descriptions of that night-march from Brussels to the field; and truly, what with the gloomy pine-wood, the deep and miry roads, and the falling rain, it must have been a very piteous affair; but for downright ill-humour and discontent, I'd back our own journey over the same ground against all. The horses, probably worn-out with toiling over the field all day, were dead-beat, and came gradually down from a trot to a jog, and then to a shamble, and at last to a stop. James got down from the box, and helped to belabour them: it was raining torrents all this time. I got out, too, to help; for one of the beasts, although too tired to go, contrived to kick his leg over the pole, and couldn't get it back again; but the Count contented himself with uttering most unintelligible counsels from the window, which, when he saw totally unheeded, he threw himself back in the coach, lighted his meerschaum, and began to smoke.

Imagine the scene at that moment, Tom. The driver, was undressing himself coolly on the roadside, to examine a kick he had just received from one of the horses; James, was holding the beasts by the head, lashing, as they were, all the time; I, was running frantically to and fro, to seek for a stone to drive in the lynch-pin, which was all but out; while Mrs. D. and the girls, half suffocated between smoke and passion, were screaming and coughing in chorus. By dint of violent bounding and jerking, the wheel was wrenched clean off the axle at last, and down went the whole conveniency on one side, our Polish friend assisting himself out of the window by stepping over Mrs. D.'s head, as she lay fainting within. I had, however, enough to do without thinking of him, for the door, being jammed tight, would not open, and I was obliged to pull Mrs. D. and the girls out by the window. The beasts, by the same time, had kicked themselves free of everything but the pole, with which appendage they scampered gaily away towards Brussels, James shouting with laughter as if it was the best joke he had ever known. When we began to look about us and think what was best to be done, we discovered that the Count had

taken a French leave of us—or rather a Polish one—for he had carried off James's cloak and umbrella along with him.

We were now all wet through, our shoes soaked, not a dry stitch on us, all except the Coachee, who having taken off a considerable portion of his wearables, deposited them in the coach, while he ran up and down the road, wringing his hands, and crying over his misfortune in a condition that I am bound to say was far more pictorial than decent. It was in vain that Mrs. D. opened her parasol, as the last refuge of offended modesty. The wind soon converted it into something like a convolvulus, so that she was fain once more to seek shelter inside the conveyance, which now lay pensively over on one side, against a muddy bank.

Such little accidents as these are not uncommon in our own country, but when they do occur, you are usually within reach of either succour or shelter. There is at least a house or a cabin within hail of you. Nothing of the kind was there here. This "Bois de Cambre," as they call it, is a dense wood of beech or pine trees, intersected here and there by certain straight roads, without a single inhabitant along the line. A solitary Diligence may pass once in the twenty-four hours, to or from Wâvre. A Waterloo tourist party is occasionally seen in spring or summer, but except these, scarcely a traveller is ever to be met with along this dreary tract. These reassuring facts were communicated to us by the Coachee, while he made his toilet beside the window.

By great persuasions, much eloquence, French and English, and a Napoleon in gold, our driver at length consented to start on foot for Brussels, whence he was to send us a conveyance to return to the capital. This bargain effected, we settled ourselves down to sleep, or to grumble, as fancy or inclination prompted.

I will not weary you with any further narrative of our sufferings, nor tell of that miserable attempt I made to doze, disturbed by Mrs. D.'s unceasing lamentations over her ruined bonnet, her shocked feelings, and her shot-silk. A little before daybreak, an empty furniture-van came accidentally by, with the driver of which we contracted for our return to Brussels, where we arrived at nine o'clock this morning, almost as sad a party as ever fled from Waterloo!

I thought I'd jot down these few details before I lay down for a sleep, and it is likely that I may still add a line or two before post-hour.

Monday.

MY DEAR TOM,

We've had our share of trouble since I wrote the last postscript. Poor James has been "out," and was wounded in the leg, above the

knee. The Frenchman with whom he had the dispute at Hougoumont sent him a message on Saturday last; but as these affairs abroad are always greatly discussed and argued before they come off, the meeting didn't take place till this morning, when they met near Lacken. James's friend was Lord George Tiverton, Member for Hornby, and son to some Marquis—that you'll find out in the "Peerage," for my head is too confused to remember.

He stood to James like a trump—drove him to the ground in his own phaeton, lent him his own pistols—the neatest tools ever I looked at—I wonder he could miss with them—and then brought him back here, and is still with him, sitting at the bedside like a brother. Of course it's very distressing to us all, and poor James is in terrible pain, for the leg is swelled up as thick as three, and all blue, and the doctors don't well know whether they can save it; but it's a grand thing, Tom, to know that the boy behaved beautifully. Lord G. says—"I've been out something like six-and-twenty times, principal or second, but I never saw anything cooler, quieter, or in better taste than young Dodd's conduct." These are his own words, and, let me tell you, Tom, that's high praise from such a quarter, for the English are great sticklers for a grave, decorous, cold-blooded kind of fighting, that we don't think so much about in Ireland. The Frenchman is one Count Roger—not pronounced Roger, but Rogee—and, they say, the surest shot in France. He left his card, to inquire after James, about half an hour ago—a very pretty piece of attention, at all events. Mrs. D. and the girls are not permitted to see James yet, nor would it be quite safe, for the poor fellow is wandering in his mind. When I came into the room, he told Lord George that I was his Uncle! and begged me not to alarm his Aunt on any account!

I can't as yet say how far this unlucky event will interfere with our plans about moving. Of course, for the present, this is out of the question, for the surgeon says, that, taking the most favourable view of his case, it will be weeks before J. can leave his bed. To tell you my mind frankly, I don't think they know much about gun-shot wounds, abroad; for I remember when I hit Giles Eyre, the bullet went through his chest and came out under the bladebone, and Doctor Purden just stopped up the hole with a pitch-plaister, and gave him a tumbler of weak punch, and he was about again, as fresh as ever, in a week's time. To be sure, he used to have a hacking kind of a short cough, and complained of a pain now and then, but everybody has his infirmities!

I mentioned what Purden did, to Baron Seutin, the surgeon here; but he called him a barbarian, and said he deserved the galleys for it!

I thought to myself, "It's lucky old Sam doesn't hear you, for he's just the boy would give you an early morning for it!"

I was called away by a message from the Commissary of the Police, who has sent one of his Sergeants to make an inquiry about the duel.

If it was to Roger he went, it would be reasonable enough; but why come and torment us that have our own troubles? I was obliged to sit quiet, and answer all his questions, giving my Christian name, and my wife's—our ages—what religion we were—if we were really married—egad, it's lucky it wasn't Mrs. D. was under examination—what children we had—their ages and sex—I thought at one time he was going to ask how many more we meant to have. Then he took an excursion into our grandfathers and grandmothers, and at last came back to the present generation and the shindy.

If it wasn't for Lord George, we'd never have got through the business, but he translated for me, and helped me greatly; for what with the confusion I was in, and the language, and the absurdity of the whole thing, I lost my temper very often; and now I discover that we're to have a kind of prosecution against us, though of what kind, or at whose suit, or why, I can't find out. This will be, therefore, number three in my list of law-suits here—not bad, considering that I'm scarce as many weeks in the country! I haven't mentioned this to you before, for I don't like dwelling on it; but it's truth, nevertheless. I must close this at last, for we have Lord G. to dinner; and I must go and put Paddy Byrne through his facings, or there'll be all kinds of blundering. I wish I'd never brought him with us, nor the jaunting-car. The young chaps—the dandies here—have a knack of driving, as if, down on us, just to see Mary Anne trying to save her legs; but I'll come across them one day with the whip, in a style they won't like. Betty Cobb, too, was no bargain, and I wish she was back at Dodsborough. We're always reading in the newspapers how well the Irish get on out of Ireland—how industrious they become—how thrifty, and so on; don't believe a word of it, Tom. There's Betty, the same lazy, good-for-nothing, story-telling, complaining, discontented devil, ever she was; and as for Paddy Byrne, his fists have never been out of somebody's features, except when there were handcuffs on them—*semper eadem!* Tom, as we used to say at Doctor Bell's. Whatever we may be at home—and the *Times* won't say much for us there—it's *there* we're best after all. The Doctors are here again to see James; so that I must conclude with love to all yours, and,

Remain ever faithfully your friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

LETTER VI.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

DEAREST KITTY,

WHAT a dreadful fortnight have we passed through! we thought that poor dear James must have lost his leg; the inflammation ran so high, and the pain and the fever were so great, that one night Baron Seutin actually brought the horrid instruments with him, and I believe it was Lord George alone persuaded him to defer the operation. What a dear, kind, affectionate creature he is! He has scarcely ever left the house since it happened; and although he sits up all night with James, he seems never tired nor sleepy, but is so full of life all day long, playing on the piano, and teaching us the Mazurka! I should rather say teaching *me*, for Cary, bless the mark, has taken a prudish turn, and says she has no fancy for being pulled about, even by a Lord! I may as well mention here, that there is nothing less like romping than the Mazurka, when danced properly; and so Lord George as much as told her. He scarcely touches your waist, Kitty; he only "gives you support," as he says himself, and he never by any chance squeezes your hand, except when there's something droll he wants you to remark.

I must say, Kitty, that in Ireland we conceive the most absurd notions about the aristocracy. Now, here, we have one of the first, the very first young nobleman of the day actually domesticated with us. For the entire fortnight he has never been away, and yet we are as much at home with him, as easy in his presence, and as unconstrained, as if it were your brother Robert, or anybody else of no position. You can form no idea how entertaining he is, for, as he says himself, "I've done everything," and I'm certain so he has; such a range of knowledge on every subject—such a mass of acquaintances! And then he has been all over the world in his own yacht. It's like listening to the "Arabian Nights," to hear him talk of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; and I'm sure I never knew how to relish Byron's poetry till I heard Lord G.'s description of Patras and Salamis. I must tell you, as a great secret though, that he came, the other evening, in his cloak to the drawing-room door, to say that James wanted to see me; and when I went out, there he was in full Albanian dress, the most splendid thing you ever beheld—a dark-violet velvet jacket all braided with gold, white linen jupe, like the Scotch kilt, but immensely full—he said, two hundred ells wide—a fez on his head, embroidered sandals, and such a scimitar! it was a mass of turquoises

and rubies. Oh, Kitty! I have no words to describe him; for besides all this, he has such eyes, and the handsomest beard in the world—not one of those foppish little tufts they call imperials, nor that grizzly clothes-brush Young France affects, but a regular “Titian,” full, flowing, and squared beneath. Now, don’t let Peter fancy that he ought to get up a “moyen âge look,” for between ourselves, these things which sit so gracefully on My Lord, would be downright ridiculous in the Dispensary Doctor; and while I’m on the topic, let me say that nothing is so thoroughly Irish as the habit of imitating, or rather of mimicking, those of stations above our own. I’ll never forget Peter’s putting the kicking-straps on his mare just because he saw Sir Joseph Vickars drive with them; the consequence was, that the poor beast, who never kicked before, no sooner felt the unaccustomed encumbrance than she dashed out, and never stopped till she smashed the gig to atoms. In the same way, I’m certain that if he only saw Lord George’s dress, which is a kind of black velvet paletot, braided, and very loose in the sleeves, he’d just follow it, quite forgetting how inconvenient it might be in what he calls “the Surgery.” At all events, Kitty, do not say that I said so. I’m too conscious how little power I have to serve him, to wish to hurt his feelings.

You could not believe what interest has been felt about James in the very highest circles here. We were at last obliged to issue a species of bulletin every morning, and leave it with the porter at the hotel-door. I own to you I thought it did look a little pretentious at first to read these documents, with the three signatures at the foot; but Lord George only laughed at my humility, and said that it was “expected from us.” From all this you may gather that poor James’s misfortune has not been unalloyed with benefit. The sympathy—I had almost said the friendship—of Lord G. is indeed priceless, and I see, from the names of the inquiries, that our social position has been materially benefited by the accident. In the little I have seen of the Continent, one thing strikes me most forcibly. It is, that to have any social eminence or success you must be notorious. I am free to own that in many instances this is not obtained without considerable sacrifice, but it would seem imperative. You may be very rich, or very highly connected, or very beautiful, or very gifted. You may possess some wonderful talent as a painter, or a musician, or as a dramatist. You may be the great talker of dinner-parties—the wit who never wanted his repartee. A splendid rider, particularly if a lady, has always her share of admiration. But apart from these qualities, Kitty, you have only to reckon on eccentricities, and, I am almost ashamed to write it, on follies. Chance—I never could call it

good fortune, when I think of poor James—has achieved for us what, in all likelihood, we never could have accomplished for ourselves, and by a turn of the wheel we wake and find ourselves famous. I only wish you could see the list of visitors, beginning with Princes, and descending by a sliding scale to Barons and Chevaliers; such flourishing of hats, too, as we receive whenever we drive out! Papa begins to complain that he might as well leave his at home, as he is perpetually carrying it about in his hand. But for Lord George, we should never know who one-half of these fine folk were; but he is acquainted with them all, and such droll histories as he has of them would convulse you with laughter to listen to.

I need not say that so long as poor dear James continues to suffer, we do not accept of any invitations whatever; we just receive a few intimates—say fifteen or twenty very dear friends—twice a week. Then it is merely a little music, tea, and perhaps a polka, always improvised, you understand, and got up without the slightest forethought. Lord G. is perfect for that kind of thing, and whatever he does seems to spring so naturally from the impulse of the moment. Yesterday, however, just as we were dressing for dinner, Papa alone was in the drawing-room, the servant announced Monsieur le General Count de Vanderdelft, Aide-de-Camp to the King, and immediately there entered a very tall and splendidly dressed man, with every order you can think of on his breast. He saluted Pa most courteously, who bowed equally low in return, and then began something which Pa thought was a kind of set speech, for he spoke so fluently and so long, and with such evident possession of his subject, that Papa felt it must have been all got up beforehand.

At last he paused, and poor Papa, whose French never advanced beyond the second page of Cobbett's Grammar, uttered his usual "Non comprong," with a gesture happily more explanatory than the words. The General, deeming, possibly, that he was called upon for a recapitulation of his discourse, began it all over again, and was drawing towards the conclusion when Mamma entered. He at once addressed himself to her, but she hastily rung the bell, and sent for *me*. I, of course, did not lose a moment; but arranging my hair in plain bands, came down at once. When I came into the drawing-room, I saw there was some mystification, for Papa was sitting with his spectacles on, busily hunting out something in the little Dialogue Book of five languages, and Mamma was seated directly in front of the General, apparently listening to him with the utmost attention, but, as I well knew, from her contracted eyebrows and pursed-up

mouth, only endeavouring to read his sentiments from the expression of his features. He turned at once towards me as I saluted him, showing how unmistakably he rejoiced at the sound of his own language. "I come, Mademoiselle," said he, "on the part of the King"—and he paused and bowed at the word as solemnly as if he were in a church. "His Majesty having obtained from the English Legation here the names of the most distinguished visitors of your countrymen, has graciously commanded me to wait upon the Honourable Monsieur——" Here he paused again, and taking out a slip of paper from his pocket, read the name. "Dodd. I am right, am I not, Mademoiselle Dodd?" At the mention of his name, Papa bowed, and placed his hand on his waistcoat as if to confirm his identity; while Mamma smiled a bland assent to the partnership. "To wait upon Monsieur Dodd," resumed the General, "and invite him and Madame Dodd to be present at the grand ceremony of the opening of the railroad to Mons." I could scarcely believe my ears, Kitty, as I listened. The inauguration-ceremony has been the stock theme of the newspapers for the last month. Archbishops and Bishops—Cardinals, for aught I know—have been expected, regardless of expense, to bless everything and everybody, from the Sovereign down to the Stokers. The program included a High Mass, four military bands, the presence of the whole Court, and a grand *déjeûner*. To have been deemed worthy of an invitation to such a festival was a very legitimate reason for pride. "I have not his Majesty's commands, Mademoiselle," said the General, "to include you in the invitation; but as the King is always pleased to see his Court distinguished by beauty, I may safely promise that you will receive a card within the course of this day or to-morrow." I suppose I must have looked very grateful, for the General dropped his eyes, placed his hand on his heart, and said, "Oh, Mademoiselle!" in a tone of voice the most touching you can conceive. I believe, from watching my emotion, and the General's acknowledgment of it, Mamma had arrived at the conclusion that the General had come to propose for me. Indeed, I am convinced, Kitty, that such was the impression on her mind, for she whispered in my ear, "Tell him, Mary Anne, that he must speak to Papa first." This suggestion at once recalled me to myself, and I explained what he had come for—apologising, of course, to the General for having to speak in a foreign language before him. I am certain Mamma's satisfaction at the royal invitation totally obliterated any disappointment she might have felt from baffled expectations, and she courtesied and smiled, and Papa bowed

and simpered so much, that I felt quite released when the General withdrew — having previously kissed Ma's hand and mine, with an air of respectful homage only acquired in Courts.

Perhaps this scene did not occupy more space than I have taken to describe it, and yet, Kitty, it seems to me as though we had been inhaling the atmosphere that surrounds Royalty for a length of time! From my reverie on this theme I was aroused by a lively controversy between Papa and Mamma.

"Egad!" says Papa, "Pummistone's blunder has done us good service. They've surely taken us for something very distinguished. Look out, Mary Anne, and see if there's any Dodds in the Peerage."

"Fudge!" cried Mamma; "there's no blunder whatever in the case! We are beginning to be known, that's all; nor is there anything very astonishing in the fact, seeing that King Leopold is the uncle to our own Queen. I should like to know, what is there more natural than that we should receive attention from his Court?"

"Maybe it's James's accident," muttered Papa.

"It's no such thing, I'm certain," replied Mamma, angrily, "and it's downright meanness to impute to a mere casualty what is the legitimate consequence of our position."

Now, Kitty, whenever Mamma uses the word "position," she has generally come to the end of her ammunition, which is of the less consequence that she usually contrives with this last shot to explode the enemy's magazine, and blow him clean out of the water! Papa knows this so well, that the moment he hears it, he takes to the long boat, or to drop the use of metaphor, he seizes his hat and decamps; which he did on the present occasion, leaving Ma and myself in the field.

"A Dodd, indeed, in the Peerage!" said she, contemptuously; "I'd like to know where you'd find it! If it was a M'Carthy, there would be some difference; M'Carthy More slew Shawn Bhuy na Tiernish in the year ten thousand and six, and was hanged for it at his own gate, in a rope of silk of the family colours, green and white; and I'd like to know where were the Dodds then? But it's the way with your Father always, Mary Anne; he quite forgets the family he married into."

Though this was somewhat of unjust reproach, Kitty, I did not reply to it, but turned Ma's attention to the King's gracious message, and the approaching *déjeûné*. We agreed that as Cary wouldn't, and indeed couldn't, go, that Ma and I should dress precisely alike, with our hair in bands in front, with two long curls behind the ears, white tarletan dresses, three jupes, looped up with marigolds. The only distinction being, that Ma should wear her

carbuncles, and I nothing but moss-roses. It sounds very simple costume, Kitty, but Mademoiselle Adèle has such taste, we felt we might rely upon its not being too plain. Papa, of course, would wear his yeomanry uniform, which is really very neat, the only ungraceful part being the white shorts and black gaiters to the knee; and these he insists on adhering to, as well as the helmet, which looks exactly like a gigantic caterpillar crawling over a coal-box! However, it's military; and abroad, my dearest Kitty, if not a soldier, you are nothing. The English are so well aware of this, that not one of them would venture to present himself at a foreign Court in that absurd travestie of footmen, called the "Corbeau" coat. Even the Lawyers and Doctors, the Newspaper Editors, the Railroad People, the Civil Engineers, and the Solicitors, all come out as Yorkshire Hussars—Glostershire Fencibles, Hant's Rifles, or Royal Archers; these last, very picturesque, with kilt, fillibeg, and dirk, much handsomer than any other Highland Regiment! We also discussed a little plot about making Pa wear a Coronation-medal, which would pass admirably as an "order," and procure him great respect and deference amongst the foreigners; but this, I may as well mention here, he most obstinately rejected, and swore at last, that if we persisted, he'd have his commission as a Justice of the Peace fixed on a pole, and carry it like a banner before him. Of course, in presence of such a threat, we gave up our project. You may smile, Kitty, at my recording such trivial circumstances; but of such is life. We are ourselves but atoms, dearest, and all around us are no more! As eagerly as *we* strive upwards, so determinedly does *he* drag us down to earth again, and Ma's noblest ambitions are ever threatened by Papa's inglorious tastes and inclinations.

I'm so full of this delightful fête, my dear Kitty, that I can think of nothing else; nor, indeed, are my thoughts very collected even on that; for that wild creature, Lord George, is thumping the piano, imitating all the opera people, and occasionally waltzing about the room in a manner that would distract any human head to listen to! He has just been tormenting me to tell him what I'm saying to you, and bade me tell you that he's dying to make your acquaintance; so you see, dearest, that he has heard of those deep-blue eyes and long-fringed lids that have done such marvels in our western latitudes! It is really no use trying to continue. He is performing what he calls a "Grand March, with a full orchestral accompaniment," and there is a crowd actually assembling in front of the house. I had something to say, however, if I could only remember it.

I have just recalled what I wanted to mention. It is this. P. B. is most unjust, most ungenerous. Living, as he does, remote from the

world and its exciting cares, he can form no conception of what is required from those who mingle in its pleasures, and, alas! partake of its trials! To censure me for the sacrifices I am making to that world, Kitty, is then great injustice. I feel that he knows nothing of these things! What knew I myself of them till within a few weeks back! Tell him so, dearest. Tell him, besides, that I am ever the same—save in that expansion of the soul which comes of enlarged views of life—more exalted notions and more ennobling emotions! When I think of what I was, Kitty, and of what I am, I may indeed shudder at the perils of the present, but I blush deeply for the past! Of course you will not permit him to think of coming abroad—“settling as a Doctor,” as he calls it, “on the Continent”—is too horrid to be thought of! Are you aware, Kitty, what place the Lawyer and the Physician occupy socially here? Something lower than the Courier, and a little higher than the Cook! Two or three, perhaps, in every capital city are received in society, wear decent clothes, and wash their hands occasionally, but there it ends! and even they are only admitted on sufferance, and as it were by a tacit acknowledgment of the uncertainty of human life, and that it is good to have a “Learned Leech” within call. Shall I avow it, Kitty, I think they are right! It is, unquestionably, a gross anomaly to see everlastingly around one in the gay world those terrible remembrancers of dark hours and gloomy scenes. We do not scatter wills, and deeds, and settlements amongst the prints, and drawings, and light literature of our drawing-room tables, nor do we permit physic-bottles to elbow the odours and essences which deck our “consoles” and chimney-pieces; and why should we admit the incarnation of these odious objects to mar the picturesque elegance of our *salons*? No, Kitty; they may figure upon a darker canvas, but they would ill become the gorgeous light that illumines the grand “tableau” of high life! Peter, too, would be quite unsuited to the habits of the Continent. Wrapped up as he is in his profession, he never could attain to that charming negligence of manner, that graceful trifling, that most insinuating languor, which distinguish the well-bred abroad. If they fail to captivate, Kitty, they at least never wound your susceptibilities, nor hurt your prejudices. The delightful maxim that pronounces “*Tous les goûts sont respectables*,” is the keystone of this system. No, no, Peter must not come abroad!

Let me not forget to congratulate you on Robert’s success. What is it he has gained? for I could not explain to Lord George whether he is a “double first” or a something else.

You are quite mistaken, my dear friend, about lace. It is fully as

dear here as with us. At the same time, I must say we never do see real "Brussels point" in Ireland; for even the Castle folk are satisfied with showing you nothing but their cast-off London finery; and as to lace, it is all what they call here "application"—that is, the flowers and tracery are worked in upon common net, and are not part of the fabric, as in real "point de Bruxelles." After all, even this is as superior to "Limerick lace" as a Foreign Ambassador is, in manner, to a Dublin Alderman.

I should like to keep this over till the *déjeûné* at Mons; but as it goes by "the Messenger"—Lord Gledworth having given Pa the privilege of the "Bag"—I cannot longer defer writing myself my dearest Kitty's most attached friend,

MARY ANNE DODD.

I open my letter to send you the last bulletin about James :

"Monsieur James Dodd has passed a tranquil night, and is proceeding favourably. The wound exhibits a good appearance, and the general fever is slight.

(Signed)

"BARON DE SEUTIN.

"EUSTACE DE MORNAYE, Med. du Roi.

"SAMUEL MOSSIN, M.R.C.S.I."

We're in another mess with that wretch, Paddy Byrne. The Gendarmes are now in the house to inquire after him. It would seem that he has beaten a whole hackney coach-stand, and set the vehicles and horses off full speed down the "Montagne de la Cour," one of the steepest streets in Europe. When will Papa see it would be cheaper to send him home by a special steamer than to keep him here and pay for all his "escapades?"

Paddy, who got on to the roof to escape the police, has just fallen through a skylight, and has been conveyed to hospital, terribly injured. He fell upon an old gentleman of eighty-two, who says he will look to Papa for compensation. The tumult the affair has caused is dreadful, and Pa is like a madman.

The General Count Vanderdelft has come back to say that I am invited!

LETTER VII.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

DEAR MOLLY,

I SCARCELY have courage to take up my pen, and maybe, if it wasn't that I am driven to the necessity of writing, I couldn't bring myself to the effort. You have already heard all about poor dear James's duel. It was in the *Post* and *Galignani*, and got copied into the French papers; and indeed I must say, that so far as notoriety goes, it was all very gratifying to our feelings, though the poor boy has had to pay dearly for the honour. His sufferings were very great, and for ten days he didn't know one of us; even to this time he constantly calls me his aunt! He's now out of danger at last, and able to sit up for a few hours every day, and take a little sustenance, and hear the papers read, and see the names of the people that have called to ask after him; and a proud list it is, Dukes, Counts, and Barons without end!

This, of course, is all very pleasing, and no one is more ready to confess it than myself; but Life is nothing but Trials, Molly; you're up to-day, and you're down to-morrow; and maybe 'tis when you think the road is smoothest and best, and that your load is lightest, 'tis just at that very moment you see yourself harnessed between the "shafts of adversity." We never think of these things when all goes well with us, but what a shock we feel when the hand of Fate turns the tables on us, with maybe the scarlatina or the sheep-rot, the smut in the wheat, or a stain on your reputation! When I wrote last, I mentioned to you the high station we were in, the elegant acquaintances we made, and the fine prospect before us; but I'm not sure you got my letter, for the Gentleman that took charge of it thought of going home by Norway, so that perhaps it has not yet reached you. It's little matter; maybe 'tis all the better, indeed, if it never does come to hand! The last three weeks has been nothing but troubles, and as for expense, Molly, the money goes in a way I never witnessed before, though if you knew all the shifts I'm put to, you'd pity me, and the sacrifices I make to keep our heads above water, would drown you in tears.

I don't know where to begin with our misfortunes, though believe the first of them was Wednesday week last. You must know, Molly, that we were invited by the King, who sent his own Aide-de-Camp, in full fig, with crosses and orders all over him, to ask us to a breakfast, or as they call it a "dėjeûné," in honour of the opening of a new railroad at Mons. It was, as you may believe, a very great

honour to pay us, nothing being invited but the very first families—the Embassies and the Ministers, and we certainly felt it well became us not to disgrace either the Country we came from, or the proud distinction of his Majesty; and so, Mary and I had two new dresses made just the same, like sisters, very simple, but elegant, Molly—a light stuff that cost only two-and-five a yard, thirty-two yards of which would make the two, leaving me a breadth more in the skirt than Mary Anne—the whole not coming to quite four pounds, without the making. That was our calculation, Molly, and we put it down on paper, for K. I. insists on our paying for everything when it comes home, as he is always saying, “we never know how suddenly we may have to leave this place yet.”

Low as the price was, it took a day and a half before he'd give in. He stormed and swore about all the expenses of the family—that there was no end of our extravagant habits, and what with hair-dressers, dancing-masters, and doctors, it cost five-and-twenty pounds in a week.

“And if it did, K. I.,” said I—“if it did, is four pounds too much to spend on the dress of your wife and daughter, when they're invited to Court? If you can squander in handfuls on your pleasures, can you spare nothing for the wants of your family?”

I reminded him who *he* was and who *I* was. I let him know what was the stock I came from, and what we were used to, Molly, and indeed I believe he'd rather than double the money not have provoked the discussion.

The end of it was, we carried the day; and early on Wednesday morning the two dresses came home; Mdlle. Adèle herself coming with them to try them on. I haven't words to tell you how mine fitted; if it was made on me it couldn't be better. I needn't say more of the general effect, than that Betty—and you know she is no flatterer—called me nothing but “Miss” till I took it off. Conscious of how it became me, I too readily listened to her suggestion to “go and show it to the Master;” and accordingly walked into the room where he was seated reading the newspaper.

“Ain't you afraid of catching cold?” says he, drily.

“Why so?” replied I.

“Hadn't you better put on your gown, going about the passages?” says he, in a cross kind of way.

“What do you mean, K. I.? Is not this my gown?”

“That!” cried he, throwing down the newspaper on the floor.
“*That!*”

“And why not, pray, Mister Dodd?”



The New Dress.

“Why not!” exclaimed he; “because you’re half-naked, Madam;—because it wouldn’t do for a bathing-dress;—because the Queen of the Tonga Islands wouldn’t go out in it.”

“If my dress is not high enough for your taste, K. I., maybe the bill is,” says I, throwing down the paper on the table, and sweeping out of the room. Oh! Molly, little I knew the words I was saying, for I never had opened the bill at all, contenting myself with Mdlle. Adèle’s promise that the making would be a “bagatelle of some fifteen or twenty francs!” What do you think it came to? Eight hundred and thirty-three francs five sous. Thirty-three pounds six and tenpence-halfpenny! as sure I write these lines. I was taken with the nerves—just as I used to be long ago—screeching and laughing and crying all together, when I heard it; and the attack lasted two hours, and left me very weak and exhausted after it was over. Oh! Molly dear, what a morning it was! for what with ether and curaçoa, strong sherry and aniseed cordial, my head was splitting; and Betty ran down stairs into the table d’hôte room, and said that “the Master was going to murder the Mistress,” and brought up a crowd of gentlemen after her. K. I. was holding my hands at the time; for they say that I wanted to make at Mdlle. Adèle to tear her eyes out; so that, naturally enough, perhaps, they believed Betty’s story; however that might be, they rushed in a body at K. I., who, quitting hold of me, seized the poker. I needn’t tell you what he is like when in a passion! I’m told the scene was awful; for they all made for the stairs together—K. I. after them! The appearance of the place afterwards may give you some notion of what it witnessed—all the orange-trees in the tubs thrown down, two lamps smashed, the bust of the King and Queen on the landing in shivers, several of the banisters broken; while tufts of hair, buttons, and bits of cloth were strewn about on all sides. The head-waiter is wearing a patch over his eye still, and the Swiss porter, one of the biggest men I ever saw, has cut his face fearfully by a fall into a glass globe with gold fish. It was a costly morning’s work, Molly; and if twenty pound sees us through it, we’re lucky! Mr. Profiles, too, the Landlord, came up, to request we’d leave the hotel; that there were nothing but rows and disturbances in the house since we entered it; and much more of the same sort. K. I. flared up at this, and they abused each other for an hour. This is very unfortunate, for I hear that P. is a Baron, and a great friend of the King; for abroad, Molly dear, the Nobles are not above anything, and sell cigars, and show the town to strangers to turn a penny, without any one thinking the worse of them! All this, as you may suppose, was a blessed preparation for the Court breakfast;

but yet, by two o'clock we got away, and reached the Allée Verte, when we heard that all the special trains were already off, and had to take our places in the common conveyances meant for the public, and worse again, to be separated from K. I., who had to go into a third-class, while Mary Anne and I were in a second. There we were, dressed up in full style in the noon-day, with bare necks and arms, in a crowd of bagmen, officers, and clerks, who, you may be sure, had their own thoughts about us; and indeed there's no saying what they mightn't have done as well as thought, if K. I. didn't come to the window every time we stopped, with a big stick in his hand, and by a very significant gesture gave the company to comprehend that he'd make mince veal of the man that molested us.

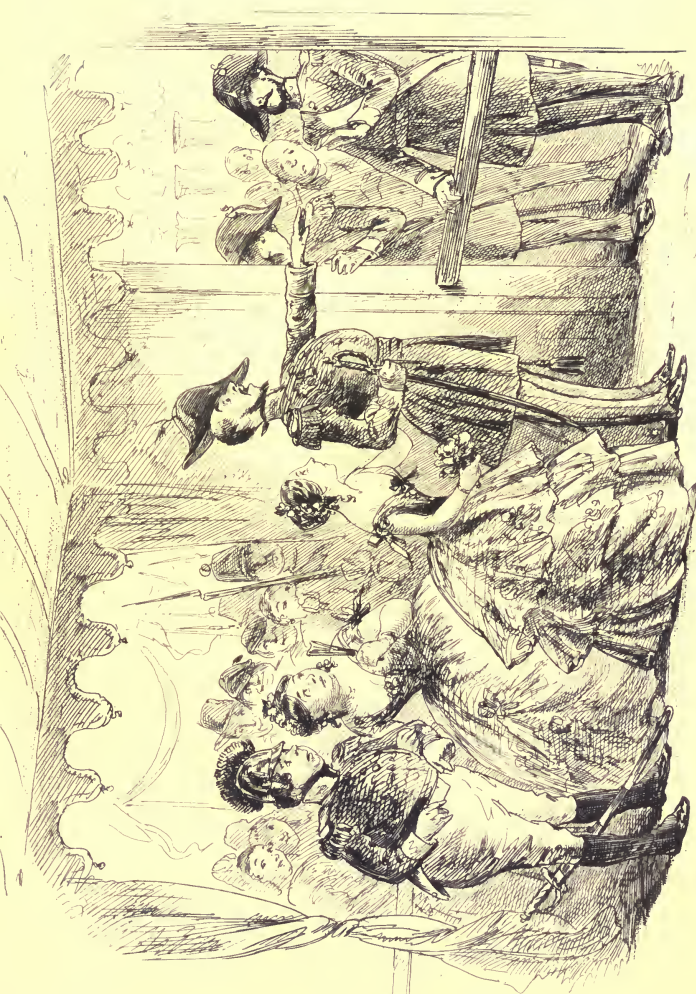
You may think, Molly, of what a two hours we spent, for the women in the train were worse than the men, and although I did not understand what they said, their looks were quite intelligible; but I have not patience to tell you more. We reached Mons at four o'clock; a great part of the ceremony was over. The high mass and benediction pronounced by the Cardinal of Malines—the rail was blessed—and the deputation had addressed the King, and his Majesty had replied, and all kinds of congratulations were exchanged, orders and crosses given to everybody, from the surveyors to the stokers, and now the procession was forming to the Royal Pavilion, where there were tables laid out for eight hundred people.

K. I.'s scarlet uniform, though a little the worse for wear, and so tight in the waist that the last three buttons were left unfastened, procured him immediate respect, and we passed through sentries and patrols as if we were royalty itself; indeed, the military presented arms to K. I. at every step, and such clinking of muskets and bayonets I never heard before.

All this time, Molly, we were going straight on, without knowing where to; for K. I. said to me in a whisper, "Let us put a bold face on it, or they'll ask us for tickets or something of the kind;" and so we went, hoping every moment to see our friend, the Count, who would take us under his protection. If it wasn't for our own anxieties, the scene would have amused us greatly, for there was all manner of elegant females, and men in fine uniforms, and the greatest display of jewels I ever saw; but for all that, we were getting uneasy, for we saw that they each carried cards in their hands, and that the official came and asked for them as they passed on.

"We'll be in a nice way if Vanderdelft doesn't turn up," says K. I.; and as he said it, there was the General himself beside us. He was greatly heated, as if he had been running or walking fast, and although





Original owned by the British Library

dressed in full uniform, his stock was loose and his cocked hat was without the feather. "I was afraid I should have missed you," said he, in a hurried voice to Mary Anne, "and I'm half-killed running about after you. Where's the Queen-Mother?" This wasn't very ceremonious, my dear, but I didn't know what he said at the time; indeed, he spoke so fast it was all Mary Anne could do to follow him! for he talked of everything and everybody in a breath. "We've not a minute to lose," cried he, drawing Mary Anne's arm inside his own. "If Leopold once sits down to table, I can't present you. Come along, and I'll get you a good place."

How we pierced the crowd the Saints alone can tell! but the General went at them in a way of his own, and they fell back, as they saw him coming, in a style that made us think we had no common guide to conduct us. At last, by dint of crushing, driving, and pushing everybody out of our way, we reached a kind of barrier, where two fine-looking men in blue and gold were taking the tickets. As Mary Anne and the General were in advance of us, I didn't see what happened first; but when we came up, we found Vanderdelft in a flaring passion, and crying out, "These scullions don't know me—this canaille never heard of my name!"

"We're in a mess, Mrs. D.," said K. I. to me, in a whisper.

"How can that be?" said I.

"We're in a mess," says he again, "and a pretty mess too, or I'm mistaken;" but he hadn't time for more, for just then the General kicked up the bar with his foot, and passed in with Mary Anne, flourishing his drawn sword in the air, and crying out, "Take them in flank—sabre them, every man—no prisoners!—no quarter!" Oh, Molly, I can't continue, though I'll never forget the scene that followed. Two big men in grey coats burst through the crowd and laid hands on the General, who, it seems, had made his escape out of a madhouse, at Ghent, a week before, and was, as they said, the most dangerous lunatic in all Belgium. It appeared that he had gone down to his own country-house near Brussels, and stolen his uniform and his orders, for he was once on a time Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Orange, and went mad after the Revolution.

Just think of our situation as we stood there, among all the nobles and grandees, suffocated with laughter; for as they tore the poor General away, he cried out "to take care of the Queen-Mother, and to be sure and get something to eat for the Aga of the Janissaries," meaning K. I.!

The mob at this time began screeching and hooting, and there's no knowing how it might have ended, if it wasn't for the little Captain—

Morris is his name—that was once quartered at Bruff, and who happened to be there, and knew us, and he came up and explained who we were, and got us away to a coach, more dead than alive, Molly.

And so we got back to Brussels that night, in a state of mind and body I leave you to imagine, K. I. abusing us all the way about the Milliner's bill, the expense of the trip, and the exposure! "It's clear," says he, "we may leave this city now, for you'll never recover what you call your 'position,' here, after this day's exploit!" You may conceive how humbled and broken I was when he dared to say that to me, Molly, and I didn't so much as give him a word back!

You'll see from this that life isn't all roses with us; and, indeed, for the last two days I've done nothing but cry, and Mary Anne the same; for how we're ever to go to Court and be presented now, nobody can tell! Morris advises K. I. to go into Germany for the summer, and maybe he is right; but, to tell you the truth, Molly, I can't bear that little man—he has a dry, sneering kind of way with him that is odious to me. Mary Anne, too, hates him.

So Father Maher won't buy "Judy," because she's not in calf. It's just like him—he must have everything in this life his own way! Send me the price of the wool by Purcell; he can get a Post-bill for it; and be sure to dispose of the fruit to the best advantage. Don't make any jam this year, for I'd rather have the money than be spending it on sugar. You'd not believe the straits I'm put to for a pound or two. It was only last week I sold four pair of K. I.'s drab shorts and gaiters and a brown surtout to a hawker for a trifle of fifteen francs, and persuaded him they were stolen out of his drawers! and I believe he has spent nearly double the money in hand-bills, offering a reward for the thief! That's the fruits of his want of confidence, and the secret and mysterious way he behaves to me! Many's the time I told him that his underhand tricks cost him half his income!

I tell him every day it's "no use to be here if we don't live in a certain style;" and then he says, "I'm quite ready to go back, Mrs. D. It was never my will that we came here at all." And there he is right, for it's just Ireland he's fit for! Father Maher, and Tom Purcell, and Sam Davis, are exactly the company to suit him; but it's very hard that me and the girls are to suffer for his low tastes!

The *Evening Mail*, I see, puts Dodsborough down at the bottom of a column, as if it was Holloway's Ointment. That's what we get by having dealings with an Orange newspaper. They could murder us

—that's their feeling. They know in their hearts that they're heretics, and they hate the True Church. There is nothing I detest so much as bigotry. Go to Heaven *your own* way, and let the Protestants go to the other place, *theirs*. Them's my sentiments, Molly, and I believe they're the sentiments of a good Christian!

I'm sorry for Peter Belton, but what business has he to think of a girl like Mary Anne? If Doctor Cavanagh was dead himself, the whole practice of the country wouldn't be three hundred a year. Try and get an opportunity to tell him what I think, and say that he ought to look out for one of the Davises; though what a Dispensary Doctor wants with a wife the Lord only knows! K. I. civilly says he ought to be content making blisters for the neighbours, without wanting one on his own back! That's the way he talks of women. Father Maher never sent me the lines for Betty Cobb, and maybe I'll be driven to have her cursed by a foreign Priest after all. She and Paddy are the torment of our lives. I saved up five pounds to send them both back by a sailing-ship, but by good luck I discovered the vessel was going to Cuba instead of Cork, and so here they are still: maybe it would have been better if I had sent them off, though the way was something of a roundabout. There's no use in my speaking to K. I. about Christy, for he can get nothing for James. We may write to Vickers every week, but he never answers; he knows Parliament won't be dissolved soon, and he doesn't mind us. If I'd my will, there would be a General Election every year, at least, and then we'd have a chance of getting something. I don't know which is worst, the Whigs or the Tories, nor is there much difference between them. K. I. supported each of them in turn, and never got bit nor sup from one or other, yet!

I was sounding K. I. about Christy last night, and *he* thinks you ought to send him to the gold diggings; he wants nothing but a pickaxe and a tin cullender and a pair of waterproof boots, to make a fortune there; and that's more than we can say of the County Limerick. There's nothing so hard to provide for as a boy in these times, except a girl!

The trunks have not arrived yet; I hope you despatched them.

Your attached and sincere friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER VIII.

BETTY COBB TO MRS. SHUSAN O'SHAY, PRIEST'S HOUSE, BRUFF.

DEAR MISSES SHUSAN,

THIS comes with my heart's sorrow that I'm not at home where I was bred and born, but livin' abroad like a pelican on a dissolute island, more by token that I never wanted to come, but was persuaded by them that knew nothin' about what they wor talking; but thought it was all figs, and lemons, and raisins, with green pays and the sun in season all the year round; but, on the contrahery, sich rain and wind I never seen afore; and as for the eating, the Saints forgive me if it's not true, but I b'leve I ate more rats since I've come, than ever ould Tib did since she was kittened. The drinkin's as bad, or worse. What they call wine, is spoilt vinegar; and the vegables has no bone nor eatin' in them at all, but melts away in the mouth like butter in July. But 'tis the wickedness is the worst of all. O Shusan! but the men is bad, and the women worse. Of all the devils ever I heerd of, they bate them. 'Tisn't a quiet walk to mass on Sunday, with maybe a decent boy beside you, discoorsin', or the like, and then sitting under a hedge for the evening, with your apron afore you, talkin' about the praties or the price of pigs, or maybe the Polis; but here 'tis dancin', and rompin', and eatin', with merry-go-rounds, swing-swongs, and skittles, all the day long. The dancin's dreadful! they don't stand up fornent other, like a jig, where anything of a dacent partner wouldn't so much as look hard at you, but keep minding his steps and humorin' the tune; but they catch each other round the waist—'tis true I am saying—and go huggin' and tearin' about like mad, till they can't breathe nor spake; and then, the noise! for 'tisn't one fiddle they have, but maybe twenty, with horns, and flutes, and a murderin' big brown tube, that a man blows into at one side, that makes a sound like the sea among the rocks at Kelper; and that's dancin', my dear! I got lave from the Mistress last Sunday to go out in the evening with Mr. Francis, the currier, as they call him—a mighty nice man, but a little free in his manners; and we went to the Moelenbeck Gardens, an iligant place, no doubt, with a hundred little tables under the trees, and a flure for dancin' and fireworks, and a boat on a lake, with an island in it, where there was a hermit—a fine-looking ould man, with a beard down to his waist, but, for all that, no better than he ought to be, for he made an offer to kiss me when I was going into the boat, and Mr. Francis laughed at me bekase I was angry. No





St. James's

matter, we went off to a place they call the Temple of Bakis, where there was a fat man, as I thought, stark nakit; but it was flesh-coloured web he had on, and he was settin' on a beer-barrel, with a wreath of roses round his head, and looking as drunk as ever I seen; and for half a franc a-piece, Bakis pulled out the spiget, and gave you a glassful of the nicest drink ever was tasted—warm wine, with nutmeg in it, and cloves, and a taste of mint. I was afeered to do more nor sup, seein' the place and the croud; but indeed, Shusan, little as I took, it got into my head; and I sat down on the steps of the Temple, and begun to cry about home and Dodsborough; and something came over me that Mr. Francis didn't mane well; and so I told everybody that I was a poor Irish girl, and that he was a wicked blaguard; and then the Polis came, and there was a Shindy! I don't know how far my head was wrong all the time; and they said that I sung the "Croniawn Dhubh;" maybe I did; but I know that I bate off the Polis; and at last they took me away home, when every stich on me was in ribbins; my elegant bonnet with the green bows as flat as a halfpeny; and the bombazine the Mistress gave me, all rags; one of my shoes, too, was lost, and except a handful of hair I tore out of the corporal's beard 'twas all loss to me. This wasn't the worst; for little Paddy Byrne, that was in bed for a baiting he got 'mong the hackney-coachmen, jumped up and flew at Mister Francis for the honour of ould Ireland; and they fit for twenty minutes in the pantry, and broke every bit of glass and chaney in the house, forbye three lamps and some alybastard figures that was put there for safety; and the end of it was, Mr. Francis was discharged, but wouldn't take his wages, if the Master didn't pay him half a year in advance, with diet and washing, and his expenses home to Swisserland, wherever that is; and there it is now, and Master is in a law-shute, that everybody says will go agin him; for there's one good thing abroad, Shusan, dear, the Coorts stands by poor sarvants, and won't see them wronged by any cruel masters; and maybe it would be taching ould Mister Dodd something, if they made him smart for this!

Ye may think, from all this, that I'd be glad to be back again, and so it is. I cry all day and night, and sorrow stich I do for either the Mistress or the young ladies, and maybe at last they'll see 'tis best to send me home. They needn't begrudge me the thrifle 'twould cost, for they're spending money like mad; and even the Mistress, that would skin a flay in Ireland, thinks nothing of layin' out ten or fifteen pounds here of a day. Miss Mary Anne is as bad as the mother, and grown so proud and stand off that I never spake to her. Miss

Caroline is what she used to be, barrin' the spirits ; to be sure she has no divarsion, and no horse to ride, nor doesn't be out in the fields as she used, but for all that she bears it better than myself. Mister James is grown a young man in three weeks, and never passes me on the stair without a wink or a look of the same kind ; that's the way the Continent taches good manners ! Mrs. Shusan ! oh dear ! oh dear ! but 'tis wishing it I am, the day I come on this incontential tour. If I can't get back—though it's not my fault if I don't—send me the pair of strong shoes you'll find in my hair trunk, and the two petticoats in the corner. If you could get a blade in the big scissors, send it too, and the two bits of dimity I want for mendin'. There was some Dandy Lion in a paper, I'd like ; for there's none here, they say, has strength in it. You'll be able to send me these by somebody coming this way, for I heerd Mistress say everybody is travellin' these times. What was it Father Tom used to take for the redness in his nose ? mine is tormentin' me dreadful, and though I'm poulticin' it every night with ash-bark, earth-worms, and dragon's blood, I think it's only worse it's gettin'. Mr. Francis said that I must larn to sleep with my nose higher than my head, though how I'm to do it, the Saints alone can tell ! No time for more than to say your loving friend,

BETTY COBB.

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## LETTER IX.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ.

Belleyue, Brussels.

DEAR TOM,

It's no use in talking ; I can't go over to Ireland now, and you know that as well as myself. Besides, what's the good of me taking a part in the elections ? Who can tell which side will be uppermost, after all ? And if one is "to enter, it's as well to ride the winning horse." Vickers has behaved so badly, that I don't think I'd support him ; but there's a fortnight yet before the elections, and perhaps he may see the errors of his ways before that !

I've little heart or spirits for politics, for my life is fairly bothered out of me with domestic troubles. James is going on very slowly. There was a bit of glove-leather round the ball—a most inexcusable negligence on the part of his second—that has given much uneasiness ; and he has a kind of night fever, that keeps him low and weak.

With that too, he has too many doctors. Three of them come every morning, and never go away without a dispute.

It strikes me forcibly, Tom, that medical science is one of the things that makes little progress, considering all the advantages of our century. I don't mean to say that they don't know better what's inside of you, what your bones is made of, that they haven't more hard names for everything than formerly; but that when it comes to cure you of a tooth-ache, or a colic, or a fit of the gout, my sure belief is they made just as good a hand of it two hundred years ago. I won't deny that they'll whip off your leg, tie one of your arteries, or take your hip out of the socket quicker than they used long ago; but how few of us, thank God, have need of that kind of skill! and if we have, what signifies a quarter of a minute more or less? Tim Hackett, that was Surgeon to our County Infirmary, forty years, never used any other tools than an old razor and a pair of pinchers, and I believe he was just as successful as Ashley Cooper; and yet these fellows that come to see James, cover the table every day with instruments that would puzzle the Royal Society—things like patent corkscrews, scissors with teeth like a saw, and one little crankum, for all the world like a landing-net: James is more afraid of that than of all the rest. When I saw it first, I thought it was a new contrivance for taking the fees in. The *Pharmacopœia*—I hope I spell it right—is greater, to be sure, than long ago, but what's the advantage of that? We never discover a new kind of beast for food, and I see little benefit in multiplying what only disgusts you. 'Tis with Medicine as with Law, Tom; the more precedents we have, the more confused we get; and where our ignorant ancestors saw their way clearly, we, with all our enlightenment, never can hit on the right track at all. The Millowner and the Engineer, the Tanner, the Dyer, the Printer, aye, even the Farmer, picks up something every day that helps him in his craft. It's only the Learned Professions that never learn anything: maybe that's how they got the name "lucus à non," Tom, as Doctor Bell would say.

You keep preaching to me about economy and making "both ends meet," and all that kind of balderdash; and if you only saw the way we're living, you'd be surprised at our cheapness. Whenever a five-pound note sees me through our bill for the day, I give myself a bottle of champagne at night out of gratitude! You remember all Mrs. D.'s promises about thrift and saving; and, faith, I must say, that so far as cutting "down the estimates" for the rest of the family, she's worthy of the Manchester school; but whenever it touches herself, her liberality becomes boundless.

I believe it would be cheaper to give the Milliner a room in the house, than pay her coach-hire, for she's here every morning, and generally in my room when I'm shaving, sometimes before I'm up. Not that this trifling circumstance ever disconcerted her. On my conscience, I believe she'd have taken Eve's measure before Adam, without a blush at the situation! So far as I have seen of foreign life, Tom, shamelessness is the grand characteristic, and I grieve to say that one picks up the indecency much easier than the irregular verbs. I wish, however, I had nothing to complain of but this.

I told you in one of my late letters, that I was getting into law here; the plot is thickening since that, and I have now, I believe, four actions—I hope it is not five—pending in four different courts; in some I'm the Plaintiff, in some the Defendant, and in another I'm something between the two; but what that may be, or what consequences it entails, I know as much as I do about calculating the next eclipse! Indeed, to distinguish between the several suits, and the advocates I have engaged, is no small difficulty, and a considerable part of every conference is occupied with purely introductory matter. These foreign Lawyers have a mysterious kind of way with them too, that always gives you the impression that a lawsuit is something like the Gunpowder Plot! There's a fellow comes to me every morning for instructions, as he calls it, muffled up in a great cloak, and using as many precautions against being seen by the servants as if we were going to blow up the Government. I'd not be so sensitive on the subject, if it hadn't provoked a species of annoyance, at which, perhaps, you'll be more disposed to laugh than sympathise.

For the last week Mrs. D. had adopted a kind of warfare at which she, I'll be bound to say, has few equals and no superior—a species of irregular attack, at all times and on all subjects, by inuendo and insinuation, so dexterously thrown out as to defy opposition; for you might as well take your musket to keep off the mosquitoes! What she was driving at I never could guess, for the assault came on every flank and in all manner of ways. If I was dressed a little more carefully than usual, she called attention to my "smartness;" if less so, she hinted that I was probably going out "on the sly." If I stayed at home, I was waiting for somebody; if I went out, it was to "meet them." But all this Guerilla warfare gave way at last to a grand attack, when I ventured to remonstrate about some extravagance or other. "It came well from *me*," she burst forth with indignant anger—"it came well from me to talk of the little necessary expenses of the family—the bit they ate, and the clothes on their backs." She spoke as if they were Mandans or Iroquois, and lived in a wigwam!

"It came well from *me*, living the life I did! to grudge them the commonest requirements of decency!" "Living the life I did!" I avow to you, Tom, the words staggered me. Warren Hastings tells us, that when Burke concluded his terrible invective, that he actually sat for five minutes overwhelmed with a sense of guilt; and so stunning was this charge, that it took me full double as long to rally! for though Mrs. D.'s eloquence may not possess all the splendour or sublimity of the great Edmund, there is a homely significance—a kind of natural impressiveness about it not to be despised. "Living the life I did," rang in my ears like the words of a Judge in a charge. It sounded like, "Kenny Dodd, you have been fairly convicted by an honest and impartial Jury!" and I confess I sat there expecting to hear "the last sentence of the law." It was only after some interval I was able to ask myself, "what was really the kind of life I had been leading?" My memory assured me it was a very stupid, tiresome existence—very good-for-nothing and un instructive. It was by no means, however, one of flagrant vice or any outrageous wickedness; and I couldn't help muttering with honest Jack,

"If sack and sugar be a sin,  
God help the wicked!"

The only things like personal amusements I had indulged in being gin-and-water and dominoes—cheap pleasures, if not very fascinating ones!

"Living the life I did!" Why, what does the woman mean? Is she throwing in my teeth the lazy, useless, unprofitable course of my daily existence, without a pursuit, except to hear the gossip of the town—without an object, except to retail it? "Mrs. D.," said I, at last, "you are, generally speaking, comprehensible. Whatever faults may attach to your parts of speech, it must be owned, they usually convey your meaning. Now, for the better maintenance of this characteristic, will you graciously be pleased to explain the words you have just spoken? What do you mean by the 'life I am leading?'" "Not before the girls, certainly, Mr. D.," said she, in a Lady Macbeth whisper, that made my blood curdle. The mischief was out at once, Tom—I know you are laughing at it already—it's quite true—she was jealous—mad jealous! Ah, Tom, my boy, it's all very good fun to laugh at Keeley, or Buckstone, or any other of those diverting vagabonds who can convulse the house with such a theme, but in real life the Farce is downright Tragedy. There is not a single comfort or consolation of your life that is not kicked clean from under you! A system of normal agitation is a fine thing, they tell us, in politics, but it is a cruel adjunct of domestic life! Everything you say, every look you give, every letter you seal, or every note

you receive, are counts in a mysterious indictment against you, till at last you are afraid to blow your nose, lest it be taken for a signal to the fat widow lady that is caressing her poodle at the window over the way!

You may be sure, Tom, that I repelled the charge with all the indignation of injured innocence. I invoked my thirty years' good character, the gravity of my demeanour, the grey of my whiskers; I confessed to twenty other minor misdemeanours—a taste for practical jokes, a love of cribbage and long whist; I went further—I expressed a kind of St. Kevenism about women in general; but she cut me short with "Pray, Mr. D., make one exception; do be gallant enough to say that there is one, at least, not included in this category of horrors."

"What are you at now?" cried I, almost losing all patience.

"Yes, Sir," said she, in a grand melodramatic tone, that she always reserves for the peroration—as postilions keep a trot for the town—"yes, Sir, I am well accustomed to your perfidy and dissimulation. I know perfectly for what infamous purposes abroad your family are treated so ignominiously at home; I'm no stranger to your doings." I tried to stop her by an appeal to common sense—she despised it. I invoked my age—egad! I never put my foot in it till then. That was exactly what made me the greatest villain of all! Whatever veneration attaches to white hairs, it must be owned they get mighty ill treated, in discussions like the present—at least, Mrs. D. assured me so, and gave me to understand that one pays a higher premium for their morality, as they do for their life-assurance, as they grow older. "Not," added she, as her eyes glittered with anger, and she sidled near the door for an exit—"not but, in the estimation of others, you may be quite an Adonis—a young gentleman of wit and fashion—a beau of the first water; I have no doubt Mary Jane thinks so—you old wretch!" This, in alt, and a bang of the door that brought down an oil picture that hung over it, closed the scene.

"Mary Jane thinks so!" said I, with my hand to my temples to collect myself. Ah, Tom! it would have required a cooler head than mine was at that moment, to go hunting through the old archives of memory! Nor will I torment you with even a narrative of my struggles. I passed that evening and the night in a state of half distraction; and it was only when I was giving one of our Lawyers a check the next morning that I unravelled the mystery; for as I wrote down his name I perceived it was Marie Jean de Rastanac—a not uncommon Christian name for men, though, considering the length and breadth of the masculine calendar, a very needless appropriation.

This was "Mary Jane," then, and this the origin of as pretty a conjugal flare-up as I remember for the last twelvemonth!

Mrs. D. reminds me of the Opposition, and the Opposition of Vickers. I suppose he wants to be a Lord of the Treasury. It's very like what old Frederic used to call making a "Goat a Gardener." What rogues the fellows are! You write to them about your son or your nephew, and they answer you with some tawdry balderdash about their principles, as if any one of us ever believed they were troubled with principles! I'm all for fair straightforward dealing. Put James in the Board of Trade, and you may cut up the Caffres for ten years to come. Give us something in the Customs, and I don't care if New Zealand never has a Constitution! 'Tis only the fellows that have no families ask questions at the hustings! Show me a man that wants *pledges* from his *representative*, and I'll show you one that has got none from his *wife*!

And there's Vickers writing to me, as if I was a fool, about all the old clap-traps that we used to think were kept for the election dinner; and these chaps like him always spoil a good argument when they get hold of it. Now, when a Parson hasn't tact enough to write his sermons, he buys a volume of Tillotson or Blair, or any other, and reads one out as well as he can; but your Member—God bless the mark!—must invent his own nonsense. How much better if he'd give you Peel, or Russell, or Ben Disraeli in the original! There are skeleton sermons for drowsy curates. I wish any one would compose skeleton speeches for the county Members. You'll say that I am unreasonably testy about these things—but I've got a letter this instant from Vickers, expressing his hope that I'll be satisfied with the view he has taken on the "question of free-labour sugar." Did I ever dispute it, Tom? I drink no tea—I hate sweet things, and except a lump, and that a small one, that I take in my tumbler of punch, I never use sugar; and I care no more what's the colour of the man that raises it, than I do for the name of the supercargo that brought it over. Don't put cockroaches in it, and sell it cheap, and I don't care a brass farthing whether it grew in Barbary or Barbadoes! Not, my dear Tom, but it's all gammon, the way they discuss the question; for the two parties are always debating two different issues; one, crying out cheap sugar, the other, no slavery! and the consequence is, they never meet in argument. As to the preference Vickers insists should be given to free-labour sugar, carry out the principle and see what it comes to. I ought to receive eight or ten shillings a barrel more for my wheat than old Joe M'Curdy, because *I* always gave my labourers eightpence a day, and *he* never went higher than sixpence, more often four-

penance. Is not that free-labour and slavery, just as well exemplified as if every man in the Barony was a black?

They tell me the niggers won't work if you don't thrash them, and I don't wonder when I think of the heat of the climate; but sure if they've more idleness, they ought to get less money; and lastly, I take the Abolitionists—bother it for a long word!—on their own ground, and are they prepared to say, that if you impose a duty on slave sugar, that the Cubans and the rest of them won't only take more out of the niggars to meet “the exigency of the market,” as the Newspapers call it. If they do so, they'll only be imitating our own farmers, since the repeal of the Corn-law. “You must bestir yourselves,” says Lord Stanley; “competition with the foreigner will demand all your activity. It won't do to go on as you used. You must buy guano—take to drainage—study Smith of Deanstown, and mind the rotation of your crops.” Don't you think that some enlightened Cuban will hit upon the same train of argument, and make a fresh investment in whipcord? Ah, Tom! these are only party squabbles after all! and so I told Vickers. I don't know why, but it always seemed to me that the Blacks absorb a very unfair amount of our loose sympathies; whether it's the colour of them, or that they're so far away, or because they're naked, I never knew; but certain it is, we pity them far more than our own people, and I back myself to get up a Ladies' Committee for a Nigger question, before you collect three people to hear you discuss a home grievance.

I have just been interrupted to receive Mon. Jellicot, my defender in action No. 3, a suit preferred by my late Courier, “François Tehetuer, born in the Canton of Zug, aged thirty-seven years, single, and a Protestant, against Mon. Kenyidod, natif d'Irlande, près de Dublin, dans la Royaume de la Grande Bretagne,” &c., &c.; the demand being for a year's wages, bed, board, and travelling expenses to his native country. He, the aforesaid François, having been sent away for a disgraceful riot in my house, in which he beat Pat, the other servant, and smashed about five-and-twenty pounds' worth of glass and china. A very pretty claim, Tom—the preliminary resistance to which has already cost me about one hundred and fifty francs to remove the litigation into an Upper Court, where the bribery is higher, and consequently deemed more within the reach of *my* finances than those of honest Francis!

To tell you all that I think of the rascality of the administration of justice here, would lead me into a diffusiveness something like that of the pleasant “Mémoire” which my Advocate has just left me to read, and in which, as a measure of defence against an iniquitous demand,



I'm obliged to give a short history of my life, with some account of my Father and Grandfather. I made it as brief as I could, and said nothing about the mortgages nor Hackett's bond; but even with all my conciseness, the thing is very voluminous. The greatest difficulty of all is the examination of Paddy Byrne, who, imagining that a law process cannot have any other object than either to hang or transport *him*, has already made two efforts at escape, and each time been brought back by the police. His repugnance to the course of justice has already damaged my case with my own defender, who, naturally enough, thinks if *my own* witnesses are so little to my credit, what will be the *opposite* evidence?

Another of my "Causes célèbres," as Cary calls them—she is the only one of us has a laugh left in her—is for the assault and battery of a certain Mr. Cherry, a little rascal that came one day to tell me that Mrs. D.'s appearance struck him as being more fascinating than respectable! I kicked him down stairs into the street, and in return he has dragged me into the Court of the Correctional Police, where I'm told they'll maul *me* far worse than I did him; besides this, I have a small interlude suit for a breach of contract, in not taking a lodging next an Anatomy School; and lastly, James's duel! I have compromised fully double the number, and have received vague threats from different quarters, that may either mean being waylaid or prosecuted, as the case may be.

So far, therefore, as economy goes, this Continentalizing has not succeeded up to this. Instead of living rent free at Dodsborough, with our own mutton and turnips, the ducks and peas, that cost us, I may say, nothing, here we are, keeping up the price of foreign markets, and feeding the foreigners at the expense of our own poor people. If, instead of excluding British manufactures from the Continent, Bony had only struck out the notion of seducing over here John Bull himself and his family, let me assure you, Tom, that he'd have done us far more lasting and irreparable mischief. We can do without their markets. What between their Zollvereins, their hostile tariffs, and troublesome trade restrictions, they have themselves taught us to do without them; and indeed, except when we get up a row at Barcelona, and smuggle five or six hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods into Spain, we care little for the old Continent; but I'll tell you what we cannot do without—we cannot do without their truffled turkeys, their tenors, their men-cooks, and their dancing-women. French novels and Italian knavery have got a fast hold of us; and I doubt much if the polite world of England wouldn't rather see this

country cut off from all the commerce of America than be themselves excluded from the wicked old cities of Europe!

When I think of myself holding these opinions, and still living abroad, I almost fancy I was meant for a Parliamentary life; for assuredly my convictions and my actions are about as contradictory as any honourable or right honourable gentleman on either side of the House. But so it is, Tom.—Whatever's the reason of it I can't tell, but I believe in my heart that every Irishman is always doing something or other that he doesn't approve of; and that this is the real secret of that want of conduct, deficient steadiness, uncertainty of purpose, and all the other faults that our polite neighbours ascribe to us, and what the *Times* has a word of its own for, and sets shortly down as "Celtic barbarism." And between ourselves, the *Times* is too fond of blackguarding us. What's the use of it? What good does it ever do? I may throw mud at a man every day till the end of the world, but I'll never make his face the cleaner for it!

The same system we used to follow once with America; and at last, what with sneering and jibing, we got up a worse feeling between the two countries than ever existed in the very heat of the war. No matter how stupid the writer, how little he saw, or how ill he told it, let a fellow come back from the United States with a good string of stories about whittling, spitting, and chewing, interlard the narrative with a full share of slang, show up Jonathan as a vulgar, obtrusive, self-important animal, boastful and ignorant, and I'll back the book to run through its two or three editions with a devouring and delighted public. But what would you think of a man that went down to Leeds or Manchester, to look at some of our great factories at full work; who saw the evidences of our enterprise and industry, that are felt at the uttermost ends of the earth; who knew that every bang of that big piston had its responsive answer in some far-away land over the sea, where British skill and energy were diffusing comfort and civilisation; what, I say, would you think of him if, instead of standing amazed at the future before such a people, he sat down to chronicle how many fustian jackets had holes in them, how many shaved but twice a week, whether the overseer made a polite bow, or the time-keeper talked with a strong Yorkshire accent?

I tell you, Tom, our travellers in the States did little other than this. I don't mean to say that it wouldn't be pleasanter and prettier to look at, if all the factory-folk were dressed like Young England, with white waistcoats and cravats, and all the young ladies wore silk petticoats and white satin shoes; but I'm afraid that, considering

the work to do, that's scarcely practicable; and so with regard to America, considering the work to do, aye, Tom, and the way they are doing it, I'm not over-disposed to be critical about certain asperities that are sure to rub off in time, particularly if we don't sharpen them into spikes by our own awkward attempts to polish them.

If I was able, I'd like to write a book about America. I'd like to inquire first, if seeing the problem that the Yankees are trying to solve, the way they have set about it is the best and the shortest? I'd like, too, to study what secret machinery combines a weak Government and a strong people—the very reverse of what we see in the old world, where the Governments are strong and the people weak? I'd like to find out, if I could, why people that, for the most part, have formed the least subordinate populations of the Old World, behave so remarkably well in the New?

In running off into these topics, Tom, I suppose I'm like every one else, who, in proportion as his own affairs become embarrassed, takes a wonderful interest in those of his neighbours. Half the patriotism in the world comes out of the Bankruptcy Courts!

And here's Monsieur Gabriel Dulong, "for my instructions in *re* Cherry," as if to recal me from foreign affairs, and once more bring back my wandering thoughts to the Home Office.

Write to me, Tom, and send me money. You have no idea how it goes here; and as for the Bankers, I never met the like of them! The exchange is always against you, and if you want a ten-pound English note, they'll make you smart for it.

The more I see of this foreign life, the less I like it. I know that we have been unfortunate in one or two respects. I know that it is rash in me to speak on so brief an acquaintance with it, but I already dread our being more intimate. Mrs. D. is not the woman you knew her. No more thrift, no more saving—none of that looking after trifles, that however we may laugh at in our wives, we are right glad to profit by. She has taken a new turn, and fancies, God forgive her! that we have an elegant estate, and a fine, thriving, solvent tenantry. Wherever the delusion came from, I cannot guess; but I'm certain that the little slip of sea between Dover and Calais is the origin of more false notions and extravagant fancies than the wide Atlantic!

I have been thinking for some days back that you ought to write me a strong letter—you know what I mean, Tom—a strong letter about matters at home. There's no great difficulty, when a man lives in Ireland, to make out a good list of grievances.

Give it to us, then, and let us have our fill of rotten potatoes,

blighted wheat, runaway tenants, and workhouse riots. Throw in a murder if you like, but make it "strong," Tom. Say that, considering the cheapness of the Continent, we draw a terrible sight of money, and add that you can't imagine what we do with the cash. Put "Strictly PRIVATE and CONFIDENTIAL" on the outside, and I'll take care to be out of the way when it comes. You can guess that Mrs. D. will soon open it, and perhaps it may give her a shock. Isn't it hard that I have to go about the bush in this way? but that's what we're come to. If I hint a word about expense, they look on me as if I was Shylock; and I believe they'd rather hear me blaspheme than say the phrase "economy." I think, from what I see in James, that he's fretting about this very same thing! He didn't say exactly *that*, but he dropped a remark the other day that showed me he was grieved by the turn for dress and finery that Mrs. D. and Mary Anne have taken up; and one of the nurses that sat up with him, told me that he used to sigh dreadfully at times, and mutter broken expressions about money!

To tell you the truth, Tom, I'd go back to-morrow, if I could. "And why can't you?—what prevents you, Kenny?" I hear you say. Just this, then, I haven't the pluck! I couldn't stand the attack of Mrs. D. and her daughter. I'm not equal to it. My constitution isn't what it used to be, and I'm afraid of the gout. At my time of life, they say it always flies to the heart or to the head—maybe because there's a vacancy in these places after fifty-six or seven years of age! I see, too, by the looks Mrs. D. gives Mary Anne occasionally, that they know this; and she often gives me to understand that she doesn't wish to dispute with me, for reasons of her own. This is all very well, and kindly meant, Tom, but it throws me into a depression that is dreadful.

I see by the papers that you've taken up all kinds of "Sanitary Questions" at home. As for the health of towns, Tom, the grand thing is not to suffer them to grow too big. You're always crying out about twelve people sleeping in one room somewhere, and you gave the ages of each of them in the *Times*, and you grow moral and modest, and I don't know what else, about decency, destitution, and so forth; but what's London itself but the very same thing on an enlarged scale? It's nonsense to fret about a wart, when you have a wen in the same neighbourhood! Not that I'm sorry to see fine folk taking trouble about what concerns the poor, particularly when they go about it sensibly and quietly, without any balderdash of little books, and, above all, without a Ladies' Committee. If there's anything chokes me, it's a Ladies' Committee. Three married women on

bad terms with their husbands, four widows, and five old maids, all prying, pedantic, and impertinent—going loose about the world with little subscription-cards, decrying innocent pleasures, and decoying your children's pocket-money—turning Benevolence into a house-tax, and making Charity like the "Pipe-water." You remark, too, that the pretty women won't join these gangs at all. Now and then you may see one take out a letter of marque, and cruise for herself, but never in company. Seeing the importunity of these old damsels, I often wondered why the Government never thought of employing ladies as tax-collectors. He'd be a hardy man who'd make one or two I could mention, call twice.

I have been turning over in my mind what you said about Dodsborough; and though I don't like the notion of giving a lease, still it's possible we might do it without much danger. "He is an Englishman," you say, "that has never lived in Ireland." Now, my notion is, Tom, that if he be as old as you say, it's too late for him to try. They're a mulish, obstinate, unbending kind of people, these English; and wherever you see them, they never conform to the habits of the people. After thirty years' experience of Ireland, you'll hear them saying that they cannot accustom themselves to the "lies and the climate!" If I have heard that same remark once, I've heard it fifty times. And what does it amount to but a confession that they won't take the world as they find it. Ireland is rainy, there's no doubt, and Paddy is fond of telling you what he thinks is agreeable to you—a kind of native courtesy, just like his offering you his potato, when he knows, in his heart, that he can't spare it—but he gives it, nevertheless.

I'd say, then, we might let him have Dodsborough, on the chance that he'd never stay six months there, and perhaps in the mean while we'd find out another Manchester gentleman to succeed him. I remember poor old Dycer used to sell a little chestnut mare every Saturday—nobody ever kept her a fortnight—and when she died, by jumping over Bloody-bridge into the Liffey, and killed herself and her rider, Dycer said, "There's four-and-twenty pounds a year lost to *me*"—and so it was, too! Think over this, and tell me your mind on it.

I believe I told you of the Polish Count that we took with us to Waterloo. I met him yesterday with my cloak on him; but really the number of my legal embroilments here is so great, that I was shy of arresting him. We hear a great deal of talk about the partition of Poland, and there is an English Lord keeps the subject for his own especial holdings forth; but I am convinced that the greatest evil of that nefarious act lies in having thrown all these Polish fellows broadcast over Europe. I wish it was a kingdom to-morrow, if they'd

only consent to stay there. To be well rid of them and their sympathisers, whom I own I like even less, would be a great blessing just now. I wish the *Times* would stop blackguarding Louis Napoleon. If the French like being bullied, what is that to us? My own notion is, that the people and their ruler are well met; besides, if we only reflect a little on it, we'll see that anything is better for *us* than a Bourbon—I don't care what branch! They are under too deep obligations to us, and have too often accepted of English hospitality, not to hate us; and hate us they do. I believe the first Frenchman that cherishes an undying animosity to England is your Legitimist; next to him, comes the Orleanist.

It's a strange thing, but the more I have to think of about my own affairs, and the worse they are going with me, the more my thoughts run after politics and the newspapers. I suppose that's all for the best, and that if one dwelled too much on their own troubles, their head wouldn't stand it. You've seen a trick the horse jockeys have when a horse goes lame of one foot—to pinch him a little with the shoe of the opposite one; and it's not bad philosophy to practise mentally, and you may preserve your equanimity, just by putting on the load fairly. And so it is, I try to divert my thoughts from mortgages, creditors, and Chancery, by wondering how the King of Naples will contrive to keep his throne, and how the Austrians will save themselves from bankruptcy! I know it would be more to the purpose if I turned my thoughts to getting Mary Anne married, and James into the Board of Trade; at least, so Mrs. D. tells me, and although she is always repeating the old saw about "marriages being made in heaven," she evidently doesn't wish to give too much trouble in that quarter, and would like to lend a hand herself to the work.

Jellicot has sent his clerk here to tell me that I have been pronounced "Contumacious," for not appearing somewhere, and before somebody that I never heard of! Egad! these kind of proceedings are scarcely calculated to develop the virtues of humanity! They sent me something I thought was a demand for a tax, and it turns out a Judge's warrant; for aught I know, there may be an order to seize the body of Kenny James Dodd, and consign him to the dungeons of the Inquisition! Write to me at once, Tom, and, above all, don't forget the money.

Yours, most faithfully,

K. I. DODD.

Why does Molly Gallagher keep pestering me about Christy? She wants me to get him into the "Grand Canal." I wish they were both there, with all my heart.

I open this to say that Vickers has just sent me a copy of his address to the "Independent Electors of Bruff." I'd like to see one of them, for the curiosity of the thing. He asks me to give him my opinion of the document, and the "benefit of my advice and counsel," as if I had not been reading the very same productions since I was a child. The very phraseology is unaltered. Why can't they hit on something new? He "hopes that he restores to them, unsullied, the high trust they had committed to his keeping." Egad! if he does so, he ought to get a patent for taking out spots, stains, and discolorations, for a dirtier garment than our representative mantle has been, would be hard to find. Like all our Patriots that sit in Whig company, he is sorely puzzled between his love for Ireland and his regard for himself, and has to limit his political line to a number of vague threats about overgrown Church Establishments and Landlord tyranny, not being quite sure how far his friends in power are disposed to worry the Protestants and grind the gentry.

Of course he butters up the Pastors of the People; but he might as well leave *that* alone; the Priests are too cunning for all that balderdash, now-a-days. They'll insist on something real, tangible, and substantial. What they say is this: "The Landlords used to have it all their own way at one time. *Our* day is come, now." And there they're right, Tom; there's no doubt of it. O'Connell said true, when he told the English "Ye're always abusing me—you call me the 'curse of Ireland' and the destroyer of the Public Peace—but wait a bit. I'll not be five years in my grave till you'd wish me back again." There never was anything more certain. So long as you had Dan to deal with, you could make your bargain—it might be, it often was, a very hard one—but, when it was once made, he kept the terms fairly and honestly! But with whom will you treat *now*? Is it with M'Hale, or Paul Cullen, or Doctor Meyler? Sure each of them will demand separate and specific conditions, and you might as well try to settle the Caffre war by a compact with Sandilla, who, the moment he sells himself to you, enters into secret correspondence with his successor.

I'm never so easy in my mind as when I see the English in a row with the Catholics. I don't care a brass farthing how much it may go against us at first—how enthusiastically they may yell "No Popery," burn Cardinals in effigy, and persecute the Nuns. Give them rope enough, Tom, and see if they don't hang themselves! There never came a fit of rampant Protestantism in England that all the weak, rash, and ridiculous zealots didn't get to the head of the

movement. Off they go at score, subsidizing renegade vagabonds of our Church to abuse us, raking up bad stories of Conventual life, and attacking the Confessional. There never were gulls like them! They swallow all the cases of cruelty and persecution at once—they foster every scoundrel, if he's only a deserter from us—aye, and they even take to their fireplaces the filthiest novels of Eugene Sue, if he only satisfies their rancorous hate of a Jesuit. And where does it end? I'll tell you. Their converts turn out to be scoundrels too infamous for common contact—their prosecutions fail—why wouldn't they, when we get them up ourselves?—John Bull gets ashamed of himself—round comes the Press, and that's the moment when any young rising Catholic Barrister in the House can make his own terms, whether it be to endow the true Church, or to smash the false one!

As for John Bull, he never can do mischief enough, when he's in a passion, but he's always ready to pay double the damage in the morning. And as for putting "salt on our tails," let him try it with the "Dove of Elphin," that's all.

I was forgetting to tell you that I sent back Vickers's address, only remarking that I was sorry not to know his sentiments about the Board of Trade. *Ver. sap.*



## LETTER X.

CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,  
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

MY DEAR MISS COX,

I HAVE long hesitated and deliberated with myself whether it were not better to appear ungrateful by my silence, than by writing inflict you with a very tiresome, good-for-nothing epistle; and if I have now taken the worse counsel, it is because I prefer anything rather than seem forgetful of one to whom I owe so much as to my dear, kind Governess. Were I only to tell you of our adventures and mishaps since we came abroad, there might, perhaps, be enough to fill half a dozen letters; but I greatly doubt if the theme would amuse you. You were always too good-natured to laugh at anything where there was even one single feature that suggested sorrow; and I grieve to say, that however ludicrously many of our accidents might read, there is yet mixed with them too much that is painful and distressing. You will say, this is a very gloomy opening, and from one whom you had so often to chide for the wild gaiety of her spirits; but so it is, I am sad enough now—sadder than ever you wished to see me. It is not that I am not in the very midst of objects full of deep interest—it is not that I do not recognise around me scenes, places, and names, all of which are imbued with great and stirring associations. I am neither indifferent nor callous, but I see everything through a false medium, and I hear everything with a perverted judgment; in a word, we seem to have come abroad, not to derive the advantages that might arise from new sources of knowledge in language, literature, and art, but to scramble for a higher social position—to impose ourselves on the world for something that we have no pretension to, and to live in a way we cannot afford. You remember us at Dodsborough—how happy we were, how satisfied with the world—that is, with our world, for it was a very little one. We were not very great folk, but we had all the consideration as if we were; for there were none better off than ourselves, and few had so many opportunities of winning the attachment of all classes. Papa was always known as the very best of landlords, Mamma had not her equal for charity and kindness, James was actually adored by the people, and I hesitate not to say that Mary Anne and myself were not

friendless. There was a little daily round of duties that brought us all together in our cares and sympathies; for however different our ages or tastes, we had but one class of subjects to discuss, and, happily, we saw them always with the same light and shadow. Our life was, in short, what fashionable people would have deemed a very vulgar, inglorious kind of existence; but it was full of pleasant little incidents, and a thousand little cares and duties, that gave it abundant variety and interest. I was never a quick scholar, as you know too well. I have tried my dear Miss Cox's patience sorely and often, but I loved my lessons; I loved those calm hours in the summer-house, with the perfume of the rose and the sweet-briar around us, and the hum of the bee mingling its song with my own not less drowsy French. That sweet "Telemachus," so easy and so softly-sounding; that good Madame de Genlis, so simple-minded when she thought herself most subtle. Not less did I love the little old school-room of a winter's day, when the pattering rain streamed down the windows, and gave, by contrast, all the aspect of more comfort within. How pleasant was it, as we gathered round the turf fire, to think that we were surrounded with such appliances against gloomy hours—the healthful exercise of happy minds! Ah, my dear Miss Cox, how often you told us to study hard, since that, once launched upon the great sea of life, the voyage would exact all our cares; and yet see, here am I upon that wide ocean, and already longing to regain the quiet little creek—the little haven of rest that I quitted!

I promised to be very candid with you—to conceal nothing whatever—but I did not remember that my confessions, to be thus frank, must necessarily involve me in remarks on others, in which I may be often unjust—in which I am certain to be unwarranted—since nothing in my position entitles me to be their Censor. However, I will keep my pledge this once, and you will tell me afterwards, if I should continue to observe it. And now to begin. We are living here as though we were people of vast fortune. We occupy the chief suite of apartments at the first hotel, and we have a carriage, with showy liveries, a Courier, and are quite beset with masters of every language and accomplishment you can fancy—expensive kind of people, whose very dress and style bespeak the terms on which their services are rendered. Our visitors are all titled: Dukes, Princes, and Princesses, shower amongst our cards. Our invitations are from the same class, and yet, my dear Miss Cox, we feel all the unreality of this high and stately existence. We look at each other and think of Dodsborough! We think of Papa in his old fustian shooting-jacket, paying the labourers, and higgling about half a day to be stopped, here, and a

sack of meal to be deducted, there. We think of Mamma's injunctions to Darby Sloan about the price he is to get for the "boneens"—have you forgotten our vernacular for little pigs?—and how much he must "be sure to ask" for the turkeys. We think of Mary Anne and myself taking our lesson from Mr. Delaney, and learning the Quad—drilles, as he pronounced it, as the last new discovery of the dancing art, and dear James hammering away at the rule of three on an old slate, to try and qualify himself for the Board of Trade. And we remember the utter consternation of the household—the tumult dashed with a certain sense of pride—when some Subaltern of the detachment at Bruff cantered up to the door and sent in his name! Dear me, how the little words 25th Regiment, or 91st, used to make our hearts beat, suggestive as they were of gay Balls at the Town-hall with red-coated partners, the regimental band and the colours tastefully festooning the whitewashed walls. And now, my dear Miss Sarah, we are actually ashamed of the contact with one of those whom once it was our highest glory to be acquainted with! You may remember a certain Captain Morris, who was stationed at Bruff—dark, with very black eyes, and most beautiful teeth; he was very silent in company, and, indeed, we knew him but slightly, for he chanced to have some altercation with Pa on the Bench one day, and, as I hear, he was all in the right, Pa did not afterwards forgive him. Well, here he is now, having left the Army—I don't know if on half-pay, or sold out altogether—but here he is, travelling for the benefit of his Mother's health—a very old and infirm lady—to whom he is dotingly attached. She fretted so much when she discovered that his regiment was ordered abroad to the Cape, that he had no other resource than to leave the service! He told me so himself.

"I had nobody else in the world," said he, "who felt any interest in my fortunes: *she* had made a hundred sacrifices for me. It was but fair I should make one for *her*."

He knew he was surrendering position and prospect for ever—that to him no career could ever open again; but he had placed a duty high above all considerations of self, and so, he parted with comrades and pursuit, with everything that made up his hope and his object, and descended to a little station of unobtrusive, undistinguished humility, satisfied to be the companion of a poor, feeble old lady! He has as much as confessed to me that their means are very small. It was an accidental admission with reference to something he thought of doing, but which he found to be too expensive, and the avowal was made so easily, so frankly, so free from any false shame on one side, or any unworthy desire to entrap sympathy on the other! It was as if he

spoke of something which indeed concerned him, but in nowise gave the mainspring to his thoughts or actions! He came to visit us here; but his having left the service, coupled with our present taste for grand acquaintance, were so little in his favour, that I believed he would not have repeated his call. An accidental service, however, that he was enabled to render Mamma and Mary Anne at a railroad station the other day, and where but for him they might have been involved in considerable difficulties, has opened a chance of further intimacy, for he has already been here two mornings, and is coming this evening to tea.

You will, perhaps, ask me how and by what chain of circumstances Captain Morris is linked with the earlier portion of this letter, and I will tell you. It was from him that I learned the history of those high and distinguished individuals by whom we are surrounded; from him I heard that, supposing us to be people of immense wealth, a whole web of intrigue has been spun around us, and everything that the ingenuity and craft of the professional adventurer could devise put in requisition to trade upon our supposed affluence and inexperience! He has told me of the dangerous companions by whom James is surrounded; and if he has not spoken so freely about a certain young Nobleman—Lord George Tiverton—who is now seldom or never out of the house, it is because that they have had something of a personal difference—a serious one, I suspect, and which Captain Morris seems to reckon as a bar to anything beyond the merest mention of his name. It is not impossible, too, that though he might not make any revelations to *me* on such a theme, he would be less guarded with Papa or James. Whatever may be the fact, he does not advance at all in the good graces of the others. Mamma calls him a Dry Crust—a confirmed old Bachelor. Mary Anne and Lord George—for they are always in partnership in matters of opinion—have set him down as a “Military Prig;” and Papa, who is rarely unjust in the long run, says that “There’s no guessing at the character of a fellow of small means, who never goes in debt.” This may or may not be true; but it is certainly hard to condemn him for an honourable trait, simply because it does not give the key to his nature. And now, my last hope is what James may think of him, for as yet they have not met. I think I hear you echo my words, and why your “last hope,” Miss Cary? What possible right have you to express yourself in these terms? Simply because I feel that one man of true and honourable sentiments—one right-judging, right-feeling gentleman, is all-essential to us abroad! and if we reject this chance, I’m not so sure we shall meet with another.

How ashamed I am not to be able to tell you of all I have seen. But so it is—description is a very tame performance, in good hands; it is a lamentable exhibition, in weak ones! As to painters, I prefer Vandyk to Rubens; not that I have even the pretence of a reason for my criticism. I know nothing whatever of what constitutes excellence in colour, drawing, or design. I understand in a picture only what it suggests to my own mind, either as a correct copy of nature, or as originating new trains of thought, new sources of feeling; and by these tests Vandyk pleases me more than his master. But, shall I own it, there is a class of pictures of a far inferior order that gives me greater enjoyment than either—I mean those scenes of real life—those representations of some little uneventful incident of the every-day world—an old Chemist at work in his dim old laboratory; an old house Vrow knitting in her red-tiled chamber, the sunlight slanting in, and tipping with an azure tint the tortoiseshell cat that purrs beside her; a lover teaching his mistress the guitar; an old Cavalier giving his horse a drink at a fountain. These, in all the life-like power of Gerard Dow, Teerburgh, or Mieris, have a charm for me I cannot express. They are stories, and they are better than stories, for oftentimes the Writer conveys his meaning imperfectly, and oftentimes he overlays you with his explanations, stifling within you those expansive bursts of sentiment that ought to have been his aim to evoke, and thus, by elaborating, he obliterates. Now, your Artist—I mean, of course, your great Artist—is eminently suggestive. He gives you but one scene, it is true, but how full is it of the past, and the future too! Can you gaze on that old Alchemist, with his wrinkled forehead, and dim, deep-set eyes, his threadbare doublet, and his fingers tremulous from age—can you watch that countenance, calm, but careworn, where every line exhibits the long struggle there has been between the keen perceptions of science and the golden dreams of enthusiasm—where the coldest passions of a worldly nature have warred with the most glorious attributes of a poetic temperament? Can you see him, as he sits watching the Alembic, wherein the toil of years is bubbling, and not weave within your own mind the life-long conflict he has sustained? Have you him not before you in his humble home, secluded and forgotten of men! yet inhabiting a dream-world of crowded images? What beautiful stories—what touching little episodes of domestic life—lie in the quiet scenes of those quaint interiors; and how deep the charm that attaches one to these peaceful spots of home happiness! The calm intellectuality of the old—the placid loveliness of the young—the air of cultivated enjoyment that pervades all—are in such perfect keeping, that you

feel as though they imparted to yourself some share of that gentle, tranquil pleasure, that forms their own atmosphere!

Oh, my dear Miss Cox! if there be "sermons in stones," there are romances in pictures—and romances far more truthful than the circulating libraries supply us with. And, to turn back to real life, shall I own to you that I am sadly disappointed with the gay world. I am fully alive to all the value of the confession. I appreciate perfectly how double-edged is the weapon of this admission, and that I am, in reality, but pleading guilty to my own unfitness for its enjoyments; but as I never tried to evade or deny that fact, I may be suffered to give my testimony with so much of qualification. When I compare the little gratification that society confers on the very highest classes, with the heartfelt delight intercourse imparts to the humble, I am at a loss to see wherein lies the advantage of all the exclusive regulations of fashionable life. Of one thing I feel assured, and that is, that one must be born in a certain class, habituated from the earliest years to its ideas and habits, filled with its peculiar traditions, and animated by its own special hopes, to conform gracefully and easily to its laws. *We* go into society to perform a part—just as artificial a one as any in a genteel Comedy—and, consequently, are too much occupied with "our character" to derive that benefit from intercourse which is so attainable by those less constrained by circumstances. If all this amounts to the simple confession that I am by no means at home in the great world, and far more at my ease with more humble associates, it is no more than the fact, and comes pretty near to what you often remarked to me: that, "in criticising external objects, one is very frequently but delineating little traits and lineaments of their own nature."

I am unable to answer your question about our future plans; for, indeed, they appear anything but fixed. I believe, if Papa had his choice, he would go back at once. This, however, Mamma will not hear of; and, indeed, the word Ireland is now as much under ban amongst us, as that name that is never "syllabled to ears polite." The Doctors say, James ought to pass a month or six weeks at Schwalbach, to drink the waters and take the baths; and, from what I can learn, the place is the perfection of rural beauty and quietude. Captain Morris speaks of it as a little Paradise. He is going there himself; for I have learned—though not from him—that he was badly wounded in the Affghan war. I will write to you whenever our destination is decided on; and, meanwhile, beg you to believe me my dear Miss Cox's

Most attached and faithful pupil,  
CAROLINE DODD.

## LETTER XI.

MR. DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

DEAR TOM;

I GOT the bills all safe, and cashed two of them yesterday. They came at the right moment—when does not money?—for we are going to leave this for Germany, one of the watering-places there, the name of which I cannot trust myself to spell, being recommended for James's wound. I suppose I'm not singular, but somehow I never was able to compute what I owed in a place till I was about to leave it. From that moment, however, in come a shower of bills and accounts that one never dreamed of. The Cook you discharged three months before has never paid for the poultry, and you have as many hens to your score as if you were a fox. You've lost the fishmonger's receipts, and have to pay him over again for a whole Lent's consumption. Your Courier has run up a bill in your name for cigars and Curaçoa, and your wife's maid has been conducting the most liberal operations in perfumery and cosmetics, under the title of her mistress. Then comes the Landlord, for repairs and damages. Every creaky sofa and cracked saucer that you have been treating for six months with the deference due to their delicate condition, must be replaced by new ones. Every window that wouldn't shut, and every door that would not open, must be put in perfect order—keys replaced, bells rehung. The saucepans, whose verdigris has almost killed you with colic, must be all retinned or coppered; and, lastly, the pump is sure to be destroyed by the housemaid, and vague threats about sinking a new well are certain to draw you into a compromise. Nor is the roguery the worst of it; but all the sneaking scoundrels that wouldn't "trouble you with their little demands" before, stand out now as sturdy creditors, that would not abate a jot of their claims. Lucky are ye if they don't rake up old balances, and begin the score with "Restant du dernier compte."

The Moralists say that a man should be enabled to visit the world after his death, if he would really know the opinion entertained of him by his fellows. Until this desirable object be attainable, one ought to be satisfied with the experience obtained by change of residence. There is no disguise, no concealment then! The little blemishes of your temper, once borne with such Christian charity, are remembered in a more chastening spirit; and it is half hinted that

your custom was more than compensated for by your complaining querulousness. Is not the moral of all this, that one should live at home, in his own place, where his father lived before him, and his son will live after him—where the tradespeople have a vested interest in your welfare, and are nearly as anxious about your wheat and potatoes as you are yourself? Unlike these foreign rascals, that think you have a manufactory of “Herries and Farquhar’s circular notes,” and can coin at will, your neighbours know when and at what times it’s no use to tease you—that asking for money at the wrong season is like expecting new peas in December, or grouse in the month of May.

I make these remarks in all the spirit of recent suffering, for I have paid away two hundred pounds since yesterday morning, of which I was not conscious that I owed fifty. And besides, I have gone through more actual fighting—in the way of bad language, I mean—than double the money would repay me for. In these wordy combats, I feel I always come off worst; for as my knowledge of the language is limited, I’m like the sailor, that, for want of ammunition, crammed in whatever he could lay hands on into his gun, and fired off his bag of doubloons against the enemy instead of round shot. Mrs. D., too, whom the sounds of conflict always “summon to the field,” does not improve matters; for if her vocabulary be limited, it is strong, and even the most roguish shopkeeper does not like to be called a thief and a highwayman! These diversions in our parts of speech have cost me dearly, for I have had to compromise about six cases of “defamation,” and two of threatened assault and battery, though these last went no further than demonstrations on Mrs. D.’s part, which, however, were quite sufficient to terrify our Grocer, who is a Colonel in the National Guard, and a gigantic hairdresser, whose beard is the glory of a “*Sappeur* company.” I have discovered, besides, that I have done something, but what it is—in contravention to the laws—I do not know, and for which I am fined eighty-two francs five centimes, plus twenty-seven for contumacy; and I have paid it now, lest it should grow into more by to-morrow, for so the Brigadier has just hinted to me, for that formidable functionary—with tags that would do credit to a General—is just come to “invite me,” as he calls it, to the Prefecture. As these invitations are like royal ones, I must break off now, abruptly.

Here I am again, Tom, after four hours of ante-chamber and audience. I had been summoned to appear before the authorities to purge myself of a contempt—for which, by the way, they had already fined me—my offence being that I had not exchanged some bit of



paper for another bit of paper given me in exchange for my passport, the purport of which was to show that I, Kenny Dodd, was living openly and flagrantly in the city of Brussels, and not following out any clandestine pursuit or object injurious to the state, and subversive of the monarchy. Well, I hope they're satisfied now; and if my eighty-two francs five centimes gave any stability to their institutions, much good may it do them! This, however, seems but the beginning of new troubles; for on my applying to have the aforesaid passport "viséd" for Germany, they told me that there were two "detainers" on it, in the shape of two actions at law yet undecided, although I yesterday morning paid up what I understood to be the last instalment for compromising all suits now pending against said Kenny I. Dodd. On hearing this, I at once set out for the Tribunal to see Vanhoegen and Draek, my chief lawyers. Such a place as the Tribunal you never set eyes on. Imagine a great quadrangle, with archways all round, crammed full of dirty advocates—black-gowned, black-faced, and black-hearted; peasants, thieves, gaolers, tipstiffs, and the general public of fruit-sellers and lucifer-matches all mixed up together, with a turmoil and odour that would make you hope Justice was as little troubled with nose as eyesight. Over the heads of this mob you catch glimpses of the several Courts, where three old fellows, like the figures in a Holbein, sit behind a table covered with black cloth, administering the law—a solemn task that loses some of its imposing influence, when you think that these reverend seignors, if wanting in the wisdom, are not free from one of the weaknesses of Bacon! By dint of great pressing, pushing, and perseverance, I forced my way forward into one of these till I reached a strong wooden rail, or barrier, within which was an open space, where the accused sat on a kind of bench, the witness under examination being opposite to him, and the Procureur hard by in a little box like a dwarf pulpit. I thought I saw Draek in the crowd, but I was mistaken—an easy matter, they all look so much alike. Once in, however, I thought I'd remain for a while and see the proceedings. It was a trial for Murder, as well as I could ascertain the case. The prisoner, a gentlemanlike young fellow of six or seven-and-twenty, had stabbed another in some fit of jealousy. I believe they were at supper, or were going to sup together, when the altercation occurred. There was a waiter in the witness-box giving evidence when I came up, and really the tone of deference he exhibited to the prisoner, and the prisoner's own off-hand, easy way of interrogating him, were greatly to be admired. It was easy to see that he had got many a half-crown from the accused, and had not given up hope of many

more in future. His chief evidence was to the effect that Monsieur de Verteuil, the accused, had ordered a supper for two in a private room, the bill of fare offering a wide field for discussion, one of the points of the case being whether the guest who should partake of the repast was a lady or the deceased; and this the advocates on each side handled with wonderful dexterity, by inferences drawn from the "*carte*." You see, Verteuil's counsel wanted to show that Bretigny was an intruder, and had forced himself into the company of the accused. The opposite side were for implying that he came there on invitation, and was murdered of malice aforethought. I don't think the point would have been so very material with us; or, at all events, that we should have tried to elicit it in this manner; but they have their own way of doing things, and I suppose they know what suits them. After half an hour's very animated skirmishing, the President, with a sudden flash of intelligence, bethought him of asking the accused for whom he bespoke the entertainment.

"You must excuse me, Monsieur le Président," said he, blandly; "but I'm sure that your nice sense of honour will show that I cannot answer your question."

"*Très bien, très bien*," rang through the crowded court, in approbation of this chivalrous speech, and one young lady from the gallery flung down her bouquet of moss-roses to the prisoner, in token of her enthusiastic concurrence. The delicate reserve of the accused seemed to touch every one. Husbands and wives, sons and daughters, all appeared to feel that they had a vested interest in the propagation of such principles; and the old Judge, who had propounded the ungracious interrogatory, really seemed ashamed of himself.

The waiter soon after this retired, and what the newspapers next day called a "*sensation prononcée*" was caused by the entrance of a very handsome and showy-looking young lady—no less a personage than Madlle. Catinka Lövenfeld, the Prima Donna of the Opera, and the Dido of this unhappy *Æneid*. With us, the admiration of a pretty witness is always a very subdued homage; and even the reporters do not like venturing beyond the phrase, "here a person of prepossessing appearance took her place on the table." They are very superior to us here, however, for the buzz of admiration swelled from the lowest benches till it rose to the very judicial seat itself, and the old President, affecting to look at his notes, wiped his glasses afresh, and took a sly peep at the beauty, like the rest of us.

Though, as Macheath says, "Laws were made for every degree," the mode of examining witnesses admits of considerable variety. The interrogatories were now no longer jerked out with abruptness;

the questions were not put with the categorical sternness of that frowning aspect which, be the lawyer Belgian, French, or Irish, seems an instinct with him; on the contrary, the pretty witness was invited to tell her name, she was wheedled out of her birthplace, coaxed out of her peculiar religious profession, and joked into saying something about her age.

I must say, if she had rehearsed the part as often as she had that of *Norma*, she couldn't be more perfect. Her manner was the triumph of ease and grace. There was an almost filial deference for the Bench, an air of respectful attention for the Bar, courtesy for the Jury, and a most touching shade of compassion for the Prisoner, and all this done without the slightest seeming effort. I do not pretend to know what others felt, but as for me, I paid very little attention to the matter, so much more did the manner of the inquiry engage me: still I heard that she was a Saxon by birth, of noble parentage, born with the highest expectations, but ruined by the attachment of her father to the cause of the Emperor Napoleon. The animation with which she alluded to this parental trait elicited a most deafening burst of applause, and the Tipstaff, a veteran of the Imperial Guard, was carried out senseless, overcome by his emotions. Ah, Tom! we have nothing like this in England, and strange enough that they should have it here; but the fact is, these Belgians are only "second-chop" Frenchmen—a kind of weak "after grass," with only the weeds luxuriant! It's pretty much as with ourselves—the people that take a loan of a language never take a lease of the traditions! They catch up just some popular clap-traps of the mother country, but there ends the relationship!

But to come back to Madlle. Catinka. She now had got into a little narrative of her youth, in some old chateau on the Elbe, which held the Court breathless; to be sure, it had not a great deal to say to the case in hand; but no matter for that, a more artless, gifted, lovely, and loving creature than she appeared to have been never existed. On this last attribute she laid considerable stress. There was, I think, a little rhetorical art in the confession; for certainly a young lady who loved birds, flowers, trees, water, clouds, and mountains so devotedly, might possibly have a spare corner for something else, and even the old Judge couldn't tell if he had not chanced on the lucky ticket in that lottery. I wish I could have heard the case out; I'd have given a great deal to see how they linked all that Paul and Virginia life with the bloody drama they were there to investigate, and what possible connexion existed between Tieck's romances and sticking a man with a table-knife. This gratification was, how-

ever, denied me; for just as I was listening with my greediest ears, Vanhoegen placed his hand on my shoulder, and whispered, "Come along—don't lose a minute—*your* cause is on!"

"What do you mean? haven't I compro——"

"Hush!" said he, warningly; "respect the majesty of the law."

"With all my heart; but what's *my* cause?—what do you mean by *my* cause?"

"It's no time for explanation," said he, hurrying me along; "the Judges are in chamber—you'll soon hear all about it."

He said truly; it was neither the fitting time nor place for much converse, for we had to fight our way through a crowd that was every moment increasing, and it took at least twenty minutes of struggle and combat to get out, my coat being slit up to the collar, and my friend's gown being reduced to something like bell-ropes.

He didn't seem to think much about his damaged costume, but still dragged me along, across a court-yard, up some very filthy stairs, down a dark corridor, then up another flight, and, passing into a large ante-room, where a messenger was seated in a kind of glass cage, he pushed aside a heavy curtain of green baise, and we found ourselves in a court, which, if not crowded like that below, was still sufficiently filled, and by persons of respectable exterior. There was a dead silence as we entered. The three Judges were examining their notes, and handing papers back and forward to each other in dumb show. The Procureur was picking his teeth with a paper-knife, and the Clerk of the Court munching a sandwich, which he held in his hat. Vanhoegen, however, brushed forward to a prominent place, and beckoned me to a seat beside him. I had but time to obey, when the Clerk, seeing us in our places, bolted down an enormous mouthful, and, with an effort that nearly choked him, cried out, "L'affaire de Dodd fils est en audience." My heart drooped as I heard the words. The "affaire de Dodd fils" could mean nothing but that confounded duel of which I have already told you. All the misfortune and all the criminality seemed to fall upon us. For at least four times a week I was summoned somewhere or other, now, before a civil, now, a military auditor; and though I swore repeatedly that I knew nothing about the matter till it was over, they appeared to think that, if I was well tortured, I might make great revelations. They were not quite wrong in their calculations. I would have turned "approver" against my father, rather than gone on in this fashion. But the difficulty was, I had really nothing to tell. The little I knew had been obtained from others. Lord George had told me so much as I

was acquainted with; and, from my old habits of the Bench at home, I was well aware that such could not be admitted as evidence.

Still it was their good pleasure to pursue me with warrants and summonses, and there was nothing for it but to appear when and wherever they wanted me.

"Is this confounded affair the cause of my passport being detained?" whispered I to Van.

"Precisely," said he; "and if not very dexterously handled, the expense may be enormous."

I almost lost all self-possession at these words. I had been a mark for legal pillage and robbery from the first moment of my arrival, and it seemed as if they would not suffer me to leave the country while I had a Napoleon remaining. Stung nearly to madness, I resolved to make one desperate effort at rescue, and, like some of those wobegone creatures in our own country who insist on personal appeals to a Chief Justice, I called, "Monsieur le Président——" There, however, my French left me, and, after a terrible struggle to get on, I had to continue my address in the vernacular.

"Who is this man?" asked he, sternly.

"Dodd père, Monsieur le Président," interposed my Lawyer, who seemed most eager to save me from the consequences of my rashness.

"Ah! he is Dodd père," said the President, solemnly; and now he and his two colleagues adjusted their spectacles, and gazed at me long and attentively; in fact, with such earnestness did they stare, that I began to feel my character of Dodd père was rather an imposing kind of performance. "Enfin," said the President, with a faint sigh, as though the reasoning process had been rather a fatiguing one—"enfin! Dodd père is the father of Dodd fils, the respondent."

Vanhoegen bowed submissive assent, and muttered, as I thought, some little flattery about the judicial acuteness and perspicuity.

"Let him be sworn," said the President; and accordingly I held up my hand, while the Clerk recited something with a humdrum rapidity that I guessed must mean an oath.

"You are called Dodd père?" said the Attorney-General, addressing me.

"I find I am so called here, but I never was so before," said I, tartly.

"He means that the appellation is not usual in his own country," said one of the Judges—a small, red-eyed man, with pock-marks.

"Put it down," observed the President, gravely. "The witness informs us that he is only called Dodd."

“Kenny James Dodd, Monsieur,” cried I, interrupting.

“Dodd—dit Kenny James,” dictated the small Judge; and the Amanuensis took it down.

“And you swear you are the father of Dodd fils?” asked the President.

I suppose that the adage of a wise child knowing his own father cuts both ways, but I answered boldly, that I’d swear to the best of my belief—a reservation, however, that excited a discussion of three-quarters of an hour, the point being at last ruled in my favour.

I am bound to say that there was a great deal of legal learning displayed in the controversy—a vast variety of authorities cited from King David downwards; and although at one time matters seemed going against me, the red-eyed man turned the balance in my favour, and it was agreed that I was the father of my own son. If I knew but all, it might have been better for me there had been a hitch in the case; but I am anticipating.

There now arose another dispute, on a point of law I believe, and which was, what degree of responsibility—there were fourteen degrees, it seems, in the Pandects—I stood in, as regarded the present suit. From the turn the debate took, I began to suspect we might, all of us, have to plead to our responsibilities in the other world ere it could be finished; but the red-eyed man, who seemed the shrewdest of them all, cut the matter short by proposing that I should be invited—that’s the phrase—to say so much as I pleased in the question before the Court.

“Yes, yes,” assented the President. “Let him relate the affair.” And the whole bar and the audience seemed to re-echo the words.

You know me well, Tom, and you can vouch for it, that I never had any objection to telling a story. It was, in truth, a kind of weakness with me, and some used to say that I was getting into the habit of telling the same ones too often. Be that as it may, I never was accused of relating a garbled, broken, and disjointed tale, and for the honour of my anecdotic powers, I resolved not to do so.

“My Lord,” said I, “I’m like the knife-grinder—I have no story!”

Bad luck to my illustration, it took half an hour to show that my identity was not, somehow, mixed up with a wheel and a grinding-stone!

“Let him relate the affair,” said the President, once more; and this time his voice and manner both proclaimed that his patience was not to be trifled with.

“Relate what?” asked I, tartly.

"All that you know—anything you have heard," whispered Van, who was trembling for my rashness.

"My Lord," said I, "of myself I know nothing; I was in bed all the time!"

"He was in bed all the time," said the President to the others.

"In bed," said red eyes; "let us see;" and he turned over a file of documents before him for several minutes. "Dodd père swears that he was in bed from the 7th of February, which is the first entry here, to the 19th of May, inclusive."

"I swear no such thing, my Lord," cried I.

"What does he swear, then?" asked the small Judge.

"Let us hear his own version; tell us unreservedly all that you know," said the President, who really spoke as if he compassionated my embarrassment.

"My Lord," said I, "there is nothing would give me more pleasure than to display the candour you require; but when I assure you that I actually know nothing——"

"Know nothing, Sir!" interposed the President. "Do you mean to tell this Court that you are, and were, in total ignorance of every part of your son's conduct—that you never heard of his difficulties, nor of his efforts to meet them?"

"If hearsay be sufficient, then," said I, "you shall have it;" and so, taking a long breath, for I saw a weary road before me, I began thus, the Amanuensis occasionally begging of me a slight halt, to keep up.

"It was about five or six weeks ago, my Lord, we—that is, Mrs. D., the girls, James, and myself—made an excursion to the field of Waterloo, filled by the very natural desire to see a spot so intimately associated with our country's glory. I will not weary you with any detail of disappointment, nor deplore the total absence of everything that could revive recollections of that great day. In fact, except the big Lion with his tail between his legs, there is nothing symbolic of the nations engaged."

I waited a moment here, Tom, to see how they took this; but they never winced, and so I perceived my shell exploded harmlessly.

"We prowled about, my Lord, for two or three hours, and at last reached Hougoumont, in time to take shelter against a tremendous storm which just then broke over us; and there it was that James accidentally came in contact with the young Gentleman whom I may not wrongfully call the cause of all our misfortunes. It would appear that they began discussing the battle, with all the natural prejudices of the two conflicting sides. I will not affirm that James was very well read on the subject; indeed, my impression is, that

his stock of information was principally derived from a representation he had witnessed by an equestrian troop at home, and where Bony, after galloping twice round the circus, throws himself on his knees and begs for mercy;—a fact so strongly impressed upon his memory, that he insisted the Frenchman should receive it as historical. The dispute, it would seem, was not conducted within the legitimate limits of debate; they waxed angry, and the Frenchman, after a fierce provocation, set off into the thickest of the storm, rather than endure the further discussion.”

“This seems to me, Sir,” interposed the President, “to be perfectly irrelevant to the matter before us. The Court accords the very widest latitude to explanations, but if they really have no bearing on the case in hand—if, as it appears to my learned brethren and myself, that this polemic on a battle has no actual connexion with your son’s difficulties——”

“It is the very source and origin of them, my Lord,” broke I in. “He has no embarrassment which does not date from that incident and that hour!”

“In that case you may proceed, Sir,” said he, blandly; and I went on.

“I do not mean to say, my Lord, that all what followed was inevitable; nor that, with cooler heads and calmer tempers, the whole affair could not have been arranged; but James is hot—mighty hot—the Celt is strong in him. He really likes a ‘Shindy’—not like some chaps, for the notoriety of it—not because it gets into the newspapers, and makes a noise—but he likes it for itself, and for its own intrinsic merits, as one might say. And I may remark here, my Lord, that the Irishman is, perhaps, the only man in Europe that understands fighting in this sense; and this trait, if rightly considered, will give a strong clue to our national character, and will explain the general failure of all our attempts at revolution. We take so much diversion in a row, that we quite forget it’s only the means to an end. We have, so to say, so much fun on the road, that we lose sight of the place we were going to.”

I don’t know, Tom, how much further I might have gone on in my analytical researches into our national character, but the interpreter cut me short, by assuring the Court that he was totally unable to follow me. In the narrative parts of my discourse, he was good enough; but it seemed that my reflections, and my general remarks on men and manners, were a cut above him. I was, therefore, warned to “try back” to the line of my story, which I did accordingly.



"As for the affair itself, my Lord," resumed I, "I understand from eye-witnesses that it was most respectably and discreetly conducted. James was put up with his face to the west, so that Roger had the sun on him. The tools were beauties. It was a fine May morning, mellow, and not too bright. There was nothing wanting to make the scene impressive, and, I may add, instructive. Roger's friend gave the word—one, two, three—bang went both pistols together, and poor James received the other's fire just here—between the bone and the artery, so Seutin described it—a critical spot, I'm sure."

"Dodd père," said the President, solemnly, "you are trifling with the patience of the Tribunal!" A grave edict, which the other Judges responded to by a majestic inclination of the head.

"If you are not," resumed he, slowly, and with great emphasis—"if you are not a man of weak intellects and deficient reasoning powers, the conduct you have pursued is inexcusable—it is a high contempt!"

"And we shall teach you, Sir," said the red-eyed, "that no pretence of national eccentricity can weigh against the claims of insulted justice."

"Aye, Sir," chimed in number three, who had not spoken before, "and we shall let you feel that the majesty of the law in this country is neither to be assailed by covert impertinence, nor cajoled by assumed ignorance."

"My Lords," said I, "all this rebuke is a riddle to me. You asked me to tell you a story, and if it be not a very connected and consistent one, the fault is not mine."

"Let him stand committed for contempt," said the President. "The Petits Carmes may teach him decorum."

Now, Tom, the Petits Carmes is Newgate, no less! and you may imagine my feelings at this announcement, particularly as I saw the Clerk busily taking down, from dictation, a little history of my offence and its penalty. I turned to look for Van in my sore distress, and there he was, searching the volumes, briefs, and records, to find, as he afterwards said, "some clue to what I had been saying."

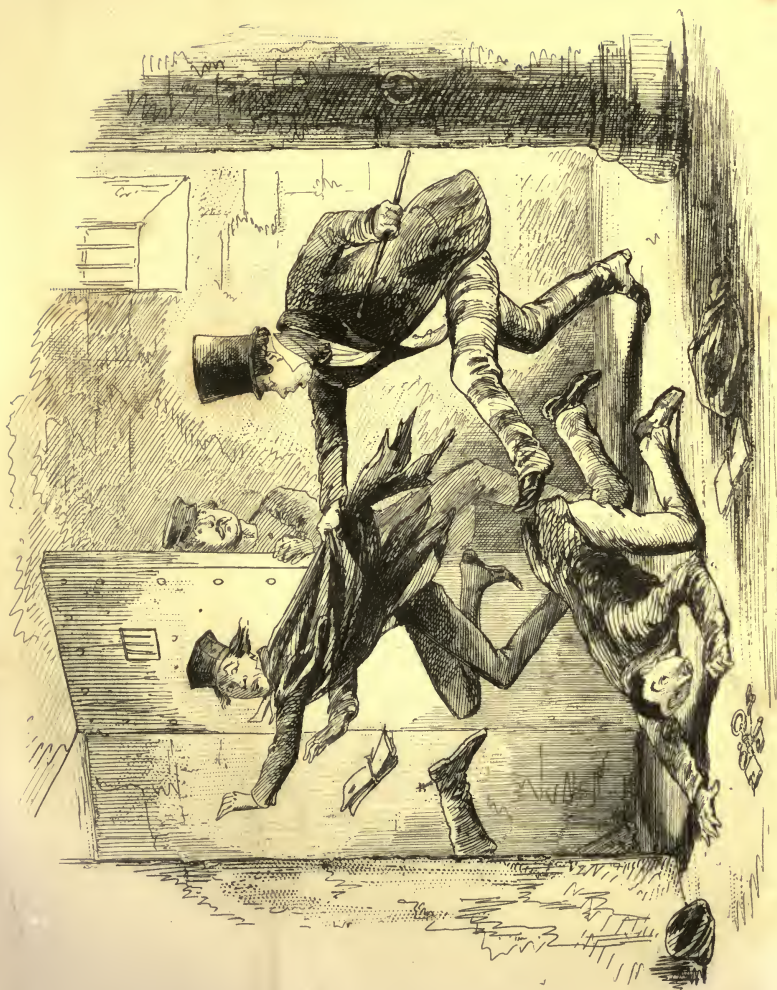
"By Heaven!" cried I, losing all patience, "this is too bad. You urge me into a long account of what I know nothing, and then to rescue *your* own ignorance, you declare *me* impertinent. There is not a lawyer's clerk in Ireland—there is no pettifogging practitioner for half-crown fees—there's not a brat that carries a blue bag down the Bachelor's Walk, couldn't teach you all three. You go through some of the forms, but you know nothing of the facts of justice.

You sit up there, like three stucco-men in mourning—a perfect mockery of——”

I was not suffered to finish, Tom, for, at a signal from the President, two Gendarmes seized me on either side, and notwithstanding some demonstrations of resistance, led me off to prison. Aye, I must write the word again—to prison! Kenny I. Dodd, of Dodsborough, Justice of the Peace, and Chairman of the Union of Bruff, committed to gaol like a common felon!

I'm sorry I suffered my feelings to get the better—perhaps I ought to say the worse—of me. Now that it's all over, it were better that I had not knocked down the Turnkey, and kicked Vanhoegen out of my cell. It would have been both more discreet, and more decorous, to have submitted patiently. I know it's what *you* would have done, Tom, and trusted to your action for damages to indemnify you; but I'm hasty, that's the fact; and if I wanted to deny it, the state of the Gaoler's nose, and my own sprained thumb, would give evidence against me. But are there no allowances to be made for the provocation? Perhaps not for a simple assault; but if I had killed the Turnkey, I'm certain the Jury would discover the “*circonstances atténuantes*.”

Partly out of respect to my own feelings, partly out of regard to yours, I have not put the words “*Petits Carmes*” at the top of this letter; but truth will out, Tom, and the real fact is, that I date the present from Cell No. 65, in the common prison of Brussels! Is not that a pretty confession? Is not that a new episode in this Iliad of enjoyment, cultivation, and Heaven knows what besides, that Mrs. D. projected by our tour on the Continent? But I swear to you, solemnly, as I write this, that, if I live to get back, I'll expose the whole system of foreign travel. I don't think I could write a book, and it's hard now-a-days to find a chap to put down one's own sentiments fairly and honestly, neither overlaying them with bits of poetry, nor explaining them away by any garbage of his own; so that, maybe, I'll not be able to come out hot-pressed and lettered; but if the worst comes to it, I'll go about the country giving Lectures. I'll hire an organ-man to play at intervals, and I'll advertise, “*Kenny Dodd on Men and Manners Abroad—Evenings with Frenchmen and Nights with Distinguished Belgians.*” I'll show up their cookery, their morals, their modesty, their sense of truth, and their notions of justice. And though I well know that I'll expose myself to the everlasting hate of a legion of hairdressers, dancing-masters, and white-mice men, I'll do it as sure as I live. I have heard you and Peter Belton wax warm and eloquent about the disgrace to our laws in





permitting every kind of quackery to prevail unhindered; but what quackery was ever the equal to this taste for the Continent? If people ate Morison's pills like green peas, they wouldn't do themselves as much moral injury as by a month abroad! And if I were called before a Committee of the House to declare, on my conscience, what I deemed the most pernicious reading of the day, I'd say—Murray's Hand-books! I give you this under my hand and seal. That fellow—Murray, I mean—has got up a kind of Pictorial Europe of his own, with bits of antiquarianism, history, poetry, and architecture, that serves to convince our vulgar, vagabondising English that they are doing a refined thing in coming abroad. He half persuades them that it is not for cheap champagne and red partridges they're come, but to see the Cathedral of Cologne and the Dome of St. Peter's, till he breeds up a race of conceited, ill-informed, prating coxcombs, that disgrace us abroad and disgust us at home.

I think I see your face now, and I half hear you mutter, "Kenny's in one of his fits of passion;" and you'd be right, too, for I have just upset my ink-bottle over the table, and there's scarcely enough left to finish this scrawl, as I must reserve a little for a few lines to Mrs. D. *Apropos* to that same, Tom, I don't know how to break it to her that I'm in a gaol, for her feelings will be terribly shocked at first; not but, between you and me, before a year's over, she'll make it a bitter taunt to me whenever we have a flare-up, and remind me that, for all my Justiceship of the Peace, I was treated like a common felon in Brussels!

I believe that the best thing I can do is to send for Jellicot, since Vanhoegen and Draek have sent to say that they retire from my cause, "reserving to themselves all liberty of future action as regards the injury personally sustained;" which means, that they require ten pounds for the kicking. Be it so!

When I have seen Jellicot, I'll give you the result of the interview, that is, if there be any result; but my friend J. is a lawyer of the lawyers, and it is not only that he keeps his right hand on terms of distance with his left, but I don't believe that the thumb and forefinger of the same side are even acquainted. He is very much that stamp of man your English Protestants call a Jesuit. God help them, little they know what a real Jesuit is!

It's now a quarter to two in the morning, and I sit down to finish this with a heavy heart, and certainly no inclination for sleep. I don't know where to begin, nor how to tell you, what has happened; but the short of it is, Tom, I'm half ruined. Jellicot has been here for

hours, and gone over the whole case; he received the papers from D. and V.; and, indeed, everything considered, he has done the thing kindly and feelingly. I'm sure my head wouldn't stand the task of telling you all the circumstances; the matter resolves itself simply into this: "The affaire de Dodd fils," instead of being Tom's duel, as I thought, is a series of actions against him for debt, amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds sterling! There is not an extravagance, from the Ballet to the Betting-book, that he has not tasted; and saddle-horses, suppers, velvet waistcoats, jewellery, and gimcracks, are at this moment dancing an infernal reel through my poor brain!

He has contrived, in less than three months, to condense and concentrate wickedness enough for a lifetime; this is technically called "going fast." Egad, I should say it's a pace far too quick to last with any man, much less with the son of a broken-down Irish gentleman! You would not believe that the boy could know the very names of the things that he appears to have reckoned as mere necessaries of daily life; and how he contrived to raise money and contract loans—a thing that has been a difficulty to myself all my life long—is clean beyond me to explain. I'll get a copy of the "claims" and send it over to you, and I feel that your astonishment will equal my own. It would appear that the young vagabond talked as if the Barings were his next of kin, and actually took delight in squandering money! Only think! all the time I believed he was hard at work at his French lessons, it was rattling a dice-box he was, and his education for the Board of Trade was going on in the side-scenes of the Opera. Vickars has been the cause of all this. If he'd have kept his promise, the boy wouldn't have been ruined with rascally companions and spendthrift associates!

Where's the money to come from, Tom? Have you any device in your head to get us out of this scrape? I suppose some, at least, of the demands will admit of abatement, and Lazarus, they say, always takes a fourth of his claim. You can estimate the pleasant game of cross-purposes I was playing all yesterday with the Court of Cassation, and what a chaotic mass of rubbish the field of Waterloo and the Duel must have appeared in an action for debt! But why didn't they apprise me of what I was there for? Why did they go on with their ridiculous demand—"Racontez l'affaire." Recount what? What should I know of the nefarious dealings of Shadrach, Meshec, and Abednego? They torment me for six weeks by a daily examination, till it would be nothing singular if I became monomaniac,

and could discuss no other theme than a duel and a gunshot wound, and then, without the slightest suggestion of a change, they launch me into a thing like a Court of Bankruptcy!

It appears that I have been committed for three days for my "contempt," and before that time elapses, there is no resource in Belgian law to compel them to bring up the body of Kenny Dodd! so that here I must stay, "chewing," as the Poet says, "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." Not that I have not a great deal of business to transact in this interval. Jellicot's papers would fill a cart; besides which, I have in contemplation a letter for Mrs. D. that will, I suspect, astonish her. I mean briefly, but clearly, to place before her the state we are in, and her own share in bringing us to it! I'll let her feel that her own extravagance has given the key-note to the family, and that she alone is to blame for this calamity. Among the many fine things promised me for coming abroad, she forgot to say that I was to be like Silvio Pellico; but *I'll* not forget it, Tom!

Then, I have an epistle special for James. He shall feel that he has a share in the general ruin; for I will write to Vickars, and ask for a commission for him in a Black regiment, or an appointment in the Cape Mounted Rifles—what old Burrowes used to call the Blessed Army of Martyrs. I don't care a jot where he goes! But he'll find it hard to give suppers at four pound a head in the Gambia, and ballet-dancers will scarcely be costly acquaintances on the banks of the Niger! And lastly, I mean to threaten a return to Ireland! "Only threaten," you say; "why not do it in earnest?" As I told you before, I'm not equal to it! I've pluck for anything that can be done by one effort, but I have not strength for a prolonged conflict. I could better jump off the Tarpeian rock, than I could descend a rugged mountain! Mrs. D. knows this so well, that, whenever I show fight, she lays down her parallels so quietly, and prepares for a siege with such deliberation, that I always surrender before she brings up her heavy guns! Don't prate to me of pusillanimity and cowardice! Nobody is brave with his wife! From the Queen of Sheba down to the Duchess of Marlborough, aye, and to our own days, if I liked to quote instances, history teaches the same lesson. What chance have you with one that has been studying every weak point, and every frailty of your disposition; for, maybe, twenty years? Why, you might as well box with your Doctor, who knows where to plant the blow that will be the death of you!

I have another "dodge," too, Tom—don't object to the phrase, for it's quite Parliamentary; see Bernal Osborne, *passim*. I'll tell Mrs. D. that I'll put an advertisement in *Galignani*, cautioning the public

against giving credit to her, or her son, or her daughters; that the Dodd family is come abroad especially for economy, and has neither pretension to affluence, nor any claim to be thought rich. If that won't frighten her, my name is not Kenny! The fact is, Tom, I intend to pursue a very brave line of action for the three days I'm "in," since she cannot have access to me without my own request. You understand me!

I cannot bring my mind to answer your questions about Dodsborough; my poor head is too full of its own troubles. They've just brought me my breakfast, prison fare, for in my indignation I have refused all other. Little I used to think, while tasting the gaol diet at home, as one of the Visitors, that I'd ever be reduced to eating it on less experimental grounds!

I must reserve all my directions about home affairs for my next; but bestir yourself to raise this money for us. Without some sort of a compromise we cannot leave this; and I am as anxious to "evacuate Flanders" as ever was Uncle Toby! Captain Morris told me, the other day, of a little town in Germany where there are no English, and where everything can be had for a song. The cheapness and the isolation would both be very advisable just now. I'll get the name of it before I write next.

By the way, Morris is a better fellow than I used to think him: a little priggish or so, but good-hearted at bottom, and honest as the sun. I think he has an eye on Mary Anne. Not that at present he'd have much chance in that quarter. These foreign Counts and Barons give a false glitter to society that throws into the shade all untitled gentility; and your mere country gentleman beside them is like your mother's old silver tea-pot on a table with a show specimen of Elkington's new galvanic plate. Not but if you wanted to raise a trifle of money on either the choice would be very difficult.

I'll keep anything more for another letter, and now sign myself  
Your old and attached friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

Petits Carmes, Brussels, Tuesday Morning.



## LETTER XII.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

DEAR MOLLY,

THE blessed Saints only can tell what sufferings I have gone through the last two days, and it's more than I'm equal to, to say how it happened! The whole family has been turned topsy and turvy, and there's not one of us isn't upside down; and for one like me, that loves to live in peace and enmity with all mankind, this is a sore trial!

Many's the time you heard me remark that if it wasn't for K. I.'s temper, and the violence of his passion, that we'd be rich and well off this day! Time, they say, cure's many an evil; but I'll tell you one, Molly, that it never improves, and that is, a man's wilful nature; on the contrary, they only get more stubborn and cross-grained, and I often think to myself, what a blessed time one of the young creatures must have had of it, married to some Patriarch in the Old Testament; and then I reflect on my own condition—not that Kenny Dodd is like anything in the Bible! And now to tell you, if I'm able, some of my distresses.

You have heard about poor dear James, and how he was shot, but you don't know that these last six weeks he has never been off his back, with three Doctors, and sometimes five-and-thirty leeches on him; and what with the torturing him with new-fashioned instruments, and continued "repletion," as they call it—if it hadn't been for strong wine-gruel that I gave him, at times, "unknownst"—my sure belief is that he wouldn't have been spared to us! This has been a terrible blow, Molly; but the ways of Providence is unscrupulous, and we must submit!

Here it is, then. James, like every boy, spent a little more money than he had, and knowing well his father's temper, he went to the Jews to help him. They smarted the poor dear child, who, in his innocent heart, knew nothing of the world and its wicked ways. They made him take all kinds of things instead of cash—Dutch tiles, paving-stones, an altar-piece, and a set of surveying tools, amongst the rest, and these he had to sell again to raise a trifle of cash. Some of them he disposed of mighty well—particularly the altar-piece—but on others he lost a good deal, and, at the end, was a heavy balance in debt. If it hadn't been for the duel, however, he says he'd have no trouble at all in "carrying on"—that's his own word,

and I suppose alludes to the business. Be that as it may, his wound was his ruin. Nobody knew how to manage his affairs but himself. It was the very same way with my grandfather, Maurice Lynch M'Carthy, for when he died there wasn't a soul left could make anything of his papers. There was large sums in them—thousands and thousands of pounds mentioned—but where they were, and what's become of them, we never discovered!

And so with James. There he was, stretched on his bed, while villains and schemers were working his ruin! The business came into the Courts here, which, from all I can learn, Molly, are not a bit better than at home with ourselves. Indeed, I believe, wherever one goes, Lawyers is just the same for roguery and rampacity. To be sure, it's comfort to think that you can have another, to the full as bad as the one against you; and if there is any abuse or bad language going, you can give it as hot as you get it! That's equal justice, Molly, and one of the proudest boasts of the British Constitution! And you'd suppose that K. I., sitting on the Bench for nigh four-and-twenty years, would know that as well as anybody. Yet what does he do!—you'll not believe me when I tell you! Instead of paying one of these creatures to go in and torment the others—to pick holes in all he said, and get fellows to swear against them—he must stand out, forsooth, and be his own Lawyer! And a blessed business he made of it! A reasonable man would explain to the Judges how it all was—that James was a child—that it was the other day only he was flying a kite on the lawn at home—that he knew as much about wickedness as K. I. did of Paradise—that the villains that led him on ought to be publicly whipped! Faith, I can fancy, Molly, it was a beautiful field for any man to display every commotion of the heart;—but what does he do? He gets up on his legs—I didn't see, but I'm told it—he get's up on his legs, and begins to ballyrag and blackguard all the Courts of Justice, and the Judges, and the Attorneys, down to the Criers—he spares nobody! There is nothing too dreadful for him to say, and no words too bad to express it in; till, their patience being all run out, they stop him at last, and give orders to have him taken from the spot, and thrown into a dungeon of the Town Gaol—a terrible old place, Molly, that goes by the name of the “Petit Carême!” and where they say the diet is only a thin sheet of paper above starving.

And there he is now, Molly; and you may picture to yourself, as the Poet says, “what frame he's in!” The news reached me when we were going to the Play. I was under the hands of the hair-dresser, and I gave such a screech that he jumped back, and burned





himself over the mouth with the curling-irons. Even that was a relief to me, Molly; for Mary Anne and myself laughed till we cried again!

I was for keeping the thing all snug and to ourselves about K. I.; but Mary Anne said we should consult Lord George, that was then in the house, and going with us to the Theatre. They are a wonderful people, the great English Aristocracy; and if it's anything more than another distinguishes them, 'tis the indifference to every kind and description of misfortune! I say this, because, the moment Lord George heard the story, he lay down on the sofa and laughed, and roared, till I thought he'd split his sides. His only regret was, that he hadn't been there, in the Courts, to see it all. As for James's share of the trouble, he said it "didn't signify a rush!"

He made the same remark I did myself—that James was the same as an infant, and could, consequently, know nothing of the world and its pompous vanities.

"I'll tell you how to manage it all," said he, "and how you'll not only escape all gossip, but actually refute even the slightest scandal that may get abroad. Say, first of all, that Mr. Dodd is gone over to England—we'll put it in the *Galignani*—to attend his Parliamentary duties. The Belgian papers will copy it at once. This being done, issue invitations for an evening at home, 'tea and dance'—that's the way they do it. Say that the Governor hates a Ball, and that you are just taking the occasion of his absence to see your friends without disturbing *him*. The people that will come to you won't be too critical about the facts. Believe me, the gay company will be the very last to inquire where is the head of the house. I'll take care that you'll have everybody worth having in Brussels, and with Latour's band, and the supper by Dubos, I'd like to see who'll have a spare thought for Mr. Dodd the absent."

I own to you, Molly, the counsel shocked my feelings at first, and I asked my heart, "What will the world say, if it ever comes out that we had our house full of company, and the height of gaiety going on, when the head of the family was, maybe, in chains in a dungeon?" "Don't you perceive," says Lord G., "that what I'm advising will just prevent the possibility of all that?—that you are actually rescuing your family, by a master-stroke, from the evil consequences of Mr. D.'s rashness! As to the boldness of the policy," added he, "that is the only merit it possesses." And then he said something about firing at St. Sebastian above somebody's head, that I didn't quite rightly understand. The upshot was, Molly, I was convinced; not, you may be sure, that I felt any pleasure or grati-

fication in the prospect of a Ball under such trying circumstances, but, just as Lord G. said, I felt I was "rescuing the family."

When we came home from the Play—for we went, with heavy hearts I assure you, though we afterwards laughed a great deal—we set about writing the invitations for "Our Evening;" and although James and Mary Anne assisted Lord G., it was nigh daybreak when we were done. You'll ask where was Caroline? And you may well ask; but, as long as I live, I'll never forget her unnatural conduct! It isn't that she opposed everything about the Ball, but she had the impudence to say to my face, "that hitherto we had been only ridiculous, but that this act would be one of downright shame and disgrace." Her language to Lord George was even worse, for she told him that his "counsel was a very sorry requital for the generous hospitality her father had always extended to him." Where the hussey got the words so glibly, I can't imagine; but she, that rarely speaks at all, talked away with the fluency of a Lawyer. As to helping us to address the notes, she vowed she'd rather cut her fingers off; and what made this worse was, that she's the only one of them knows the genders in French, and whether a *soirée* is a man or a woman!

You may imagine the trouble of the next day; for, in order to have the Ball come off before K. I. was out, we were only able to give two days' notice. Little the people that come to your house to dance or sup, know or think what a deal of trouble—not to say more—it costs to give a Ball. Lord George tells me, that even the Queen herself always gives it in another house, so she's not put out of her way with the preparations—and, to be sure, what is more natural!—and that she wouldn't like to be exposed to the turmoil of taking down beds, hanging lustres, fixing sconces, raising a platform for the music, and settling tables for the supper. I'm sure and certain, if she only knew what it was to pass such a day as yesterday was with me, she'd never have a larger party than that Lord that's always in waiting, and the Ladies of the bedroom! As for regular meals, Molly, we had none. There was a ham and cold chickens in the lobby, and a veal pie and some sherry on the back stairs; and that's the way we breakfasted, dined, and supped. To be sure, we laughed heartily all the time, and I never saw Mary Anne in such spirits. Lord George was greatly struck with her—I saw it by his manner—and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if something came of it yet!

I have little time to say more now, for I'm called down to see the flower-pots and orange-trees that's to line the hall and the stairs; but I'll try and finish this by post hour.

As I see that this cannot be despatched to-day, I'll keep it over, to give you a "full and true" account of the Ball, which Lord George assures me will be the greatest fête Brussels has seen this winter; and, indeed, if I am to judge from the preparations, I can well believe him! There are seven men-cooks in the kitchen making paste and drinking sherry in a way that's quite incredible, not to speak of an elderly man in my own room that's doing the M'Carthy arms in spun-sugar for a temple, that is to represent Dodsborough in the middle of the table, with K. I. on the top of it, holding a flag, and crying out something in French that means welcome to the company. Poor K. I., 'tis something else he's thinking of all the time!

Then, the whole stairs and the landing is all one bower of camelias, and roses, and lily of the valley, brought all the way from Holland for another ball, but, by Lord George's ingenuity, obtained by us. As for ice, Molly, you'd think my dressing-room was a Panorama of the North Pole; and there's every beast of that region done in strawberries or lemon, with native creatures, the colour of life, in coffee or chocolate. The music will be the great German Brass Band, fifty-eight performers, and two Blacks with cymbals. They're practising now, and the noise is dreadful! Carts are coming in every moment with various kinds of eatables, for I must tell you, Molly, they don't do things here the way we used at Dodsborough. Plenty of cold roast chickens, tongues, and sliced ham, apple-pies, tarts, jelly, and Spanish flummery, with Naples biscuits and a plum-cake, is a fine supper in Ireland; and if you begin with sherry, you can always finish with punch; but here, there's nothing that ever was eaten they won't have. Ice when they're hot, soup when they're chilly, oyster patties and champagne continually during the dancing, and every delicacy under the sun afterwards on the supper-table.

There's nothing distresses me in it all but the Polka, Molly. I can't learn it. I always slide when I ought to hop, and where there's a hop, I duck down in spite of me! And whether it's the native purity of an Irishwoman, or that I never was reared to it, I can't say, but the notion of a man's arm round me keeps me in a flutter, and I'm always looking about to see how K. I. bears it. I suppose, however, I'll get through it well enough, for Lord George is to be my partner, and as I know K. I.'s "safe," my mind is more easy.

Perhaps it's the shortness of the invitation, but there's a great many apologies coming in. The English Ambassador won't come. Lord G. says it's all the better, for the Tories are going out, and it will be a great service to K. I. with the Whigs if it's thought he didn't invite him! This may be true, but it's no reason in life for

the Austrian, the French, the Prussian, and the Spanish Ministers sending excuses. Lord George, however, thinks it's the terrible state of the Continent explains it all, and the Despotie Powers are so angry with Lord Dudley Stuart and Roebuck, that they like to insult the English! If it be so, they haven't common sense. Kenny James has taken a turn with all their parties, and much good it has done him!

Lord G. and Mary Anne are in high spirits, notwithstanding these disappointments, for "the Margravine" is coming—at least so he tells me; but whether the Margravine be a man or a woman, Molly, or only something to eat, I don't rightly know, and I'm ashamed to ask.

I have just been greatly provoked by a visit from Captain Morris, who called twice this morning, and at last insisted on seeing me. He came to entreat me, he says, "if not to abandon, at least to put off our Ball till Mr. Dodd's return." I tried to browbeat him, Molly, for his impertinent interference, but it wouldn't do; and he showed me that he knew perfectly well where K. I. was—a piece of information that, of course, he obtained from Caroline. Oh, Molly dear, when one's own flesh and blood turns against them—when children forget all the lessons you've been teaching them from infancy—it's a sore, sore trial! Not but I have reason to be thankful. Mary Anne and James are like part of myself; nothing mean or little-minded about *them*, but fine, generous, confiding creatures—happy for to-day, hopeful for to-morrow!

When I mentioned to Lord G. what Morris came about, he only laughed, and said, "It was a clever dodge of the Half-pay—he wanted an invitation;" and I see now that such must have been his object. The more one sees of mankind, the greater appears their meanness; and in my heart I feel how unsuited guileless, simple-hearted creatures like myself are to combat against the stratagems and ambuscades of this wicked world. Not that little Morris will gain much by his morning's work, for Mary Anne says that Lord George will never suffer him to get on full pay as long as he lives. "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," Molly, more particularly when he's a Lord.

The Margravine is a Princess, Molly. I've just found it out; for James is to receive her at the foot of the stairs, Mary Anne and myself on the lobby. Lord G. says she must have whist at half "Nap." points, and always play with her own "Gentleman-in-Waiting." She never goes out on any other conditions. But he says, "She's cheap even at that price, for an occasion like the present;" and maybe he's right.



No more now, for my gown is come to be tried on.

Dear Molly, I'll try and finish this, since, maybe, it's the last lines you'll ever receive from your attached friend. Three days have elapsed since I put my hand to paper, and three such days I'll be bound no human creature ever passed. Out of one fit of hysterics into another, and taking the strongest stimulants, with no more effect than if they were water! My screeches, I am told, were dreadful, and there's scarcely one of the family can't show the mark of my nails; and this is what K. I. has brought me to. You know well what I used to suffer from him at Dodsborough, and the terrible scenes we always had when the Christmas bills came in; but it's all nothing, Molly, to what has happened here. But as my Uncle Joe said, no good ever came out of a "mess-alliance."

My moments are few, so I'll be brief. The Ball was beautiful, Molly; there never was the like of it for elegance and splendour! For great names, rank, fashion, beauty, and jewels, it was, they tell me, far beyond the Court, because we had a great many people who, from political reasons, refuse to go to Leopold, but who had no prejudices against your humble servant; for, strange enough, they have Orangemen here as well as in Ireland! Princes, Dukes, Counts, and Generals came pouring in, all shining with stars and crosses, blue and red ribbons, and keys worked on their coat-tails, till nearly twelve o'clock. There were then nigh seven hundred souls in the house, eating, dancing, drinking, and enjoying themselves; and a beautiful sight it was: everybody happy, and thinking only of pleasure. Mary Anne looked elegant, and many remarked that we must be sisters! Oh, dear, if they only saw me now!

There was a Mazurka, that lasted till half-past one, for it's a dance that everybody must take out each in turn, and you'd fancy there was no end to it, for indeed they never do seem tired of embracing and holding each other round the waist; but Lord George came to say that the Margravine had finished her whist and wanted her supper, so down we must go, at once.

James was to take her Supreme Highness, and the Prince of Dam-miseisen—a name that always made me laugh—was to take me; but he is a great man in Germany, and had a kingdom of his own till he was "modified" by Bonaparte, which means, as Lord George says, that "he took it out in money." But why do I dwell on these things? Down we went, Molly—down the narrow stairs—for the supper was laid out below—and a terrible crush it was, for, strange as it may

seem, your grand people are just as anxious to get good places as any; and I saw a Duke fighting his way in, just like old Ted Davis, at Dodsborough!

When we came to the last flight of stairs the crowd was awful, and the bannisters creaked, and the wood-work groaned, so that I thought it was going to give way; and, instead of James moving on in front, he pressed back upon us, and increased the confusion, for we were forced forward by hundreds behind us.

“What’s the matter, James?” said I. “Why don’t you go on?”

“I’d rather be excused,” said he. “It’s like Donnybrook Fair, down there—a regular shindy!”

It was no less, Molly; for although the hall was filled with servants, there were two men armed with sticks, laying about them like mad, and fighting their way towards the supper-room.

“Who are those wretches?” cried I; “why don’t they turn them out?”

The words weren’t well out, my dear Molly, when the door gave way, and the two, trampling down all before them, passed into the room. From that moment it was crash after crash! Lamps, lustres, china, glass, plates, dishes, fruit, and confectionery, flying on all sides. In less time than I’m writing it, the table was cleared, and of the elegant temple there wasn’t a bit standing. I just got inside the door to see the M’Carthy arms in smithereens! and K. I.—for it was *him!*—dancing over them, with that little blackguard Paddy Byrne smashing everything round him! I went off into fits, Molly, and never saw more; and, indeed, I wish with all my heart that I never came to again, if what they tell me be only true. K. I., it seems, no sooner demolished the supper, than he set to work on the company. He snatched off the Margravine’s wig, and beat her with it, kicking Dammiseisen and two other Princes into the streets. They say, that many of the nobility leapt out of the first-pair windows, and one fat old gentleman, a Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, was caught by a lamp-iron, and hung there for twenty minutes, with a mob shouting round him!

This all came of the Belgians letting out K. I. at one o’clock, which, according to their reckoning, was the end of his three days.

I’m getting another attack, so I must conclude. We left Brussels the next morning, and arrived here the same night. I don’t know where we are going, and I don’t care. K. I. has never had the face to come near me since his infamous conduct, and I hope, for the little time I may be spared on this side of the grave, not to see him again. Mary Anne is in bed too, and nearly as bad as myself; and

as for Caroline, I wouldn't let her into the room! Lord George took James away to his own lodgings till K. I. learns to behave more like a Christian; but when that may be, is utterly beyond

Your afflicted and disgraced friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Liege.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

DEAR MOLLY,

I open this to say that I have made my will, for, if Divine Providence doesn't befriend me, your poor Jemima will be in Paradise before this reaches you! I have left you my black satin with the bugles, and my brown bombazine, which, when it is dyed, will be very nice mourning for common wear. I also bequeath to you the things you'll find in the oak press in my own room, and ten silver spoons, and a fish-knife marked with the M'Carthy arms, which, not to be too particular, I have put down in the will as "plate and linen." I leave you, besides, my book of "Domestic Cookery," "The Complete Housewife," and the "Way to Glory," by St. Francis Xavier. There are marks all through them with my own pen; and be particular to observe the receipt for snow-pancakes, and the prayers for a "Plenary" after Candlemas!

It will be a comfort to your feelings to know that I am departing from this life in peace and charity with every one. Tell Mat I forgive him the fleece he stole out of the hay-loft; and though he swears, still, he never laid hand on it, who else was there, Molly? You can give Kitty Hogan the old shoes in the closet, for, though she never wears any, she'd like to have them for keepsakes! K. I. cared too little for my peace, here, to suppose that he will think of my repose hereafter, so that Father John can take the yearling calf and the two ewes out in masses! My feelings is overcoming me, Molly, and I can't go on! Breathing my last, as I am, in a far-away land, and sinking under the cruelty of a hard-hearted man!

I think it would only be a decent mark of respect to my family if the M'Carthy arms was hung up over the door, to show I wasn't a Dodd. The crest is an angel sheltering a fox, or a beast like a fox, under his wing; but you'll see it on the spoons. When you sell the piggs—maybe I oughtn't to put two g's in them—but my head is wandering. Pay old Judy Cobb two-and-sevenpence for the yarn, and say that I won't stop the ninepence out of Betty's wages! Maybe, when I'm gone, they'll begin to see what they've lost, and maybe K. I. will feel it too, when he finds no buttons on his shirts, and the strings out of his waistcoat; and, what's far worse, nobody to contradict him, and

control his wilful nature! That's the very struggle that's killing me now! Nobody knows, nor would believe, the opposition I've given him for twenty years. But *he'll* feel it, Molly, and that before I'm six weeks in the grave.

I don't know my age to a day or a month, but you can put me down at thirty-nine, and maybe the *Blast of Freedom* would say a word or two about my family. I'd like that far better than to be "deeply regretted," or "to the inexpressible grief of her bereaved relations."

I have made it a last request that my remains are to be sent home, and as I know K. I. won't go to the expense, he'll have to bear all the disgrace of neglecting my dying entreaty. That's my legacy to him, Molly; and if it's not a very profitable one, the "Duty" will not be heavy.

Remember me affectionately to everybody, and say that to the last my heart was in my own country; and indeed, Molly, I never did hear so much good about Ireland as since we left it!

I have just taken a draught, that has restored me wonderfully. It has a taste of Curaçoa, and evidently suits my constitution. Maybe Providence, in his mercy, means to reserve me for more trials and misfortunes; for I feel stronger already, and am going to taste a bit of roast duck, with sage and onions. Betty has done it for me herself.

If I do recover, Molly, I promise you K. I. won't find me the poor submissive worm he has been trampling upon these more than twenty years! I feel more like myself already; the "Mixture" is really doing me good.

You may write to me to this place, with directions to be opened by Mary Anne, if I'm no more. The very thought of it overwhelms me. The idea of one's own death is the most terrible of all afflictions; and as for me, I don't think I could ever survive it.

I mean to send for K. I., to take leave of him, and forgive him, before I go! I'm not so sure that I'd do so, Molly, if it wasn't for the opportunity of telling him my mind about all his cruelty to me, and that I know well what he's at, and that he'll be married again before six months. That's the treachery of men; but there's one comfort—they are well paid off for it when they marry—as they always do—some young minx of nineteen or twenty! It's exactly what K. I. is capable of; and I mean to show him that I see it, and all the consequences besides!

The mixture is really of service to me, and I feel as if I could take a sleep. Mary Anne will seal this if I'm not awake before post hour.

## LETTER XIII.

FROM K. I. DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Liege, Tuesday Evening.

MY DEAR TOM,

YOUR reproaches are all just, but I really have not had courage to wield a pen these last three weeks, nor have I now patience to go back on the past. Perhaps when we meet—if ever that good time is to come round again—I may be able to tell you something of my final exit from Brussels; but now, with the shame yet fresh, and the disgrace recent, I cannot find pluck for it.

Here we are at what they call the "Pavilion," having changed from the Hôtel d'Angleterre yesterday. You must know, Tom, that this same city of Liege is the noisiest, most dinning, hammering, hissing, clanking, creaking, welding, smelting, and furnace-roaring town in Europe. Something like a hundred thousand tinkers are at work every day; and from an egg saucepan to a steam-boiler there is something to be hammered at by every capacity!

You would say that tumult like this might satisfy the most craving appetite for uproar; but not so; the Liegois are regular gluttons for noise, and they insist upon having Verdi's new opera of "Nabuchodonosor" performed at their great Theatre. Now, this same Theatre is exactly in front of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, so that when, by dint of time, patience, and a partial dulness of the acoustic nerves, we were getting used to steam-factories and shot-foundries, down comes Verdi on us, with a din and clangour to which even the works of Seraing were like an Æolian harp! Now, of all the Pretenders of these days of especial humbug, with our "Long ranges," Morison's pills, and Louis Napoleons, I don't think you could show me a greater Charlatan than this same Verdi. I don't pretend to know a bit about music; I only knew two tunes all my life, "God save the King" and "Patrick's Day," and these only because we used to stand up and take off our hats to them in the Dublin Theatre; but modulated, soft sounds have always had their effect on me, and I never heard a country girl singing as she beetled her linen beside a river's bank, or listened to the deep bay of an old fox-hound of a clear winter's morning, without feeling that there was something inside of me somewhere that responded to the note. But this fellow is all

marrow-bones and cleavers! Trumpets, drums, big fiddles, and bassoons, are the softest things he knows. I take it as a providential thing that his music cracks every voice after one season; for before long there will be nobody left in Europe to sing him, except it be the steam-whistle of an express train!

But we live in strange times, Tom, that's the fact. The day was when our operas used to be taken from real life—or what authors and poets thought was real life. We had the "Maid of the Mill," and the "Duenna," and "Love in a Village," and a score more, pleasant and amusing enough; and except that there was nothing wrong or incomprehensible in them, perhaps they might have stood their ground. There was the great failure, Tom; everybody could understand them, and nobody need be shocked. Now, the taste is, puzzle a great many, and shock every one!

A grand opera now must be from the Old Testament. Not even drums and kettle-drums would save you, if you haven't Moses or Melchizedek to sit down in white raiment, and see some twenty damsels, with petticoats about as long as a lace ruffle, capering and attitudinizing in a way that ought to make even a Patriarch blush. Now, this is all wrong, Tom. The public might be amused without profanity, and even the most inveterate lover of dancing needn't ask David and Uriah for a *pas de deux*. And now, let me remark to you, that a great deal of that so much vaunted social liberty abroad, is neither more nor less than this same latitude with respect to any and everything. We at home were bred up to believe that good breeding mainly consists in a certain reserve—a cautious deference not alone for the feelings, but even the prejudices of others; that you have no right to offend your neighbour's sense of respect for fifty things that you held cheaply yourself. They reverse all this, here. Everybody talks to you, of yourself, aye, and of your wife and your mother, as frankly as though they were characters of the Heathen Mythology; they treat you like a third party in these discussions, and very likely it was a practice of this kind originally suggested the phrase of being "beside oneself."

You'll perhaps remark that my tone is very low and depressed, Tom; and I own to you I feel so. For a man that came abroad to enjoy himself, I am, to say the least, going a mighty strange way about it. The most rigid Moralist couldn't accuse me of any Epicurism, for I seem to be husbanding my Continental pleasures with a laudable degree of self-denial. Would you like a peep at us? Well, Mrs. D. is over there in No. 19, in bed with fourteen leeches on her temples, and a bottle as big as a black jack of camphor and sal-







volatile beside her as a kind of table beverage; Mary Anne and Caroline are somewhere in the dim recesses of the same chamber, silent, if they're not sobbing; James is under lock and key in No. 17, with Ollendorf's Method, and the Gospel of St. John in French; and here am I, trying to indite a few lines, with blast furnaces and brass instruments baying around me, and Paddy Byrne cleaning knives outside the door!

Mrs. D.'s attack is not serious, but it is very distressing. She has got the notion into her head that Foreign Apothecaries have a general pardon for poisoning, and so she requires that some of us should always take part of her physic before she touches it. The consequence is, that I have been going through a course of treatment for the last four days that would push an Elephant rather hard. I can stand some things pretty well; but what they call Réfrigérants, Tom, play the devil with me! and I am driven to brandy-and-water to an extent that I can scarcely call myself quite sober at any time of the day. Were we at home in Dodsborough, there would be none of this; so that here, again, is another of the blessings of our Foreign experiences! Ah, Tom! it's all a mistake from beginning to end. You wouldn't know your old friend if you saw him; and although they've padded me out, and squeezed me in, I'm not the man I used to be!

You tell me that I'm not to expect any more money till November; but you forgot to tell me how I'm to live without it. We compromised with the Jews for fifteen hundred. Our "Extraordinaries," as the Officials would call them, amounted to three more; so that, taking all things into account, we have been living since April last at a trifle more than eleven thousand a year. It's a mercy that when they sell a man out by the Encumbered Estates Court, they ask no impertinent questions about how he contracted his debts. I'd cut a sorry figure under such an Examination.

We have begun the economy, Tom, and I hope that even you will be satisfied; for although this place is detestable to me, here I'll stay, if my hearing can stand it, till winter. Mary Anne says we might as well be in Birmingham, and my reply is, I'm quite ready to go there! I own to you I have a kind of diabolical delight in seeing them all nonplused. There are neither Dukes nor Marquises here, neither Princesses nor Ballet Dancers! The most reckless spendthrift could only ruin himself in steam-boilers, gun-barrels, and kitchen-ranges;—there's nothing softer than cast-iron in the whole town.

Our rooms are in the third story. James and I dine at the public

table. Our only piece of extravagance is the Doctor that attends Mrs. D.; and if you saw him, you'd scarcely give him the name of a luxury! I needn't say that there is very little pleasure in all this; indeed, for anything *I* see, I think we might be leading the same kind of life in Kilmainham Gaol; and perhaps at last they'll see this themselves, and consent to return home.

I go out for an hour's walk every day, but it does me little good. My usual stroll is to a shot factory, and back by a patent bolt and rivet establishment; but this avoids the Theatre, for I own to you Nabucco, as they call him for shortness, shouts in a manner that makes me quite irritable.

James never leaves his room; he's studying hard at last; and although his health would be the better for a little exercise, I'll just leave him to himself. It's right he should pay some penalty for his late conduct. As for the girls, Mary Anne is indignant with me, and only comes to say good morning and good night; and Cary, though she tries to look cheerful and happy, is evidently fretting in secret. Betty Cobb takes less trouble to repress her feelings, and goes howling about the Hotel like a dog run over by the mail, and is always getting accompanied by strange and inquisitive travellers, who insist upon hearing her sorrows, and occasionally push their inquiries even as far as my room!

Paddy Byrne alone appears to have taken a philosophical view of his position, for he has been drunk ever since we arrived. He usually sleeps in the hall, on the stairs, or the lobbies; and although this saves the cost of a bedroom, the economy is counterbalanced by occasional little reprisals he takes, as stray gentlemen stumble over him with their bedroom candles. At such moments he smashes lamps and china ornaments, for which his wages will require a long sequestration to clear off. And now a word about home. Our English tenant, you tell me, is getting tired of Dodsborough; we guessed how it would be already. "He thinks the people lazy!" Ask him, did he ever try to cut turf, with two meals of wet potatoes per diem? "They are bigoted and superstitious too." How much better would they be if they knew all about Lord Rosse's telescope? "They won't give up their old barbarous ways." Isn't that the very boast of the Conservative party? Isn't that what Disraeli is preaching every day and every hour?—"Fall back upon this—fall back upon that—think of the spirit of your ancestors." Now they say, our ancestors yoked their horses by the tails to save a harness. It's rather hard that all the "progress," as they call it, must begin with the poor. It's a dead puzzle to me, Tom, to explain one thing.

All the Moralists, from the earliest ages, keep crying up humility, and telling you that true nobility of soul consists in self-denial and moderation, simple tastes, and so on; and yet, what is the great reproach they bring against Paddy? Isn't it that he is satisfied with the potato? There's the head and front of his offence. That he doesn't want beef, like the Englishman—nor soup and three courses, like "Mounseer"—nor sauerkraut and roast veal, like a German; "Cups and cold water" being the food of a fellow that could thresh the whole three of them all round, and think it mighty good fun besides.

Poor Dan used to say that he was the best abused man in Europe; but I'll tell you that the potato is the best abused vegetable in the universal globe. From the *Times* down to the Scotch farmers, it's one hue-and-cry after it—"The filthy root"—"the disgusting tuber"—"the source of all Irish misery"—"the Father of Famine, and Mother of Fever"—on they go, blackguarding the only food of the people, till at last, as if it were a judgment on their bad tongues, it took to rot in the ground, and left us with nothing to eat. Now, Tom, you know as well as myself, Ireland is not a wheat country; it's one year in three that we can raise a crop of it; for our climate is as treacherous as the English Government. I hope you wouldn't have us live on oats, like the Scotch; nor on Indian corn, like the Savages; so what is there like the potato? And then, how easy the culture, and how simple the cookery! It does well in every soil, and agrees well with every constitution. It feeds the peasant, it fattens the pig, it rears the children, and supports the chickens. What can compare with that?

Do you know that there's no cant of the day annoys me more than that cry about model farming, and green crops, and rotations, and sub-soiling, and so on. The whole ingenuity of mankind would seem devoted to ascertaining how much a bullock can eat, and how little will feed a labourer. Stuff one and starve the other, and you may be the President of an Agricultural Society, and Chairman of your Union. What treatises we have upon stock, and improving the breed of boars! Will you tell me who ever thought of turning the same attention to the condition of the people? and I'm sure, if you go into the county Galway, you'll soon acknowledge that they need it. "Look at that lanky pig," calls out the Scotch Steward, in derision; "his snout and his legs are fit for a greyhound!" But I say, "Look at Paddy, there. His neck is shrivelled and knotted, like an old vine-tree; his back rounded, and his legs crooked; all for

want of care and nourishment. Is all your sympathy to be kept for the sheep, and have you none for the Shepherd?"

I made some memorandums for you about Belgian farming, but Mary Anne curled her hair with them. It's no loss to you, however, for their system wouldn't do with us. Small tenures and spade husbandry do mighty well here, because there are great cities within a few miles of each other, and agriculture takes somewhat the character of market gardening; but their success would be far different were there long distances to be traversed with the produce.

This country is certainly prospering; but I'm not so certain that it can continue to do so. Their industry is now stimulated to a high state of productiveness, because they are daily extending their railroads; but there must come an end to that, and it strikes me that a country that only deals with itself, is pretty much what the adage says of the "Man that is his own Doctor." They are now, however, enjoying what your Political Economists all agree in pronouncing to be the great test of prosperity. Everything has nearly doubled in price: house rent, meat, vegetables, wages, clothes, luxuries of all kind, and, of course, taxation. I own to you I never clearly understood this problem; it always seemed to me as if a whole population took to walk upon stilts, for the pleasure of thinking themselves nine feet high.

These matters put me in mind of Vickars. I now see that I was wrong in not going over to the election. His tone is quite changed, and he writes to me as if I were a deputation from the distressed handloom weavers. He acknowledges mine of the 5th ult., and he deplores, and regrets, and feels constrained to remind me, and so on, ending with being "humble and obedient"—two things that I believe his own mother never found him. The fact is, Tom, he's in Parliament, and he is a Lord of the Treasury, and he doesn't care a brass farthing for one of us. Do you remark how the Ministerial papers praise the Government for promoting Irishmen? It is not on the ground of their superior capacity for office, their readiness and natural ability. Nothing of the kind; it is simply the unbounded generosity of the Administration, and perhaps as a proof of their humility! They put an Irishman in the Cabinet, just as the Roman Conqueror took a slave in his chariot—to show that they don't intend to forget themselves!

I wish *Punch* would make a picture of it. Pat with his pipe in his mouth beside the Premier; the roguish leer of the eye, the careless ease of his crossed legs, and small-clothes open at the knee, would be a grand contrast to the high-bred air of his companion.

Don't bother me any more about the salmon weirs ; make the best bargain you can, and I'll be satisfied. It appears to me, however, the more laws we have, the less fish we catch. In my father's time there was no legislation at all, and salmon was a penny a pound. The fish seem to hate acts of Parliament just as much as ourselves ! And, talking of that, I'm glad we're out of our scrape with the Yankees. Depend upon it, all the cod that ever was salted wouldn't pay for one collision. It wouldn't be like any other war, Tom, for French and Russians, Austrians and Italians, have each their separate peculiarities—giving certain advantages in certain situations ; but we—that is, English and Americans—fight exactly in the same way. Each knows every dodge of the other—long sixty-fives and thirty-twos, boarders, riflemen, riggers—all alike. It's the old story of the Kilkenny cats, and I'm greatly afraid our "tail" would be nearly as much mauled as Jonathan's.

The longer I live, the nearer I find myself drawing to these Yankees ; and I've some notion of going over there to have a look at them. They tell me that the worst thing about them is the air of gravity, even of depression, that prevails—a strange fault, considering how many Irish there are amongst them ; but I suppose Paddy is like the rest of the world, and he loses his fun when he gets prosperous. There was Tom Martin, that went our Circuit, and there wasn't as pleasant a fellow at the Bar till he got into business. There was no good asking him to dinner after that ; as he owned himself, "He kept his jokes for his clients." Now, there may be something like this the case in America ; at all events, Tom, I'd have one advantage, there—I'd know the language, what I'm never likely to do, here ; not but I'm doing my best every day at the table d'hôte ; occasionally, perhaps, with some sacrifice of the "propers ;" but as a foreigner is so polite to laugh, the stranger has little chance to learn. For my own part, I'd rather they'd tell me when I was wrong, and give me some hope of going right. I'd think it more friendly of a man to say, "Kenny Dodd, you're going into a hole," than if he smiled and simpered, and assured me that I was in the middle of the path, and getting on beautifully.

And there isn't any good-nature in it ; not a bit. It's not good-heartedness, nor kindness, nor amiability. I don't believe a word of it ; because the chap that does it isn't thinking of you at all—he's only minding himself ; he's fancying how he's delighting you, or captivating your wife, or your sister-in-law ; or, if it's a woman, she wants to fascinate or make a fool of you.

The real and essential difference between us and all foreigners is,

that they are always thinking of what effect they are producing ; they never for a single moment forget that there is an audience. Now we, on the contrary, never remember it ! Life with them is a Drama, in all the blaze of wax-lights and a crowded house ; with us, it's a day-rehearsal, and we slip about, mumbling our parts, getting through the performance, unmindful of all but our own share in it !

More than half of what is attributed to rudeness and unsociality in us, springs out of the simple fact that we do not care to obtrude even our politeness where there seems no need of it. *Our* civilities are like a Bill of Exchange, that must represent value one day or other. *Theirs* are like the gilt markers on a card table : they have a look of money about them, but are only counterfeit. Perhaps this may explain why our women like the Continent so much better than ourselves. All this mock interchange of courtesy amuses and interests *them* ; it only worries *us*.

To come back to Vickars. He'll do nothing for James. His "own list is quite full;" he "has mentioned his name," he says, "to the Secretary for the Colonies," and will speak of him "at the Home Office." But I know what that means. The party is safe for the present, and don't need our dirty voices for many a day to come. It's distressing me to find out what to do with him. Can you get me any real information about the gold diggings? Is it a thing that would suit him? His mother, I know well, would never consent to the notion of his working with his hands ; but, upon my conscience, if it's his head he's to depend on, he'll fare worse ! He is very good-looking, six foot one and a half, strong as a young bull ; and to ride an unbroken horse, drive a fresh team, to shoot a snipe, or hook a salmon, I'll back him against the field. I hear, besides, he's a beautiful cue at billiards. But what's the use of all these at the Board of Trade, if he had even the luck to get there? Many's the time I've heard poor old Lord Kilmahon say, that an Irish education wasn't worth a groat for England ; and I now see the force of the remark.

Not but he's working hard every day, with French, and fortification, and military surveying, with a fine old Officer that served in the wars of the Empire—Captain de la Bourdonaye—a regular old soldier of Bony's day, that hates the English as much as any Irishman going. He comes and sits with me now and then of an evening, but there's not much society in it, since we can't understand each other. We have a bottle of rum and some cigars between us, and our conversation goes on somewhat in this fashion :

"Help yourself, Mounseer."

A grin and bow, and something mumbled between his teeth.

“Take a weed?”

We smoke.

“James is getting on well, I hope? Mon fils James improving, eh? Grand General one of these days, eh?”

“Oui, oui.” Fills and drinks.

“Another Bonaparte, I suppose?”

“Ah! le grand homme!” Wipes his eyes, and looks up to the ceiling.

“Well, we threshed him for all that! Faith, we made him dance in Spain and Portugal. What do you say to Talavera and Vittoria?”

Swears like a trooper, and rattles out whole volumes of French, with gestures that are all but blows. I wait till it's over, and just say “Waterloo!”

This nearly drives him crazy, and he forgets to put water in his glass; and off he goes about Waterloo in a way that's dreadful to look at. I suppose, if I understood him, I'd break his neck; but as I don't, I only go on saying “Waterloo” at intervals; but every time I utter it, he has to blow off the steam again. When the rum is finished, he usually rushes out of the room, gnashing his teeth, and screaming something about St. Helena. But it's all over the next day, and he's as polite as ever when we meet—grins, and hands me his tin snuff-box with the air of an Emperor! They're a wonderful people, Tom; and though they'd murder you, they'd never forget to make a bow to your corpse.

You may imagine, from what I tell you, that I am very lonely here; and so I am. I never meet anybody I can speak to—I never see any newspaper I can read! I eat things without knowing the names of them, or, what's worse, what they are; and all this I must do for economy, while I could live for less than one-half the expense at Dodsborough!

Mary Anne has just come to say that the Doctors are agreed Mrs. D. must be removed—the noise of the town will destroy her! My only surprise is that she didn't discover it sooner. They speak of a place called Chaude Fontaine, seven miles away, and of a little watering-place called Spa. But I'll not budge an inch till I have all the particulars, for I know well they're all dying to be at the old work again—tea-parties, and hired horses, and polkas in the evening, and the rest of it. Lord George has arrived at Liege, and I wouldn't be astonished if he was at the bottom of it all; not but he behaved well in James's business. To deal with a Jew there's nothing in the world like one of your young sprigs of nobility! Moses doesn't care a bulrush for you or me; but when he hears of a Lord Charles

or Lord Augustus, he alters his tone. It is that class which supplies his customers, and he dares not outrage them.

I wish you saw the way he managed our friend Lazarus! He wouldn't look into his statement, read one of his accounts, or even bestow a glance at the bills.

"I'm up to all those dodges, Lassy," said he; "it's no use coming that over *me*. What'll you do it for?"

"Ah, my good Lord Shorge, you know better as me that we cannot give away our monies. Here are all the bills——"

"Don't care for that, Lassy—won't look at 'em. "What'll you do it for?"

"If I lend my monies at a fair per shent——"

"Well, what's the figure to be? Say it at once, or I'm off."

"You'll shurely look at my claims——"

"Not one of them."

"Nor the bills?"

"No."

"Nor the vouchers?"

"No."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how hard you are grown, and you so young, and so handsome, so little like——"

"Never mind the resemblance, but answer me. How much?"

"It's impossible, my Lord Shorge!"

"Will two hundred do? Well, two fifty?"

"No, nor twelve fifty, my Lord. I will have my claim."

"That's what I want to come at, Lassy. How much?"

This process goes on for half an hour, without any apparent result on either side; when at last Lord George, taking out his pocket-book, proceeds to count various bank-notes on the table. The effect is magical; the sight of the money melts Lazarus—he hesitates, and gives in. Of course his compliance does not cost him much; fifty per cent. is the very lowest we escape for! But even at this, Tom, our bargain is a good one.

I see it all, Tom; they are bent on getting to a watering-place, and that's exactly the very thing I won't stand. Our Irish notions on these subjects are all taken from Bundoran, or Kilkee, or Dunmore, or some such localities; and where, to say the least, there is not a great deal to find fault with. Tiresome they are enough; and, after a week or so, one gets wearied of always walking over ankles in deep sand, listening to the splash of the tide, or the less musical squall of some half-drowned baby, or sitting on a rock to watch some miraculous draught of fishes, that is sure to be sent off some twenty



miles into the interior. These, and occasional pictorial studies of your acquaintances, in all the fascinations of oil-skin caps and wet drapery, tire at last. But they are cheap pleasures, Tom; and, as the world goes, that is something.

Now, from all I can learn, for I know nothing of them myself, your Foreign watering-place is just a big City taking an airing. The self-same habits of dress, late hours, play, dancing, debt, and dissipation; the great difference being, that wickedness is cultivated in straw hats and Russia-duck, instead of its more conventional costume of black coat and trousers! From my own brief experience of life, I think a garden by moonlight is just as dangerous as a conservatory with coloured lamps; and a polka in public is less perilous than a mountain excursion, even on donkeys! They'll not catch me at that game, Tom!

I have just discovered in "Cochrane's Guide"—for I have burned my "John Murray"—the very place to suit me—Bonn, on the Rhine. He says it has a pleasant appearance, and contains 1300 houses and 15,000 inhabitants, and that the Star, kept by one Schmidt, is reasonable, and that he speaks English, and takes in the *Galignani*—two evidences of civilisation not to be despised. I think I see you smile; but that's the fact—we come abroad to hunt after somebody we can talk to, or find a newspaper we can read—making actual luxuries of what we had every day at home for nothing.

Besides these, Bonn has a University, and that will be a great thing for James, and Masters of various kinds for the Girls; but better than all this, there's no society, no balls, no dinners, no Theatre. The only places of public amusement are the Cathedral and the Anatomy House; and even Mrs. D. will be puzzled to get up a jinketing in them!

I'll write to Schmidt this evening about rooms, and I'll show him that we are not to be "done," like your newly-arrived Bulls; for I won't pay more than "four-and-six" a head for dinner; and plenty it is too. I wish we could have remained here; but now that the Doctors have decided against it, there's no help. It is not that I like the place; Heaven knows I have no right to be pleased with it; but I'll tell you one great advantage about it. It was actually "breaking them all in to hate the Continent;" another month of this tinkering din, this tiresome table d'hôte, and wearisome existence, and I'd wager a trifle they'd agree to any terms to get away. You'd not believe your eyes if you saw how they are altered. The girls so thin, and no colour in their cheeks; James as lank as a greyhound, and always as if half asleep; and myself, pluffy, and full, and

short-winded, irascible about everything, and always thirsty, without anything wholesome to drink. But I'd bear it all, Tom, for the result, or for what I at least expect the result would be. I'd submit to it like a course of physic, looking to the cure for my recompense.

Shall I now tell you, Tom, that I have my misgivings about Mrs. D.'s illness. I was passing the lobby last night, and I heard her laughing as heartily as ever she did in her life, though it was only two hours before she had sent down for the man of the house to witness her will. To be sure, she always does make a will whenever she takes to bed; but this time she went further, and had a grand leave-taking of us all, which I only escaped by being wrapped up in blankets, under the "influence," as the Doctors call it, of "tartarised antimony," of which I partook, to satisfy her scruples, before she would taste it. If I have to perform much longer as a pilot balloon, Tom, I'm thinking I'm very likely to explode.

As for one word of truth from the Doctors, I'm not such a fool as to expect it. The Priest or the Physician that attends your wife, always seems to regard *you* as a natural enemy. If he happen to be well-bred, he conducts himself with all the observance due to a distinguished opponent; but no confidence, Tom—nothing candid. He never forgets that he is engaged for the "opposite party."

Your foreign Doctor, too, is a dreadful animal. He has not the bland look, the soft smile, the noiseless slide, the snowy shirt-frill, and the tender squeeze of the hand, of our own fellows, every syllable of whose honeyed lips seems like a lenitive electuary made vocal. He is a mean, scrubby, little, damp-looking chap, not unlike the bit of dirty cotton in the bottom of an ink-bottle, the incarnation of black draught and a bitter mixture. He won't poison you, however, for his treatment ranges between dill-water and syrup of gum; in fact, to use the expressive phrase of the French, he only comes to "assist" at your death, and not to cause it. I have remarked that homœopathic fellows are more attentive to the outward man than the others, whatever be the reason. Their beards and whiskers are certainly not cut on the infinitesimal principle, and, assuredly, flattery is one of the medicaments they never administer in small doses. By the way, Tom, I wish this same theory could be applied to the distresses of a man's estate as well as that of his body. It would be a right comfortable thing to pay off one's mortgagees with fractional parts of a halfpenny, and get rid of one's creditors on the "decillioneth" scale.

"I have now finished my paper, and I have just discovered that I have not answered one of your questions about home affairs; but,

after all, does it matter much, Tom? Things in Ireland go their own way, however we may strive to direct and control them. In fact, I am half disposed to think we ought to manage our business on the principle that our countryman drove his pig—turning his head towards Cork because he wanted him to go to Fermoy! Look at us at this moment. We never were so thoroughly divided as since we have enjoyed the benefits of a United Education!

If Tullylicknaslatterley must be sold, see that it is soon done; for if we put it off till November, the boys will be shooting somebody, or doing some infernal folly or other, that will take five years off the purchase-money. These Manchester fellows are always so terrified at what is called an outrage! Sure, if they had the least knowledge of the doctrine of chances, they'd see that the estate where a man was shot was exactly the place there would be no more mischief for many a year to come. The only spot where accidents are always recurring is the drop in front of a Gaol!

Try and persuade the Englishman to take Dodsborough for another year. Tell him Ireland is looking up, prices are improving, &c. If he be Hibernian in his leanings, show him how teachable Paddy is—how disposed to learn, and how grateful for instruction. If he be bitten by the *Times*, tell him that the Irish are all emigrating, and that in three years there will neither be a Pat, a Priest, nor a Potato to be seen. As old Fitzgibbon used to say on our circuit, "I wish I had a hundred pounds to argue it either way!"

I can manage to keep afloat for a couple of weeks, but be sure to remit me something by that time.

Yours, ever sincerely,

KENNY I. DODD.

## LETTER XIV.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Liege, Tuesday Morning.

MY DEAR BOB,

A THOUSAND pardons for not answering either of your two last letters. It was not, believe me, that I have not felt the most sincere interest in all that you tell me about yourself and your doings. Far from it: I finished two bottles of Hock in honour of your Science Premium, and I have called a short-tailed hack Bob, after you, though unfortunately she happens to be a mare.

Mine has been rather a varied kind of existence since I wrote last. A little in the draft-board style, only that the black chequers have rather predominated! I got "hit hard" at the Brussels races, lost twelve hundred at *écarté*, and had some ugly misadventures arising out of a too liberal use of my autograph. The Governor, however, has stumped up, and though the whole affair was serious enough at one time, I fancy that we are at length over the stiff country, and with nothing but grass fields and light cantering land before us.

The greatest inconvenience of the whole has been, that we've been laid up here, "dismasted and in ordinary," for the last three weeks, during which my Mother has made a steeple-chase through the Pharmacopœia, and the Governor finished all the Schiedam in the town. In fact, there has been nothing very serious the matter with her, but as we left the Capital under rather unpleasant circumstances, we came in here to "blow off our steam," and cool down to a reasonable temperature. To reduce the Budget, and retrench expenditure, the choice was probably not a bad one, since we are housed, fed, and done for on the most reasonable terms; but the place is a perfect disgust, and there is actually nothing for a man to do, except to poke into steam-engines and prove gun-barrels.

As for me, I never leave my room from breakfast till table d'hôte hour. My French Master comes at eleven and stays till four. This sounds all very diligent and studious, and so thinks the Governor, Bob. The real state of the case is, however, different. The distinguished officer of the Old Guard engaged to instruct me in military science and mathematics is an old hairdresser, who combines with his functions of barber the honourable duties of Laquais de Place and police spy, occasionally taking a turn at the "scholastic" whenever

he is lucky enough to find any English illiterate enough to be his dupes. The Governor heard of him from the master of the hotel, and took him especially for his cheapness. Such is the Captain de la Bourdonaye, who swaggers up-stairs every morning with a red ribbon in his button-hole, and a curling-iron in his pocket, for I take good care, Bob, that as he cannot furnish the inside of my head, he shall at least decorate it without.

I must say this is a most nefarious old rascal, and I have heard of more villany from him than I ever knew before. He knows all the scandal and gossip of the town, and retails it with an almost diabolical raciness. As I have already made use of him in various ways, we are bound to each other in the very heaviest of recognisances. He brought me yesterday a note from Lord George, who had just arrived here, but judged better not to see me till he had called on the Governor. The Captain was once Lord G.'s Courier, and, I believe, the chief Mentor of his earlier continental experiences.

Lord George has behaved like a trump to me. He has brought away from Brussels all my traps, which, in the haste of my retreat, I had fancied fallen into the hands of the enemy. The brown mare, Bob, a neatish dennet, two sets of single harness, a racing saddle, a lady's ditto, three chests of toggery, all my pipes and canes, and a bull-terrier—the whole of which would have to-day been the chattels of Lazarus, had not Lord G. made out a bill of sale of them to himself, and got two "respectable" Advocates to swear they were witnesses to it. The fun of this is, Lazarus saw all the knavery, and Tiverton never denied it! The most rascally transactions are dashed with such an air of frankness and candour that, hang me! if one can regard them as transportable offences! I know all this would be infamous in England—it wouldn't be quite right even in Ireland, Bob—but here we are abroad, and the latitude warps morality just as the vicinity to the Pole affects the compass.

I have learned from Lord George that there are to be races at a place called Spa, about twelve miles off, and that if Bob were in training we might do a good thing among "Les gentlemen riders," who certainly ride like neither Gents nor Jocks. George slipped his knee-cap at a gate the other day, and cannot ride; and how I am to get away from this for an entire day without the Governor's knowledge, is more than I can see. I have told the Captain, however, that he must manage it somehow, or I'll turn king's evidence and betray him; so that the case is not yet hopeless. Bob is exactly the kind of thing to walk into these fellows. She's very nearly thoroughbred, but has a cock-tailed look about her, and with a hogged mane

and a short dock, is only, to all appearance, a clever hackney. I know well that these foreigners have got first-rate cattle: they buy the very best of horses, and the smartest carriages, of London; but what avails it: they can neither ride nor drive! They curb up a thorough-bred so that he's thrown clean out of his stride, and they clap the saddle on his withers so that he is certain to come smash down if he tries to cross a furrow. You can imagine what hands they have, when I tell you that they all hold on by the head! Lord G., however, who knows them well, says that there's no use in bringing over a good horse against them. They are confoundedly cautious, and what they lack in skill they make up in cunning; and if they heard of anything that ran second at Goodwood or Chester, they'd "shut up" at once. It's only a "dodge" will do, he says, and I am certain nobody knows better than he does.

Whenever they get pluck enough for hurdle-racing, there will be some money to be picked up abroad; but the prosperity won't last, for when one fellow breaks his neck, there will be an end of it.

I'll not close this till I can tell you the success of our scheme for the races. Meanwhile to your questions, which, to make short work of, I'll answer all at once. It's all very fine to talk about studying, and the learned professions, but how many succeed in them? Three or four swells carry off the stakes, and the rest are nowhere! Let me tell you, Bob, that the fellows that really do best in life never knew trade nor profession, except you can call Tattersall's yard a Lecture-room, and Short-Whist a calling. There's Collingwood's got two hundred thousand with his wife; Upton, he's netted thirty on the last Derby, and stands to win at least twelve more on the Spring Meeting. Brook—Shallow Brook, as you used to call him at school—has been deep enough to break the Bank at Hamburgh! I just wish you'd show me one of your University Dons who could do any one of the three! If it came to a trial of wits, the Heads of Houses wouldn't have houses over their heads. Believe me, Bob, the Poet was right, "The proper study of mankind is man!" and if he add thereto a little knowledge of horseflesh, there's no fear of him in this life!

Look at the thing in another light, too. The Church is only open to the Protestants; the Bar is, then, the sole profession with great rewards; for as to the Army and Navy, they may do to spend money in and leave when you're sick of them, but nothing else. Now the Bar is awful labour; ten or twelve hours a day for three or four years, as many more in a special pleader's office, six years after that reporting for the newspapers; and, perhaps, after three or four strug-

gling terms you drop off out of the course altogether, and are only heard of as writing a threatening letter to Lord John Russell, or as our "own Correspondent at Tahiti!"

As to Physic, "I throw it to the dogs." It's not a gentlemanly calling! So long as a fellow can rout you out of bed at night for a guinea, it's all nonsense to talk about independence. Your Doctor hasn't even the Cabman's privilege to higgler for a trifle more. Real liberty, Bob, consists in having no craft whatsoever. Like the free Lances in the sixteenth century, take a turn of service wherever it suits you, but wear no man's livery. As Lord George remarks, whenever a fellow takes to that line of life the men are all afraid, and the women all delighted with him; he's so sure with his pistol and so lax in his principles, nothing obstructs his progress.

This same glorious independence I am like enough to attain, since, up to this moment, I am a perfect gentleman, according to Lord George's definition; nor could I, by any means that I know of, support myself for twenty-four hours. You would probably remark, that so blank a prospect ought to alarm me. Not a bit of it! I never felt more thoroughly confident and at ease than now as I write these lines. George's Theory is this: Life is a round game, with some skill and a vast amount of hazard; the majority of the players are dupes; who, some, from inattention, some, from deficient ability, and others, again, from utter indifference, are easy victims to the few shrewd and clever fellows that never neglect a chance, and who know when to back their luck. "Do not be too eager," says George—"do not be over anxious to play, but just walk about and watch the game for a year or so, and only cut in when it suits you. By that time you have mastered the peculiar style of every man's play. You are up to all their weaknesses, and aware of where their strength lies; and if you can only afford to lose a little cash yourself at the start, and pass for a pigeon, your fortune is made!" This, of course, is but a sorry sketch of his system; for, after all, it requires his own dashing description, his figurative manner, and his flow of illustration, to make the thing intelligible. He is, in reality, a first-rate fellow, and may be what he chooses. All that I know of life I owe to his teaching; and I own to you I was in the "lowest form" when he began with me.

The only thing that distresses me now, is the fear that Vickars may yield to the Governor's solicitations, and give, or get me, something—some confounded official appointment, that would shut me all day in a Government Office, on mayhap one hundred and twenty per annum, with a promised increase of ten pounds when I attain the age of fifty. I'd nearly as soon be in the Hulks as the Home Office,

and I'm certain that pounding oyster-shells is just as intellectual, and a far more salubrious occupation, than *précis* writing! The dread of such a destiny has induced me to take a rather bold step, and one which it is possible you will not exactly approve of. I have written, myself, a "private and strictly confidential" note to Vickers, to say that my Father's application to him on my behalf never had my sanction nor approval—that I despise the Board of Trade, and hold the Customs uncommon cheap; and that although there are some Gentlemen in what they call the Diplomatic service, that all the juniors are snobs, and the grade above them—what George calls snoozers—old red-tapery fellows, that label their washing bills "Soap question," and send out their boots to be new soled in an old despatch bag.

I have added a few lines, by way of showing that my repugnance does not proceed from any disinclination to exertion, or an active life—that I am quite ready to accept of a commission in the Guards, or any good post in the Household, where my natural advantages might be seen and appreciated.

I have not told Lord George about this, because he is tremendously opposed to my taking anything like office. He says it's not only "bad style," but a positive throwing away of oneself; since whenever they do get a regularly clever fellow amongst them, they always keep him in some subordinate position. "They'll just treat you the way they did Edmund Burke," he says; and though I am not aware how that was, I am quite satisfied it was a rascally shame! Our name, too, I own to you, in all frankness, is awfully against us. Lord George has advised me over and over to add a syllable or two to it; so I should, perhaps, if I were not living with the Governor; but, for the present, I must submit.

The Captain has just dropped in to tell me that all is arranged—I am to have a fearful toothache, and be confined to bed for two days; and this, with heavy blankets and nitre whey, will take at least seven pounds off me. The Governor is to be seduced into an excursion, to see the works of Seraing. We have contrived to have his card of admission dated for a particular day, and the hackney coachman has been bribed to break down on the way home, and detain him several hours. Lord George is to have a drag ready for me at the outside of Liege at eight o'clock, and I hope to figure on the course by twelve! Mary Anne alone is in the secret. I was obliged to tell her, since, without her aid, I should have had no jacket; but she has cut up a splendid green satin of my Mother's, which, with white sleeves and cap to match, will turn me out rather smart, and national to boot. Bob is already gone, and has had her canters for the last four mornings, so that who knows but we shall do something.



You describe to me the trepidation of heart you felt on going up for honours at College—the fits of heat and cold, the tremblings, the sighings, the throbbings, and faintishness; trust me, Bob, it's all nothing to what one experiences on the eve of a race! *Your* contest is conducted in secret—your success or failure is witnessed by a few; *ours* is an open tournament, with thousands of spectators, who are, or who at least fancy that they are, most competent judges of the performance; and if it be a glorious thing to come sweeping past the Grand Stand amidst the vociferous cheers of a mighty host, to catch the fitful glance of waving hats and floating handkerchiefs as you dash by, it is a sorry affair to come hobbling along dead-lame or broke down, three hundred yards behind, greeted only by the scoffs of the multitude and the jokes of the greasy populace.

Which of these fortunes is to be mine you shall hear before I seal this epistle; and now, for the present, adieu!

Friday Evening.

I have just an hour before the post closes to announce to you my safe return here, though I greatly doubt if my swelled and still trembling fingers will make me legible. We started at cock-crow, and reached Spa for an early breakfast, having “tooled along” with a spicy tandem the thirteen miles in an hour. Before eight o'clock I had taken a hot bath, and reduced my weight nine pounds, having taken seven rounds of the race-course in a heavy fur pelisse of Lord George's. Twenty minutes more toiling, and some hot lemonade, completed my training, and left me by twelve o'clock somewhat groggy in gait and white about the gills, and, as George said, very much like a chicken boiled down for a broth!

Our game was not to bet on the general race, but to look on as mere spectators and see what could be done in a private match. This was not so easy, since these Belgian fellows were so intent on the “Liege St. Leger” and the “Spa Derby,” and twenty other travesties of the like kind, that they would not listen to anything but what sounded at least like English sport. We had, therefore, to wait with all due patience for their tiresome races—“native horses and native jockeys,” as the printed programme very needlessly informed us. “Flemish mares and Fat riders” would have been the suitable description.

I had almost despaired of doing anything, when near five o'clock George came up to say that he had made a match for a hundred Naps. a side; Bob against Bronchitis, twice round the course. I, to ride my own horse, and Count Amédée de Kaerters the other; he, giving me twelve pounds and a distance. Not too much odds, I assure you, since Bronchitis is out of Harpsichord by a Bay Middleton mare.

Before I had reached the Stand, George had made a very pretty book ; taking five, and even seven to two, against Bob, and an even fifty on her being distanced. Still I was far from comfortable when I saw Bronchitis : a splendid looking horse, with a great, slapping stride, light about the head, and strong in the quarters ; just the kind of horse that wants no riding whatever, only to be let do his own work his own way.

“The mare can’t gallop with that horse, George!” said I, in a whisper. “She’ll never see him after the first time round!”

“I’m half afraid of that,” said he, in the same low voice. “They told me he wasn’t all right, but he’s in top condition. We must see what’s to be done.” He smoked his cigar quite coolly for a minute or two, and then said, “Ah, here comes the Count! I have it, ‘Jim!’”—he always calls me “Jim”—“just mind *me*, and it will all come right.”

I was by no means convinced that everything was so safe, however ; and had I been possessed of the fifty Naps. required, I should gladly have paid the forfeit. Fortunately, as it turned out, I hadn’t so much money ; so into the scale I went, my heart being the heaviest spot about me !

“Eleven two,” said George ; “we’ll say eleven.”

The Count weighed eleven stone four, which, with his added weight, brought him to upwards of twelve stone.

“It’s exactly as I suspected,” whispered George to me. “The Belgian has weighed himself as if he was a gold guinea. He has been so anxious not to give you an ounce too much, that he has outwitted himself. All that you’ve to do, Jim, is, ride at him every now and then ; tease and worry the fellow wherever you can, and try if you can’t take some of that loose flesh off him before it’s over.”

I saw the scheme at once, Bob. I had nothing whatever to do but to save my distance to win the race ; for it was clearly impossible that the Count could go twice round a mile course, and come in as heavy as he started.

I must be brief, for my minutes are few. Would that you could have seen us going round ! I, lying always on his quarter ; making a rush whenever I got a bit of ugly ground ; and, though barely able to keep up with him, just being near enough to worry him. He wasn’t much of a rider, it is true, but he knew quite enough to see that he could run away from me whenever he liked ; and so he did, when he came to the last turn near home. Off he went at speed, pitching the mud behind him, and making my smart jacket something like a dirty draughtboard. It was only by dint of incessant spurring,

and tremendous punishment, that I was able to get inside the distance-post just as the cheering in front announced to me that he had passed the Grand Stand.

*My* canter in—for I was so dead beat, it was only a canter—was greeted with a universal yell of derision. To have a laugh against the Englishman on a race-course was a national triumph of no mean order. "It was a 'set-off' against Waterloo," George said.

In I came, splashed, spattered, and scorned, but not crestfallen, Bob; for one glance at my victorious rival satisfied me that all was safe. The Count was so completely fagged that he could scarcely get down from his horse, and when he did so he staggered like a drunken man.

"Come now, Count, into the scale!" cried Lord George; "show your weight, and let us pay our money!"

"I have weighed already," said the other. "I weighed before the start."

"Very true," rejoined George, "but let us see that you are the same weight still."

It required considerable explanation and argument to show the justice of this proposition, nor was it till a Jury of English Jocks decided in its favour that the Belgians were convinced.

At last he did consent to get into the scale, and, to the utter wonderment of all but the few English present, it was discovered that he had lost something like six pounds, and consequently lost the race.

It was capital fun to see the consternation of the Belgians at the announcement. They had been betting with such perfect certainty; they had been giving any odds to tempt a wager; and there they were! "in," as George said, "for a whole pot of money."

While they were counting down the cash, too, George kept assuring them that the lesson they had just received was "cheap as dirt;" "that it ought by right to have cost them thousands instead of hundreds, but that we preferred doing the thing in an amicable way." At such times, I must say, George is perfect. He is so cool, so courteous; so apparently serious, too, that even his sharpest cuts seem like civil speeches and kindly counsel. I never admired him more than when, having bought a Courier's leather-bag to stuff the gold in, he slung it round his neck, and, taking leave of the party with a polite bow, said:

"There are times, Gentlemen, when one goes all the lighter for a little additional weight!"

I scarcely remember how we reached Liege. It was almost one roar of laughter between us the whole road! And then such plans and schemes for the future!

Luck stood by me to the last. I reached home before the Governor, and in time to resume my bandages and my toothache. Mary Anne had taken care to have a very tidy bit of dinner ready; and now, while I sip my Bourdeaux, I dedicate to you the last moments of my long and eventful day.

I do not ask of you to write to me till you hear again, for there is no guessing where I may be this day fortnight. Vickars may possibly respond to my request; or I may find some complaisant Doctor to order me to a distant watering-place, in which case I may get free of the Dodd family, whom, I own to you, Bob, are a serious drawback on the progress and advancement of your

Attached, but now wide-awake friend,

JAMES DODD.

Dodd Père has just come home with a sprained ankle. The scoundrel of a Coachee overdid his instructions, and upset the "conveniency" into a lime-kiln. I suppose I'll have to pay two or three Naps. additional for the damage.

One good result, however, has followed: the Governor is in such a rage that he has determined to leave this to-morrow.

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## LETTER XV.

MISS DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

I DO not, indeed, deserve your reproaches. Mine is not a heart to forget the fondest ties of early affection, nor would you charge me with this were you near me. But how can *you*, lying peacefully in the calm haven of domestic quiet, "sleeping on your shadow," as the Poetess says, sympathise with one storm-tossed, and all but shipwrecked on the wild, wide ocean of Life.

Of the past I cannot trust myself to speak, and I must say, Kitty, if there be one lesson which the Continent teaches above all others, it is not to go over the by-gone. A week ago, in foreign acceptance, it is half a century; and he who remembers the events of yesterday rather verges on being a "bore" for his pains. Probably it is the intensity

with which they throw themselves into the "present" that imparts to foreigners their incontestible superiority in all that constitutes social distinction—their glowing enthusiasm even about what we should call trifles—their ardour to attain what we should deem of little moment!

If you were not to witness it, Kitty, you couldn't believe what an odious thing your regular untravelled Englishman is. His pride, his stiffness, his self-conceit, his contempt for everybody and everything, from good breeding to grammar. Contrast him with your pliant Frenchman, your courteous German, or your devoted Italian; so smiling and so submissive, so grateful for the slightest mark of your favour, that you feel all the power of riches in the wealth of your smiles, or the resources of your wit!

And they are so ingenious in discovering your perfections! It is not alone the rich colour of your hair, the arch of your eyebrow, or the symmetry of your instep, Kitty, but even the secret workings of your fancy, the fitful playings of your imagination; these they understand by a kind of magic. I really believe that the reason Englishmen do not comprehend women is, that they despise and look down upon them. Foreigners, on the other hand, adore and revere them! There is a kind of worship paid to the sex abroad that is most fascinating.

One reason for all this may be, that in England there are so many roads to ambition quite separated from female influence. Now here this is not the case. We are everything abroad, Kitty. Political, literary, artistic, fashionable, as we will. We can be fascinating, and go everywhere, or exclusive, and only admit a chosen few. We can be deep in all the secrets of state, and exhausted with all the cares of the cabinet! or can be "Lionne," and affect cigars and men society, talk scandal and "coulisses," wear all the becoming caprices of costume, and be even more than men in independence.

I see—or I fancy that I see—your astonishment at all that I am telling you, and that you half exclaim, "Where and how did Mary Anne learn all this?" I'll tell you, my dearest Kitty, since even the expansion of heart to my oldest friend is not sweeter to me than the enjoyment of speaking of one whose very name is already a spell to me.

You must know, then, that after various incidents, too numerous to recount, we left Brussels for Liege, where poor Mamma was taken so ill that we were forced to remain several weeks. This, of course, threw a gloom over our party, and deprived me of the inestimable pleasure I should have felt in visiting the scenes so graphically de-

scribed in Scott's delightful "Quentin Durward." As it was, I did contrive to make acquaintance with the old Palace of the Prince-Bishops, and brought away, as souvenir, a very pretty lace lappet and a pair of gold earrings of antique form, which I wanted greatly to suit a "moyen âge" costume that I have just completed, and of which I shall speak hereafter.

Liege, however, did not agree with any of us. Mamma never slept at night; Papa did little else than sleep day and night; poor James overworked himself at study; and Cary and myself grew positively plain! so that we started at last for Aix-la-Chapelle, intending to proceed direct to the Rhine. On arriving, however, at the "Quatre Saisons" Hotel, Pa found an excellent stock of port wine, which an Englishman, just deceased, had brought over for his own drinking, and he resolved to remain while it lasted. There were fortunately only seven dozen, or we should not have got away, as we did, in three weeks.

Not that Aix was entirely devoid of amusement. In the morning there is a kind of promenade round the Bath-house, where you drink a sulphur spa to soft music; but, as James says, a solution of rotten eggs in ditch water is scarcely palatable even with Donnizetti. After that you breakfast with what appetite you may; then you ride out in large parties of fifteen or twenty till dinner, the day being finished with a kind of half-dress, or no-dress, ball at "the Rooms." The Rooms, my dear Kitty, require a word or two of description. They are a set of six or seven salons of considerable size, and no mean pretension as to architecture; at least, the ceilings are very handsome, and the architraves of doors and windows display a vast deal of ornament, but so dirty, so shamefully, shockingly dirty, it is incredible to say! In some there are newspapers; in others they talk; in one large apartment there is dancing; but the rush and recourse of all seem to two chambers, where they play at rouge-et-noir and roulette.

I only took a passing peep at this Pandemonium, and was shocked at the unshaven and ill-cared-for aspect of the players, who really, to my eyes, appeared like persons in great poverty; and, indeed, Lord George informs me that the frequenters of this place are a very inferior class to those who resort to Ems and Baden.

I was not very sorry to get away from this; for, independently of other reasons, Pa had made us very remarkable—I had almost said very ridiculous—before the first week was over. In order to prevent James from frequenting the play-room, Papa stationed himself at the door, where he sat, with a great stick before him, from twelve o'clock every day till the same hour at night—a piece of eccentricity

that of course drew public attention to him, and made us all the subject of impertinent remarks, and, indeed, of some practical jokes: such as sudden alarms of fire, anonymous letters, and other devices, to seduce him from his watch.

It was, therefore, an inexpressible relief to me to hear that we were off for Cologne—that city of sweet waters and a glorious Cathedral!—though I must own to you, Kitty, that in the first of these two attractions the place is disappointing. The manufacturers of the far-famed perfume would seem so successfully to have extracted the odour of the richly-gifted flowers, that they have actually left nothing endurable by human nose! Of all the towns of Europe, it is, they tell, the very worst in this respect; and even Papa, who, between snuff and nerves long inured to Irish fairs and Quarter Sessions, is tolerably indifferent—even he said that he felt it “rather close and stuffy.”

As for the Cathedral, dearest, I have no words to convey my sensations of awe, wonderment, and worship. Yes, Kitty, it was a sense of soft devotional bewilderment—a kind of deliciously pious rapture I felt come over me, as I sat in a dark recess of this glorious building, the rich organ notes pealing through the vaulted aisles, and floating upwards towards the fretted roof. Even Lord George—that volatile spirit—could not resist the influence of the spot, and he pressed my hand in the fervour of his feelings—a liberty, I need scarcely tell you, he never would have ventured on under less exciting circumstances.

Shall I own to you, Kitty, that this sign of emotion on his part emboldened me to a step that you will call one of daring heroism. I could not, however, resist the temptation of contrasting the solemn grandeur and gorgeous sublimity of *our* Church with the cold unimpressive nakedness of *his*. The theme, the spot, the hour—all seemed to inspire me, Kitty; and I suppose I must have pleaded eloquently, for his hand trembled, his head drooped, and almost fell upon my shoulder. I told him repeatedly that it was his reason I wished to convince—that I neither desired to captivate his imagination, nor engage his heart.

“And why not my heart?” cried he, passionately. “Is it that——”

Oh, Kitty, who can tell what he would have said next, if a dirty little acolyte had not whisked round the corner and begged of us to move away, and let him light two tapers beside a skull in a glass case? The officious little wretch might, at least, have waited till we had gone away; but no, nothing would do for him but he must illu-

minate his bones that very instant, and thus, probably, was lost to me for ever the unspeakable triumph I had all but accomplished.

We arose and set out in search of our party, who were, it appeared, in quest of Papa; nor was it for two hours that we found him. He had ascended the tower with us all, but instead of coming down when we did, he took a short turn on the leads, and, finding the door closed on his return, remained a prisoner there during all the time we were in search of him. There is no saying how much longer he might have passed in this captivity—for all his cries and shouts were unheard—had he not hit upon an expedient, not entirely devoid of danger, for his rescue. This was, to tear off any loose tiles he could find, and hurl them over into the street beneath. Why and how nobody was killed by it we cannot guess, for it is a most crowded thoroughfare, and actually crammed with stalls of fruit and vegetables. The buttresses and projections of the Cathedral probably arrested many of the missiles in their flight; but one, thrown I conjecture with extraordinary force, came bang on the roof of the Archbishop's carriage, just as his Grace had got in, the noise and the shock almost depriving him of consciousness! Papa, however, knew nothing of all this, and was actually hard at work detaching a lead gutter when they rushed up and apprehended him.

It was almost an hour before we could come to anything like a reasonable explanation of the incident, for Papa insisted that he was the aggrieved person throughout, and raved about his action for false imprisonment. The Dean of the Cathedral demanded a handsome sum for reparation, and threw in a sly word about "sacrilege" if we demurred. Mamma, still weak and delicate, took to hysterics, while a considerable mob outside gave token of preparation to maltreat us on our exit. Under all these adverse conjunctures, we thought it wiser to remain where we were till night; so we sent for something to the Hotel, and made ourselves comfortable in the sacristan's room, where, the first shock over, we grew both merry and happy, Lord G., as usual, being the life of our party, by that buoyant exhilaration that really, Kitty, is the first of all Nature's gifts.

I already guess whither your thoughts are carrying you, Kitty! Have I not divined aright? You are calling to mind the night we passed at the old windmill at Gariff, when the bridge was carried away by the flood! I vow to you it was uppermost in my own thoughts too! It was there Peter first told me of his love! Never till that moment had I the slightest suspicion of his feeling towards me. I was young, artless, and confiding—a mere child of Nature! Indeed, I must say that he was not blameless in taking the advantage he did of my fresh





A French Comedy

18



and unsuspecting heart! What knew I of the world? How could I anticipate the position I was yet to hold in society? or how measure the degree of presumption by which he aspired to my hand?

He has many excellent qualities of head and heart. I do not deny it; but the deceit he thus practised on me I can never forget. I do not desire that you should tell him so. No, Kitty. The likelihood is, that we may never meet again; and I do not wish that one harsh thought should mar the memory of the past! It may be that, at some future time, I can befriend and serve him; and he may rest assured, that no station of life, however exalted and brilliant, will separate me from the ties of early friendship. Even now, I am certain, Lord George would oblige me on his behalf. Do you think, or could you ascertain, whether he would like to go out as surgeon to a convict ship? They tell me that these are excellent appointments, and admirably suited to young men of enterprising habits and no friends; and that, if they settle in the colony, they get several thousand acres of land, and as many natives as they can catch. From what I can learn, it would suit P. B., for he was always of a romantic turn, and fond of mutton.

How my wandering fancies have led me away! Where was I? Oh, in the little vaulted chamber of the Sacristan, with its quaint old wainscot and its one narrow window, dim and many paned! It was midnight before we left it to return to our Hotel, and then the streets were quite deserted, and we walked along in silent thoughtfulness, I leaning on Lord G.'s arm, and wishing—I know not well why—that we had two miles to go!

We are stopping at the "Emperor," a very fine Hotel that looks out upon the Rhine, and, as my window overhangs the river, I sat and gazed upon the rushing waters till nigh daybreak, occasionally adding a line to this scrawl to my dearest Kitty, and then wafting a sigh to the night-breeze as it stole along.

And now at length, and after all these windings and digressions, I come to what I promised to speak of in the early part of this rambling epistle. We were at breakfast on the morning after what Lord G. calls our "Cathedral service"—for he persists in quizzing about it, and says that Pa was practising to become a "minor canon," when a very handsome travelling-carriage drove up to the Hotel-door, attracting us all to the windows by the noise and clatter. It was one of those handsome britschkas, Kitty, that at once bespeak the style of their owner; scrupulously plain and quiet—almost Quaker-like in simplicity, but elegant in form, and surrounded with all that luxury

of cases and imperials that show the traveller carries every indulgence and comfort along with him.

There was no Courier, but a very smartly-dressed maid, evidently French, occupied the rumble. While we stood speculating as to the new arrival, Lord George broke out with a sudden exclamation of astonishment and delight, and rushed down stairs. The next moment he was at the side of the carriage, from which a very fair, white hand was extended to him. It was very easy to see, by his air and manner, that he was on the most intimate terms with the fair traveller; nor was it difficult to detect, by the gestures of the landlord, that he was deploring the crowded state of the Hotel, and the impossibility of affording accommodation. As is usual on such occasions, a considerable crowd had gathered—beggars, loungers, luggage-porters, waiters, and stable-men, who all eagerly poked their heads into the carriage, and seemed to take a lively interest in what was going forward, to escape from whose impertinent curiosity Lord G. entreated the lady to alight.

To this she consented, and we saw a very elegant-looking person, in a kind of half-mourning, descend from the carriage, displaying what James called a “stunning foot and ankle” as she alighted. We had not time to resume our seats at the breakfast table, when Lord George rushed in, saying, “Only think, there’s Mrs. Gore Hampton arrived, and not a place to put her head in! Her stupid Courier has, they say, gone on to Bonn, although she told him she meant to stay some days here.”

Now, my dearest Kitty, I blush to own that not one of us had ever heard of Mrs. Gore Hampton till that hour, although unquestionably, from the way Lord George announced the name, she was as well known in the great world as Albert Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family. We of course, however, did not exhibit our ignorance, but deplored, and regretted, and sorrowed over her misfortune, as though it had been what the *Times* calls “a shocking case of destitution.”

“It just shows!” said Lord George, as he walked hurriedly to and fro, rubbing his hands through his hair in distraction, “that with every accident of fortune that can befall human beings—rank, wealth, beauty, and accomplishment, one is not exempt from the annoyances of life. If a man were to have laid a bet at Brookes’s, that Mrs. Gore Hampton would be breakfasting in the public room of a Hotel on the Rhine on such a day, he’d have netted a pretty smart sum by the odds.”

"And is she?" cried three or four of us together. "Is that possible?"

"It will be an accomplished fact, as the French say, in about ten minutes," cried he, "for there is really not a corner unoccupied in the Hotel."

We looked at each other, Kitty, for some seconds in silence, and then, as if by a common impulse, every eye was turned towards Papa. Whatever his feelings, I cannot pretend to guess, but he evidently shrunk from our scrutiny, for he opened the *Galignani* and entrenched himself behind it.

"I'm sure that either Mary Anne or Cary," broke in Mamma, "would willingly give up their room."

"Oh! delighted—but too happy to oblige," cried we together. But Lord George stopped us. "That's the worst of it—she is so timid, so fearful of giving trouble, and especially when she is not acquainted, that I'm certain she could not bring herself to occasion all this inconvenience!"

"But it will be none whatever. If she could be content with one room——"

"One room!" cried he—"one room is a Palace at such a moment. But that is precisely the value of the sacrifice."

We assured him, again and again, that we thought nothing of it; that the opportunity of serving any friend of his—not to speak of one so worthy of every attention—was an ample recompense for such a trifling inconvenience. We became eloquent and entreating, and at last, I actually believe, we had to importune him at least to give the lady herself the choice of accepting our proposition.

"Be it so," cried he suddenly; and starting up, hurried down stairs to convey our message.

When he had left the room, we sat staring at each other, as if profoundly conscious that we had done something very magnanimous and very splendid, and yet at the same time not quite satisfied that we had done it in the right way. Mamma suggested that Papa ought to have gone down himself with our offer. *He*, on the contrary, said that it was *her* business, or that of one of the girls. James was of opinion that a civil note would be the proper thing. "Mrs. Kenny James Dodd, of Dodsborough, presents her respectful compliments, and so forth"—thus giving us the opportunity of mentioning our ancestral seat, not to speak of the advantage of rounding off a monosyllabic name with a sonorous termination. James defended his opinion so successfully, that I actually fetched my writing-desk and

opened it on the breakfast-table, when Lord George flung wide the door, and announced "Mrs. Gore Hampton!"

You may judge of our confusion, when I tell you that Mamma was in her dressing-gown and without her cap; Papa in his shocking old flannel *robe de chambre*, with the brown spots, which he calls his "Leprosy," and a pair of fur boots that he wears over his trousers, giving him a look of the Russian ferryman we see in the vignette of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia;" Cary and I in curl-papers, and "not fastened;" and James in a sailor's check shirt and Russia-duck trousers, with a red sash round him, and an enormous pipe in his hand—a picturesque group, if not a pleasing one. I mention these details, dearest Kitty, less as to any relation they bear to ourselves, than for the sake of commemorating the inimitable tact of our accomplished visitor. To any one of less perfect breeding the situation might have seemed awkward—almost, indeed, ludicrous. Mamma's efforts to make her scanty drapery extend to the middle of her legs—Papa's struggles to hide his feet—James's endeavours to escape by an impracticable door—and Cary and myself blushing as we tried to shake out our curls, made up a scene that anything short of courtly good manners might have laughed at.

In this trying emergency she was perfect! The easy grace of her step, the elegant quietude of her manner, the courtesy with which she acknowledged what she termed our "most thoughtful kindness," were actual fascinations. It seemed as if she really carried into the room with her an atmosphere of good breeding, for we, magically as it were, forgot all about the absurdities of our appearance. Mamma thought no more of her almost Highland costume, Papa crossed his legs with the air of an old elephant, and James leaned over the back of a chair to converse with her, as if he had been a Captain of the Coldstreams in full uniform. To say that she was charming, Kitty, is nothing; for, besides being almost perfectly beautiful, there is a grace, a delicacy, a feminine refinement in her manner, that make you feel her loveliness almost secondary to her elegance. It seemed, besides, like an instinct to her, the way she fell in with all our humours, enjoying with a keen zest Papa's acute and droll remarks about the Continent and the habits of foreigners, Mamma's opinions on the subject of dress and domestic economy, and James's notions of "fast men" and "smart people" in general.

She repeatedly assured us that she concurred in everything we said, and gave exactly the same reasons for preferring the Continent to England that we did, instancing the very fact of our making ac-

quaintance in this unceremonious manner, as a palpable case in point. "Had we been at the Star and Garter, at Windsor, or the Albion, at Brighton," said she, "you had certainly left me to my fate, and I should not have been now enjoying the privilege of an acquaintance that I trust is not destined to end here."

Oh! Kitty, if you could but have heard the tone of winning softness with which she uttered words simple as these. But, indeed, the real charm of manner is to invest commonplaces with interest, and impart to the mere nothings of intercourse a kind of fictitious value and importance. She congratulated us so heartily on travelling *without* a Courier—the very thing we were at the moment ashamed of, and that Mamma was trying all manner of artifices to conceal. "It is so sensible of you," said she, "so independent, and shows that you thoroughly understand the Continent. Travelling as *I* do"—there was a sorrowful tenderness as she said this, that brought the tears to my eyes—"travelling as *I* do,"—she paused, and only resumed after a moment of difficulty—"a Courier is indispensable; but *you* have no such necessity."

"And Gregoire apparently wants to show you how well you could do without him," cried Lord George. "He has gone on to Bonn, and left you here to your destiny."

"Oh, but he is such a good, careful old creature," said she, "that though he *does* make fearful mistakes, I cannot be angry with him."

"It's very kind of you to say so," resumed he; "but if *I* told him that I meant to stop at Cologne, and *he* went forward to order rooms at Bonn, I'd break his neck when we met."

"Then I assure you I shall do no such thing," added she, taking off her gloves, as if to show how unsuited her beautifully taper fingers, all glittering with gems, would be to any such occupation.

"And now you'll have to wait here for Fordyce?" said he, half angrily.

"Of course I shall!" said she, with a sweet smile.

Lord George made some rejoinder, but I could not hear it, to this, and so, Kitty, we all determined, that instead of at once setting out for Bonn, we should stay and dine with Mrs. Gore Hampton, and not leave her till evening—a kindness at which she really seemed overjoyed, thanking each of us over again and again for our "dear good-nature."

And now, Kitty, I have just left her to hasten off these lines by

post hour. My heart is yet fluttering with the delight of her charming conversation, and my hand trembles as I write myself

Your ever attached and fascinated friend,

MARY ANNE DODD.

Hotel de l'Empereur, Cologne.

P.S.—Mrs. G. H. has just slipped in to my dressing-room to say that she is *so* sorry that we are going away; that she feels as if we were actually old friends already. She has evidently some secret sorrow: would that I knew how to console her!

We are to write to each other, but I am not to show her letters to Cary: this she made an express stipulation. She thinks Cary “a sweet girl, but volatile;” and I believe, Kitty, that there is something of levity in her character, which is its greatest defect.



## LETTER XVI.

KENNY I. DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

MY DEAR TOM,

THERE'S an old Turkish proverb, to the effect that, whenever a man finds himself happy, he should immediately sit down and write word of it to his friends; for the great likelihood is, that if he loses a post, he'll have to change his note. Depend upon it, the adage has some truth in it! If, for example, I'd have finished and sent off a letter I began to you last Wednesday, I'd have given you a very favourable account of myself and our prospects here. The place seemed very much what we were looking for—a quiet little University town on the bank of this fine river—snug and comfortable, and yet, at the same time, not shut in, but with glorious expansive views on every side; shady walks for noonday, and hill rambles for sunset; museums and collections for bad weather occupation, and that kind of simple, unostentatious living, that bespeaks a community of small fortunes, and as small ambition.

A quaint-looking, half shy, half defiant look in the faces, showed that, if not very great or very rich folk, that they still had other, and perhaps not less sterling claims to worldly reverence; and so they have too! There are some of the first men, not only in Germany but in Europe, here, living on the income of a London butler, and letting the "first floor furnished" to people like the Dodd family!

It is a great privation to me that I don't speak German, for something tells me we should suit each other wonderfully! Don't mistake me, Tom, and fancy that I am saying this out of any conceit in my abilities, or any false notion of my education. I believe in my heart I have as little of one as the other; and the only wise thing my father ever did, was to take me away from Doctor Bell's when I was thirteen, and when he saw that putting Latin and Greek into me, was like sowing barley in a bog—a waste of good seed, in a soil not fit for it! But I'll tell you why I think I'd get on well with these Germans! They seem to be a kind of dreamy, thoughtful, imaginative creatures, that would relish the dry, commonplace thoughts, and hard, practical hints of a man like myself. I couldn't discuss a classical subject with them, nor talk about the varieties of the Greek dialects; but I

could converse pleasantly enough about the difference between the ancients and ourselves in points of government, and on matters of social life. I know little of books, but I've seen a good deal of men; and if it be objected that they were chiefly of my own country, I answer at once, that however strongly impressed with his nationality, there's not a man in any country of Europe so versatile, so many-sided, and so difficult to understand, as Paddy. Don't be frightened, Tom; I'm not going off into the "Ethnologies," and not a word will you hear from me about the facial angle, or frontal development! I'm not speaking of Pat as if he were a plaster-cast, to be measured with a rule and marked with a piece of charcoal; I'm talking of him as he is, in a frieze coat, or one of broadcloth—a sceptical, credulous, patient, headlong, calculating, impulsive, miserly spendthrift—a species of "Bull" incarnate, that never prospers till he is ruined outright, and only has real success in life when all the odds are against him.

Ireland's birdlime to me—I stick fast if I only touch it; and why ain't I back there, growling about the markets, cursing the poor-rates, and enjoying myself as I used to do? Doesn't it strike you, Tom, that we take more "out" of ourselves in Ireland—in the way of temper, I mean—than any other people we hear of in history? Paddy often reminds me of those cutters on the American lakes, where they saw across the timbers to give them greater speed; we go fast, it is true, but we strain ourselves terribly for the sake of it.

And now to come back to Bonn: there is really much to like in it. It is cheap, it is quiet without seclusion, and there's no snobbery. You know what I mean, Tom. There's not a Tilbury, nor a Tiger, nor a genteel Tea-party in the town! I don't know of a single waistcoat with more than five colours in it; and, except James and the head waiter, there's nobody wears diamond shirt buttons. In fact, if we must live out of our country, I thought that this was about the best spot we could fix upon. We made an excellent bargain at our Hotel; ten pounds a week was to cover everything; no extras of any kind after that; so that at last I began to see my way before me, and perceive some chance of solving that curious problem that torments alike Chancellors and Country Gentlemen—how to meet expenditure by income.

Masters in German, Music, and Mathematics, and other little odds and ends, took a couple of pounds more; and I allowed myself ten shillings a week for what the Doctor calls "my little charities," that now resolve themselves into threepenny whist, or a game of nine-pins, with the Professor of Oriental Languages. Even *you*, Tom—

“Joe” as you are about the budget—couldn’t pick a hole in this! Not that I want to give myself credit for a measure absolutely imperative; for, to say the truth, our late performances in Brussels were of the very costliest, and even Liege ran away with a deal of money. Doctors have about the same ideas respecting your cash account as your constitution. They never leave either in a state of plethora! Now, as I was saying, my letter, begun on Wednesday last, had all these details, and might have concluded with a flattering picture of James hard at his studies, and the girls not less diligently occupied with their music and embroidery—the two resources by which modern ingenuity fancies it keeps female minds employed! As if Double-Bass or Berlin wool were disinfecting liquors! I could also have added that Mrs. D. had fallen into that peculiar condition which is natural to her whenever she finds a place stupid and unexciting, and which she fondly fancies to be a religious frame of mind; in other words, she took to reading her breviary, and worrying Betty Cobb about her duties; got up for five o’clock mass, and insisted upon Friday coming three times a week. I could bear all this for quietness’ sake; and if fish diet could insure peace, I’d be content to live upon isinglass for the rest of my days.

Mrs. D., however, is not a woman to do things by halves; there’s no John Russelism about her; and now that she had taken this serious turn, I saw clearly enough what was in store for us. I had actually ordered a small silk skull-cap, as a protection to my head, not knowing when I might be sent to do duty in a procession, when suddenly the wind veered round, and began to blow very fresh in exactly the opposite quarter. You must know, Tom, that just before we left Cologne, we chanced to make acquaintance with a certain very fashionable person—a Mrs. Gore Hampton. She was standing disconsolately to be rained on, in the street, when Lord George brought her up-stairs to our rooms, and introduced her to us. She was, I must say, what is popularly called a very splendid woman—tall, dark-eyed, and dashing, with a bewitching smile, and that kind of voice that somehow makes commonplaces very graceful. She had, too, that wonderful tact—wherever it comes from I can’t guess—to suit us all, without seeming to take the slightest trouble about the matter.

She talked to Mrs. D. about London fashionable life, just as if they had both been going out together for the last three or four seasons; aye, and stranger still, without even once puzzling her, or making her feel astray in the geography of this *terra incognita*. I conclude she was equally successful with the girls; and though she scarcely ad-

dressed a word to James, I suppose she must have made up for it by a look, for he has never ceased raving of her since.

I haven't told you how she "landed" me—for I'm not above confessing that I was as bad as the rest; but the truth is, Tom, I don't really know how I was caught. I am too old for these blandishments; they no more suit me now than a tight boot or a runaway hack; one gets too rheumatic and too stiff in the joints for homage after fifty; and besides that, there's a kind of croaking conscience that whispers—"Don't be making a fool of yourself, Kenny James!" and between you and me, Tom, 'tis well for us when we're not too deaf to hear it.

Besides this, Tom, it is only the fellows that never were in love when they were young that become irretrievably entangled in after life. If you want to see a true sexagenarian victim, look out for some hang-dog, downcast, mopish creature, or some suspicious, wary, crafty, red-haired rascal, that thought every woman had a trap laid for him. These are your hopeless cases—these are the men that always die in some mysterious manner, and leave wills behind them to be litigated for half a century.

The Kenny Dodds of this world come into another category. They knew that love and the measles are mildest in young constitutions, and so they began early. Maybe it was in a firm reliance on this that I felt so easy about the widow—if widow she be—for, to tell the truth, I don't yet know if Mr. Gore Hampton be to the fore, or only has left her a memory of his virtues.

I leave you to guess what impression she made upon me; for the more I go on trying to explain and refine upon it, the less intelligible do I become. One thing, however, I must say—these charming women are the ruin of Irishmen! Our own fair creatures, with a great share of good looks, and far more than ordinary agreeability, are not so dangerous as the English, and for this reason: in their demands for admiration they are too general; they—so to say—fire at the whole covey; now your Englishwoman marks her bird, and never goes home till she bags it!

We were to have left Cologne that morning for Bonn, but so agreeably did the time pass, that we didn't start till evening, and even then it was quite tearing ourselves away; for the delightful widow—for widow I must call her till she shows cause to the contrary—hourly gained on us.

She was obliged to wait there for some lawyers or men of business that were to follow her with papers to sign; and although Lord George did his best to persuade her that she might as well come on with us—

that Bonn was only fifteen miles further—she was firm, and said that “Old Mr. Fordyce was a great prig, and when she had once named Cologne for their meeting, she would have travelled from Naples rather than break the appointment.” I own to you, there was a tenacity and determination in all that which pleased me. Maybe, the great charm of it was, that it was very unlike what I’d have done myself!

The whole way to Bonn we talked of nothing but her, the discussion being all the more unconstrained that Lord George had stayed behind, and was only to come up the next morning. We were agreed upon a number of points: her beauty, her elegance, the grace and fascination of her manner, and her high breeding; but we took different views as to her condition—Mrs. D. and the girls thinking that she was married, James and I standing out for widowhood. Lord George joined us the next day; and although he could have resolved our doubts at once, Mary Anne stopped all inquiry, by assuring us that nothing was so hopelessly vulgar as to display any ignorance about the family or connexions of people of rank. “If she be in the Peerage, we ought to know her, and all about her. She is, of course, some Augusta Louisa, b. 18 and dash; m. to the Honourable Leopold Conway Gore Hampton, third son, and so on.” In a word, Tom, we had the whole family tree before us, from its old gnarled root to its last bud, and ours the shame if we were ignorant of its botanical properties!

A few quiet humdrum days of Bonn existence had almost obliterated our memory of the charming widow, and we were beginning to “train off” our attachments to fashionable life, when, in all the splashing and whip-cracking of foreign posting, up dashes the dark green britschka to our Hotel one fine evening; and before we could well recognise the carriage, the fair owner herself was making the tour of the Dodd family, embracing, and hand-shaking, as age and sex dictated!

I wish any physiologist would explain why the English, that are so proverbial for a cold and chilling demeanour at home, grow at once so cordial when they come abroad. Whether it be the fear of the damp, or the swell mob, I can’t tell, but everybody in England goes about with his hands in his pockets, and only nods to a friend when he meets him; whereas, here, you start with a grin at fifty yards off, then off goes your hat with a flourish, that, if you have any tact, what with shaking your head, and looking overcome with delight, occupies you till you come up with him, when your greeting grows more enthusiastic—lucky if it does not finish with a kiss on both cheeks.

I suppose it was the influence of habit betrayed me, for, in a fit of abstraction, I took the charming widow into my arms, and saluted her as if she were Mrs. Dodd. If this was in London, Tom, or even in Dublin, there's no saying what mischief might not have grown out of it. I might have been fighting duels every day for the last week, not to mention still more formidable encounters of a domestic nature; but, just to show you what the Continent does for us—how instinctively, as it were, we rise above the little narrow prejudices of our insular situation—she threw herself into a chair and laughed immoderately. Aye, and droller again, so did Mrs. D.! To tell you the truth, Tom, I couldn't well believe my senses when I saw it. It would seem to be the same in morals as in murder—you can dignify the offence by the rank of your victim; for if it had been one of the maids at home, Mrs. D. would have left my face like a piece of music paper!

There's a great deal in how you open an acquaintance! You may be card-leaving, and bowing, and how-d'ye-doing for years, and never get further; or, on the other hand, by some lucky accident, you come plump down into the right place, just as a chance shell will now and then drop into a magazine, and finish an engagement at once!

In less than an hour after her arrival, Mrs. Gore Hampton was one of ourselves. It was not that she was calling the girls dearest Cary, and darling Mary Anne, but she had got a regular sisterly tone with Mrs. D. and myself—treating James all the while as if he was about twelve years old, and at home for the holidays. She had not only done all this, but before luncheon was on the table we had ratified a solemn league and covenant that she was to travel with us, and be one of us, going wherever we went, and living as we did. How the treaty was ever mooted, who proposed, and who signed it, I know no more than the Man in the Moon. It was done in a kind of rattling, bantering fashion; and when we rose from table it was all settled. Mrs. Gore Hampton was to take Cary and Mary Anne with her in the britschka; the "dear boy"—viz., James—would be the "Guard in the rumble." There was a place for everybody and everything; and I believe, if any one had proposed that I should ride the leader, it would have been carried without opposition. Never was there such unanimity! The whole arrangement was huddled up like a road-presentment on a Grand Jury, or a Private Bill before the House on a Wednesday afternoon. As for myself, if I had even the will, I could not have summoned the shamelessness to offer any opposition to the measure.

"Devilish good thing for *you*, Dodd!" whispered Lord George.







“Mrs. G. knows everybody in the world, and doesn't care for money.” —“Oh, Papa! she is delightful; there never was such a piece of good fortune as our meeting with her,” cried Mary Anne. And Mrs. D. assured me, that, for the very first time in her life, had she met a person thoroughly companionable to her in all respects; in fact, a “kindred soul,” though not a “blood relation.”

Now, Tom, considering that we came abroad to enjoy the advantages of high society, fashionable habits, and refined associations, this accident did indeed seem a propitious one; for, disguise it how we may, the great world is a dangerous ocean to venture upon without a pilot. Our own little experiences might teach that lesson. We sailed out in all the confidence of a stout crew and a safe vessel, and a pretty voyage we made of it! Perhaps we did not make more mistakes than our neighbours, but assuredly our blunders were neither few nor insignificant!

Mrs. G., however, would soon rectify all this. “No more making acquaintance with wrong people, K. I.,” says Mrs. D.; “no more getting into vulgar intimacies at the Café, and cementing friendships over a game of dominoes. James will know the class of young men that he ought to mix with, and the girls will only dance with suitable partners.” It sounded well, Tom! It was a grand protective policy, that really secured the Dodd family in the possession of all home advantages, and relieved them of all aggressions “from the foreigner.”

If we had fallen on a prize in the Lottery, I don't think the joy of our circle could have been greater. I am not going to pretend that I didn't join in it! I make no affectation of prudent reserve and caution, and Heaven knows what other elegant qualities, that, however natural to other people, very seldom fall to the lot of an Irishman. I vow to you, Tom, I went off full cry like the rest of the pack. She is a fine woman this Mrs. Gore Hampton; she has a low, soft voice, a very bewitching smile, and a way of looking at you while you are talking to her, that somehow half suggests to yourself that you must be making love without knowing it. Now, don't misunderstand me, Tom, and come out with one of your long whistles, as much as to say “Kenny James is as great a fool as ever!” No such thing! a suit in Chancery, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Estates Court, have made me an altered man. The very nature of me is changed, and changed so much, that many's the time I ask myself, “Is this Kenny Dodd? Where upon earth is that light-hearted, careless, hopeful vagabond, that always took the sunny road in life, though, maybe, it wasn't exactly the way to the place he was going!” I'm an-

other man now ; I'm wiser, as they call it ; and, upon my conscience, I'm mighty sorry for it !

But, I hear you say, " Haven't you just confessed that you were, what shall I call it—fascinated by the widow ?" And if I did, Tom Purcell, do you mean to tell me that you would have escaped her ? Not a bit of it. The brown wig would have been set a little more forward, so as to bring one of those silky curls over your right eye. I think I see you exchanging your spectacles for a double eye-glass, and turning out your toes so as to display to the best advantage that shapely calf in its trim brown silk stocking. Ah, Tom ! not even Quarter Sessions and a Rate in Aid will drive these thoughts out of an Irishman's head.

From the moment that this new alliance was signed, we entered upon a new existence. Bonn, as I have told you, was a quiet little collegiate place, with primitive habits of no very expensive kind. The chief pleasures were weak wine in a garden, or small whist in a summer-house, with now and then an " Æsthetic tea," as they phrase it, at the Pro-Rector's ; of which, of course, I understand nothing, but sincerely hope that the discourse was better than the beverage. It was, I own it, Tom, a strange kind of life, that seemed to me always like a moral convalescence, when you were only strong enough for small virtues. One undoubted advantage it had—it was inexpensive, Tom. We were living, with few comforts and some privations, I confess, at only one-third more than we used to spend at Dodsborough ; and, considering that we knew nothing of the language, I conclude that we were enjoying the Continent as cheaply as was practicable.

I won't pretend that it suited me. I don't want you to believe that I was taking a scientific or a studious turn. Still I liked the place for one thing, which was this—its quiet monotony, its placid, unvarying simplicity was telling upon Mrs. D. and the children in an astonishing manner. It was exactly the way that the water-cure works its wonders with old drunkards ; the mountain air, the light diet, and the early hours being the best of the remedy. They were getting into a healthy state of mind without ever suspecting it.

Our Grand Junction, as Cary calls it, finished this ; from the day Mrs. G. arrived our reforms began. First, we had to change our Hotel, and betake ourselves to one on the river side, three times as dear, and not one-fourth as good. The second story was fine enough for us before. Now we have the whole " *prémier*," taking two rooms more than we want, lest anybody should live on the same floor with us. Instead of the table d'hôte, that was cheap and cheerful, we

were to dine up-stairs—a “particular dinner,” as they call what is particularly bad, and costly besides. Then we have had to hire two lacqueys, one of whom sits in an ante-room all day reading the newspaper, and only rising to make me a grand bow as I pass; which worries me so much that I usually go down by the back stairs to escape him.

We have two job coaches, for we are too many for one, and a boat hired by the week, with a considerable retinue of mountain ponies and donkeys, guides, goats, whey-sellers, and geological specimen-folk without end. If Mrs. G. was only fashionable, we couldn't be more than ruined; but she is learned and literary, and given to the “ologies,” Tom, and that's what I fear will drive us clean mad. She has an eternal restlessness in her to be at something; one day, it's the date of a medal; the next, it is the family connexions of a “moss,” or the chemistry of a meteoric stone; and, shall I own to you, my dear friend, that I don't believe she either understands or cares one jot about them all. There's a big Herbarium bound in green, and a grand book of Autographs in blue and gold, on the drawing-room table; there's a bit of “gneiss,” a big beetle, and a fossil frog, on the chimney-piece; but my name isn't Kenny Dodd if she hasn't more sympathies with Modern Dandies than Antediluvian Monsters. That's my private opinion; and, of course, I mention it in confidence. You'll say, “What matter is that to you?” and true enough, it is not, as regards her; but what will become of us, if Mrs. D. takes a turn for entymology or comparative anatomy, and worse, maybe? She's just the kind of woman to do it. She'd learn the tight-rope if she thought it was fashionable; or, as the newspapers say, “patronised by the Aristocracy.” Now, Tom, you can fancy the unknown sea upon which we have embarked. For, however unadapted we may be to fashionable life, one thing is quite clear—we never were made for the abstract sciences; and it strikes me forcibly, that the great lesson of continental life is, that everybody can do everything. I am not going to say that it is not a pleasant and a very flattering theory, but is it quite safe, Tom? that's the question. The highest step I ever attained in Chemistry, was how to concoct a tumbler of punch; and my knowledge of Botany does not go far beyond distinguishing “Greens” from Geraniums; and it's not at my time of life that I'm to drive myself crazy with hard names and classifications; and, if I know anything of Mrs. D., her intellectual faculties have attained all the vigour that nature meant for them many a year ago!

My own private opinion about these sciences is, they're capital

things for employing young people, and keeping them out of wickedness! The fellows that teach them, too, are musty, snuff-taking, prozy old dogs, with heavy shoes and greasy cravats—the very reverse of your race of dancing and music masters, who are a pestilent crew! So that for a man who has daughters abroad my advice is—stick to the sciences. Grey sandstone is safer than the polka, and there's not as dangerous an experiment in all chemistry as singing duets with some black-bearded blackguard from Naples or Palermo. Now mind, Tom, this counsel of mine applies to the education of the young, for when people come to the forties, you may rely upon it, if they set about learning anything, they'll have the devil for a school-master. What does all the Geology mean? Junketting, Tom—nothing but junketting! Primitive rock is another name for a Pic-nic, and what they call Quartz is a figurative expression for iced champagne. Just reflect for a moment, and see what it comes to. You can enter a protest against family extravagances when they take the shape of balls and soirées, but what are you to do against Botanical excursions and Antiquarian researches? It's like writing yourself down Goth at once to oppose these. "Oh, Papa hates chemistry; he despises natural history," that's the cry at once, and they hold me up to ridicule just in the way the rascally Protestant newspapers did Dr. Cullen, for saying that he didn't believe the world was round. If the liberty of the subject be worth anything—if the right for which these same Protestants are always prating, private judgment, be the great privilege they deem it—why shouldn't Dr. Cullen have his own opinion about the shape of the earth? He can say, "It suits *me* to think that I'm walking erect on a flat surface, and not crawling along with my head down, like a fly on the ceiling! I'm happier when I believe what doesn't puzzle my understanding, and I don't want any more miracles than we have in the Church." He may say that, and I'd like to know what harm does that do you or me? Does it endanger the Protestant succession or the State religion? Not a bit of it, Tom. The real fact is simply this: private judgment is a boon they mean to keep for themselves, and never share with their neighbours! So far as I have seen of life, there's no such tyrant as your Protestant, and for this reason: it's bad enough to force a man to believe something that he doesn't like, but it's ten times worse to make him disbelieve what he's well satisfied with; and that's exactly what they do. Even on the ground of common humanity it is indefensible. If my private judgment goes in favour of saints' toe-nails and martyrs' shin-bones, I have a right to my opinion, and you have no right to attack it. Besides, I won't be badgered into what may

suit somebody else to think. My opinion is like my flannel waist-coat, that I'll take off or put on as the weather requires; and I think it very cruel if I must wear *mine* simply because *you* feel cold.

I get warm—I almost grow angry, when I think of these things; and I wonder within myself why none of our people don't expose them, as they might. Not that some are not doing the duty well and manfully, Tom. M'Hale is a glorious fellow; and for blackguarding a Prime Minister, for a real good effective slanging, it's hard to find his equal. He never embarrasses himself with logic—he wastes no time in arguing, but “goes in” at once, and plants his blow between the eyes! That's what the English can't stand. They want discussion. They are always fishing for evidence for this, and a proof of that; but come down on them with a strong torrent of foul abuse, and you sweep them away like mud in a mill-race.

That's where we always beat them in our controversial discussions, Tom; and we never failed, so long as we relied on this superiority. It was like the bayonet in the hands of our infantry!

Isn't it strange how I get back to Ireland in spite of me? I'm like that Mad Man in the story, that can't keep Charles the First out of his memorial! And, after all, why should I? Is there anything more natural than to think of my country, if I can't manage to live in it? And this reminds me to ask you about home matters. What was it you wrote at the end of your letter about Jones M'Carthy? I can't make out the word, whether it is his “death,” or his “debts;” though, from my experience of the family, I surmise it to be the latter. If it's dead he is, I suppose we'll come in for that blessed legacy that Mrs. D. has been talking about every day for the last twenty-five years, the history of which I have heard so often, that I actually know nothing about it, except that it was the only bit of property possessed by my wife's relations they couldn't make away with. It was so strictly “tied up,” as they call it in law, that nobody could ever get the use of it—pretty much like the silver sixpence given to a schoolboy, with the express stipulation that he is never to change it.

I am rather curious to know what Mrs. D. will think of these “wise provisions” of her ancestors, if she succeeds to the bequest. To tell you the plain truth, Tom, I don't know a greater misfortune for a man that has married a wife without money, than to discover at the end of some fifteen or twenty years that somebody has left her a few hundred pounds! It is not only that she conceives visions of unbounded extravagance, and raves about all manner of expense,

but she begins to fancy herself an heiress that was thrown away, and imagines wonderful destinies she might have arrived at, if she hadn't had the bad luck to meet you. For a real crab-apple of discord, I'll back a few hundreds in the Three per Cents. against all the family jars that ever were invented.

Save us then from this, if you can, Tom. There must surely be twenty ways to avoid the legacy; and so that Mrs. D. doesn't hear of it, I'd rather you'd prove her illegitimate, than allow her to succeed to this bequest. I'll not enlarge upon all I feel about this subject, hoping that by your skill and address we may never hear more of it; but I tell you, frankly, I'd face the small-pox with a stouter heart than the news of succeeding to the M'Carthy inheritance.

There are many other matters I intended to write about, but I believe I must keep them for the next time: such as the plan for taking away the Church property, and the Income-Tax for Ireland; and that business of the Madias, that I read of in the papers. So far as I have seen, Tom, the King of Tuscany—if that be his name—was right. There were plenty of books the Madias might have read without breaking the laws. There are translations of all the rascally French novels of the day, from George Sand down to Paul de Kock; and if they wanted mischief, mightn't these have satisfied them? But the truth is, Protestants are never easy without they are attacking the true Church, and if there were more of them sent to the galleys, the world would be all the quieter.

You amaze me about the Great Exhibition for this year in Dublin. Faith! I remember when I used to think that the less we exhibited ourselves the better! I suppose times are changed. I think, if I could send Mrs. D. over as a specimen of Continental plating on Irish manufacture, she'd deserve a place, and maybe a prize.

Well, well! it's a queer world we live in. They've just come to tell me that the man of the Post-office has shut up an hour earlier, as he is engaged out to dine, so that I'll keep this open till to-morrow's mail.

Wednesday Morning.

I suspect that the mischief is done, Tom—I mean about the legacy. Mrs. D. received a strange-looking, square-shaped, formally-addressed epistle this morning, the contents of which, not being a demand for money, she did not communicate to me. She and Mary Anne both retired to peruse it in secret, and when they again appeared in the drawing-room, it was with an air of conscious pride and self-possession that smacked terribly of a bequest. I own to you, the prospect

alarms me; it may be that my fears take an exaggerated shape, but I can't shake off the impression that this is the hardest trial I had ever to go through.

I know her in most of her moods, Tom, and have got a kind of way of managing her in each of them—not very successful, perhaps, but sufficiently so to get on with. I have seen her in straits about money; I have seen her in her jealous fits; I have seen her in her moments of family pride; and I have repeatedly seen her on what she calls “her dying couch”—an opportunity she always seizes to say the most disagreeable things she can think of, so that I often speculate what she'd say if she was really going off—but all these convey no notion to me of how she'd behave if she thought herself rich. As for our poverty, we never knew anything else; the jealousy I'm getting used to; the family pride often gives me a hearty laugh when I'm alone; and I am as hardened about death-bed scenes as if I was an undertaker. It's the prosperity I haven't strength for, Tom; and I feel it.

Maybe, after all, it's only false terror alarms me. I hope it may turn out so; and in this last wish I am sure of your hearty sympathy and good feeling.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

KENNY I. DODD.

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## LETTER XVII.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

The Rhine Hotel, Bonn.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

IF my well-known hand did not strike you, the sight of all the black around this letter, and the mourning seal, might suggest the thought that your poor Jemima was no more. Your next impression will be that Providence had sent for K. I. No, my dear Molly, I am still reserved for more trials in this vale of tears. I must bear my burden further! As for K. I., he's just as he used to be—croaking away about the pain in his toe, or a gouty cramp in his stomach. He's always taking things that disagrees with him, and what he calls “the correctives” makes him worse. I cannot give you the least notion of how irritable he's grown. You know as well as anybody

the blessings he has about him. I don't speak of myself, nor the stock I came from. I don't want to revive the dreadful mistake that I made in my youth, nor to mention the struggles I've had with him on every subject for more than five-and-twenty years—struggles, my dear Molly, that would have killed any one that hadn't the constitution of a horse; but that now, thanks to the goodness of Providence, have become a part of my nature, so that there isn't an hour of the day or night that I'm not able and willing to dispute and argue with him on any question whatsoever. I don't want to mention these blessings—but isn't there James and Mary Anne, and, indeed, except for some things, Caroline—was there ever a father with more reason to be proud? And so you'd say if you only saw them. As a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Gore Hampton, said this morning, "Where will you see such natural advantages?" And I must own, Molly, it's not flattery; for the way they talk French and waltz, even how they come into a room, salute, or sit down, has something in it that shows them to be brought up in the top of fashion.

Any other man but K. I. would overflow with gratitude for all this, but you'd scarcely believe, Molly, he only ridicules it!

"If we meant her for the stage," says he—this is the way he talks of Mary Anne—"if we meant her for the stage, I think she has effrontery enough to stand before a full house, and I don't say it would discompose her; but for the wife of some respectable man of the middle rank, I see no use in all this flouncing about here, and flourishing there, whisking through a room, upsetting small tables and crockery by way of gracefulness, and never sitting down on a chair till she has spread out her petticoats like a peacock!"

If I've said it once to him, Molly, I've said it fifty times, there's nothing I despise so much as a respectable man in the middle rank. There's no refinement about them—no elegance! They may be what's called estimable in their families; but what's the use of all that for the world at large. A man can only have one wife, but he may have a thousand acquaintances. We don't ask how amiable he is at home; what we want is, that he should be delightful abroad. "That," says Lord George, "is true, both socially and economically; it's the grand principle that everybody stands up for, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number!'"

And talking of this, I'd strenuously advise your cultivating your mind on matters of political economy. It appears dry and uninteresting at first, but as you get on it improves wonderfully, and takes a great hold of the mind. I don't think I was ever more unhappy than since I read a chapter describing what would become of us when



the population got too thick; and if the unthinking creatures in Ireland don't take warning, it's exactly what will happen. When my mind was full of it, I ordered up Betty Cobb, and gave her such a lecture about it she'll never forget.

But you'll say it's not for this I'm gone into black; neither is it, Molly—it's for my poor relative, the late Jones M'Carthy, of the Folly, one of the last surviving members of the great M'Carthy stock, in the west of Ireland. Grief and sorrow for the miserable condition of his country preyed upon him, and made him seek obliteration in drink; and more's the pity, for he was a man of enlarged understanding and capacious mind. My heart overflows when I think of the beautiful sentiments I've heard from him at various times. He loved his country, and it was a treat to hear him praise it. "Ah!" he would say, "there's but one blot on her—the Judges is rogues, the Government's rogues, the Grand Jury's rogues, and the People is villains!"

He died as he lived, a little in drink, but a true patriot. "Tell Jemima," says he, "I forgive her. She was a child when she married, and she never meant to disgrace us; but as she now succeeds to the estate, I hope she'll have the pride to resume the family name."

Yes, Molly, the M'Carthy property, that once extended from Goramuck to Knocksheedownie, with seventeen townlands and four baronies, descends now to me. To be sure, it was all mortgaged over and over again, and 'tis little there's left but the parchments and the maps; and, except the property in the funds, there's not a great deal coming to me. This is all that I know at present, for Waters, the attorney, writes in such a confused way, I can make nothing of it, and I don't wish to show the letter to K. I. That seems strange to you, Molly, but you'll think it stranger when I tell you that the bare notion of my succeeding to the estate drives him half crazy. He thinks that all the money being on his side makes up for his low birth, and makes a Dodd equal to a M'Carthy, and that now when I get my fortune the tables will be turned. Maybe he's right there, I won't say that he is not; but sure it would be time enough to show this feeling when my manner was changed to him.

I suppose he must have heard something from Purcell about the matter, for when I came into the room, with my eyes red from crying, he said, "Is it for old Jones M'Carthy you're crying? Begad, then, you must have a feeling heart, for you never saw him since you were three years old!"

Did you ever hear a more barbarous speech, Molly, not to say a

more ignorant one? Twenty or thirty years might be a very long time in a family called Dodd, but is it more than a week or so in one with the name of M'Carthy? And so I told him.

"You don't pretend that you're sorry after him?" says he. And I could only answer him with my sobs. "If it was Giles Moore, the distiller," says he, "that went into mourning, one could understand the sense of it, for *he* has lost a friend indeed!"

"They're to bury him in Cloughdesman Abbey," says I, not wishing to let his sarcastic remarks provoke me.

"They needn't take much trouble about embalming him, any way," says he, "for there's more whisky soaked into him than could preserve a whole family!"

You may think, Molly, how far I was overcome by grief when he ventured to talk this way to me; and, indeed, I left the room in a flood of tears. When I grew more composed I went over Waters's letter again with Mary Anne, but without any great success. There is so much law in it, and so many words that we never saw before, and to which, indeed, our pocket dictionary gave us little help. Administer being set down—to perform the duty of an administrator; and for administrator, we are told to see administer—a kind of hide-and-go-seek that one doesn't expect in books like this.

The Lawyers and the Doctors, my dear Molly, go on the same plan—they never let us know the hard names they have for everything. If we once come to do that, we'll know what's the matter with ourselves, and our affairs, and neither need one or the other. Mary Anne thinks that administering means going to show the will to somebody that's to pay the money; but my private opinion is, that it's something about Ministers' money, for I remember my poor cousin Jones never would consent to pay it, nor indeed anything else that went to the Established Church. It was against his conscience, he used to say; and the Government that coerces a man's conscience is worthy of "Grim Tartary." My notion is, then, that they're coming against me for the arrears, as if I hadn't any conscience too!

At all events, Molly, the property is to come to *me*; and the very thought of it gives me a feeling of independence and pride that is really overwhelming. K. I.'s temper was, indeed, becoming a sore trial, and how I was to go on bearing it, was more than I could imagine. He may now return to Ireland and his dear Dodsborough whenever he pleases. Mary Anne and I are determined to live abroad. Fortunately for us we have made acquaintance with a very distinguished English Lady—a Mrs. Gore Hampton, who can introduce us everywhere. She is in the very height of the fashion, and

knows all the great people of Europe. She took a sudden liking—I might call it an affection—for me and Mary Anne, and actually proposed our all travelling together as one party. There never was luck like it, Molly! She has a beautiful barouche of her own, with the arms on it, and a French Maid, and a Courier, and such heaps of luggage, you wouldn't believe it could be carried. K. I. was afraid of the expense, and gave, as you may believe, every kind of opposition to the plan. He said it would "lead us into this," and "lead us into that." The great thing he dreaded being led into—as I told him—being "good society and high company."

So far from costing us anything, I believe it will be a considerable saving; for, as Lord George says, "You can always make a better bargain at the Hotels when you're a strong party." And he has kindly taken the whole of this on himself.

He is a wonderful young man Lord George; and, considering his tip-top rank and connexions, he's never above doing anything to serve, or be useful to us. He knows K. I. as well too as I do myself. "Let *me* alone," says he, "to manage the Governor; I know him. He's always grumbling about expense, and moaning over his poverty; but you may remark, that he does get the money somehow." And the observation is remarkably just, Molly; for no matter what distress or distraction he's in, he does contrive to rub through it; and this convinces me that he is only deceiving us in talking about his want of means, and so forth. Since I have discovered this, I never fret the way I used about expense.

It was Lord George that arranged our compact with Mrs. G. "You had better leave all to me," said he to K. I., "for Mrs. Gore Hampton is a perfect child about money. She tells that old fool of a Courier to put a hundred pounds in his bag, and he pays away till it's all gone, or till he says it's gone; and then she gives him another check for the same amount. So that she's not bored with accounts, nor ever hears of them, she never cares."

"Of course, then," said I, "her expenses are very great?"

"I should say enormous," replied he; "for though personally the simplest creature on earth, she never objects to the cost of anything."

I hinted, that, with our moderate fortune, we should never be able to maintain a style of living equal to hers, but he stopped me short saving—"Don't let that distress you—besides, she has taken such a fancy for you and Miss Dodd that it would be a downright cruelty to deny her your companionship; and at this moment, too, when really she requires sympathy." I was dying to ask on what

account, Molly—was it that she is a widow; or is she separated, and what? but I hadn't the courage—nor, indeed, did he give me time, for he went on so fast. "Let her pay half the expense, it's only fair; she has plenty of tin, and nothing to do with it. Even then she will be a gainer, for old Gregoire pockets as much as he pays away."

You'd suppose, Molly, that an arrangement so liberal as this might have satisfied K. I. Not a bit of it. His only remark was—"What's to be the amount of the other half?"

"Do you expect to travel about the Continent for nothing, K. I.," said I; "does your experience say that it costs so little?"

"No, faith!" replied he, with that sardonic grin that almost kills me, "I can't say that."

"Well, then," said I, "is it better for us to go about the world unnoticed and unknown, or to be visited and received, and made much of everywhere? The name of Dodd," said I, "isn't a great recommendation; and there's some of us, at least, that haven't the exterior of the first fashion." I wish you saw how he fidgeted when I said this. "And as the great question is, What did we come abroad for——?"

"Ay, that's exactly it," cried he, thumping his clenched fist on the table with a smash that made me scream out. "What did we come abroad for?"

"There's no need to drive all the blood to my head, Mr. Dodd," said I, "to ask that. Though I am accustomed to your violence, my constitution may sink under it at last; but if you wish to know seriously and calmly why we came abroad, I'll tell you."

"Do, then," said he, folding his arms in front of him, "and I'll be mighty thankful for the information."

"We came abroad," said I, "first of all, for——"

"It wasn't economy," says he, with a grin.

"No, not exactly."

"I'm glad of that," cried he. "I'm glad that we've got rid of one delusion, at least. Now, then, go on."

"Maybe you'll call refinement a delusion, Mr. Dodd," said I. "Maybe politeness and good-breeding, the French language and music, are delusions? Is high society a delusion? Is the sphere we move in a delusion?"

"I am disposed to think it is, Mrs. D.," said he, "and a very great delusion, too. It's like nothing we were ever used to. It is not social, and it is not friendly. It has nothing to say, nor any concern with a single topic, or any one theme that we can care for. Do you know one, or can you even remember the names of any

of the Princes and Princesses you are always discussing? Do you really care whether Mademoiselle Zephyrini's pirouette was steadier than Miss Angelina's? Does it concern you that somebody, with a hard name, has given the first class order of the Pig and Whistle to somebody else, with a harder? Is it the meat stewed to rags you like, or the reputations with morality boiled out of them? Is it pleasant to think that, wherever you go, you meet nothing wholesome for mind or for body?

"I can stand scandal and wickedness as well as my neighbours, but I can't spend my life upon them, nor can I give up the whole day to dominoes. You ask me what are delusions, and I tell you now some things that are not."

But I wouldn't listen to more, Molly. I stopped him short by saying, "You, at least, Mr. D., have little reason for your regrets, for really in all that regards your manner, language, dress, and demeanour, no one would ever suspect you had been a day out of Dodsborough."

"I wish to my heart my bank account could tell the same story," says he; and with that he takes down a file of bills, and begins to read out some of what he calls his anti-delusions.

"Do you know, Mrs. D.," says he, "that your milliner has got more money in the last four months than I've spent on my estate for the last eight years? That Genoa velvet and Mechlin lace have run away with what would have drained the Low meadows? Ay, the price of that red turban, that made you look like Bluebeard, would have put a roof on the school-house. The Priest of our parish at home didn't get as much for his dues as you gave for a seat to look at a procession in honour of Saint—Saint——"

"If you're going to blaspheme, Mr. D.," said I, "I'll leave you;" and so I did, Molly, banging the door after me in a way that I know well his gouty ankle is not the better for.

I mention these particulars to show you the difficulties I have to contend against, and the struggles it costs me to give my children the benefits of the Continent. I intended to tell you something about this place where we are stopping, too; but my head is rambling now on other matters, so that, maybe, I'll not be able to say much.

It's a University, just like Trinity College in Dublin, only they don't wear gowns, nor keep within certain buildings, but scatter about over the whole town. We know several of the young men who are Princes, and more or less related to crowned heads; but, for all that, very simple, quiet, inoffensive creatures as ever you met.

Billy Davis, after he was articulated to that attorney in Abbey-street, had more impudence in him than them all put together.

The place itself is pretty, but I think it doesn't suit my constitution. Maybe it's the running water, for there's a big river under the windows, but I am never free from cold in my head, and weak eyes. To be sure, we are always doing imprudent things, such as sitting out till after midnight in a summer-house, where the young Germans come to sing for us—for singing and smoking, Molly, is their two passions. It's a melancholy kind of music they have, that has no tune whatever, nor anything like a tune in it; but as Mrs. G. and my daughters agree that it's beautiful, why, of course, I give in, and say the same. But, in confidence to you, Molly, I own that it puts me to sleep at once; and indeed most of our other amusements here are of the same kind. We are either Botanising, or looking for stones and shells, to tell us the age of the world. Faith! you may well stare, Molly, but it's truth I'm saying, that is what they pretend to find out. They got an Elephant's jaw-bone the other day, that gave them great delight, and K. I. said, "I could tell a horse's age by his teeth, but for guessing how old the earth is by an Elephant's grinders, is clear beyond me."

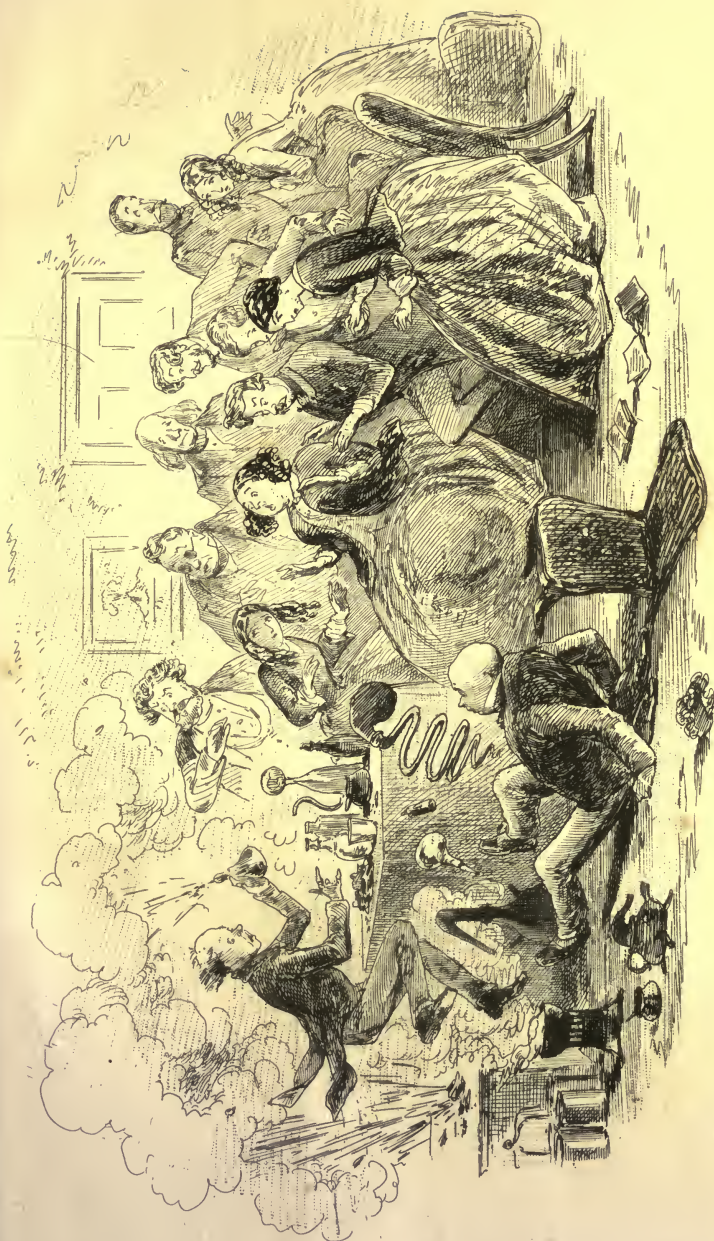
When it rains and we can't go out, we have Chemistry at home; but I'm always in a fright about the combustibles, and I'm sure one of these days we'll pay for our curiosity. That man that comes to lecture hasn't a bit of eyebrows, and only two fingers on one hand, and half a thumb on the other; not to say that he sat down one day on a pocket-full of crackers, and blew himself up in a dreadful manner.

If the weather be fine—and I was near saying, God grant it mayn't!—we are to have a course of Astronomy every night next week. I can stand everything, however, better than "Moral Philosophy and Economics." As to the first of the two, it's not even common sense. It was only two evenings ago they laughed at me for twenty minutes about a remark that's as true as the Bible.

"What relations does Locke say are least regarded?" says the Professor to me.

"Faith! I know nothing about Locke," says I; "but I know well that the relations least regarded are poor relations."

As to the Economics, if they could enliven it a bit by experiments, as they do the Chemistry, I could bear it well enough; but it's awfully dry to be always listening to what you can't understand. This is the way we live at Bonn; and though it's very elevating,



A. P. ... ..





I find it's very depressing to the spirits. But I don't think we'll remain much longer here, for K. I. is beginning to find out that the Sciences are just as dear as silks and satins; and, as he remarked the other day, "It would be cheaper to have a dish of asparagus on the table than them dirty weeds, that they are gathering only for the sake of their hard names."

Of course, when all is settled about the legacy, I'll not be obliged to submit to his humours, as I have been up to this. I'll have a voice, Molly, and I'll take care that it is heard, too. I suppose it will come to a separation yet between us. I own to you, Molly, the "impossibility" of our tempers will do it at last. Well, when the time comes, I'll be, as Mrs. G. says—equal to the occasion. I can say, "I brought you rank, name, and fortune, Kenny Dodd, and I leave you with my character unvarnished; and maybe both is more than you deserved!"

When I think of where and what I might be, Molly, and see what I am, I fret for a whole livelong day. And now, a word about home, before I conclude. Don't mention a syllable about the legacy to Mat, or he'll be expecting a present at Candlemas, and I really can spare nothing. You can say to Father John, that Jones M'Carthy is dead, but that nobody knows how the estate will go. He'll maybe say some masses for him, in the hope of being paid hereafter by the heir. I'd advise you to keep the wool back, for they say prices will rise in Ireland, by reason of all the people leaving it, just as it's described in the Book of Genesis, Molly, only that Ireland is not Paradise—that's the difference.

Mary Anne unites in her affectionate love to you, and I am your attached

JEMIMA DODD.

## LETTER XVIII.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Grand Hotel du Rhin, Bonn.

DEAREST CATHERINE,

FORGIVE me if I substitute for the loved appellation of infancy the more softly sounding epithet which is consecrated to verse in every language of Europe. Yes, thou mayst be Kate of all Kates to the rest of Christendom, but to me thou art Catherine. "Catri-nella Mia," as thou wiltst.

Here, dearest, as I sit embowered beside the wide and winding Rhine, the day-dream of my childhood is at length realised. I live, I breathe in the land glorified by genius. Reflected in that stream is the castled crag of Drachenfels—mirrored, as in my heart, the image of my dearest Catherine. How shall I tell you of our existence here, fascinated by the charms of song and scenery—elevated by the strains of immortal verse? We are living at the Grand Hotel du Rhin, my sweet child; and, having taken the entire first floor, are regarded as something like an imperial family travelling under the name of Dodd.

I told you in my last of our acquaintance with Mrs. Gore Hampton. It has, since then, ripened into friendship. It is now love. I feel the dangerous captivation of speaking of her, even passingly. Her name suggests all that can fascinate the heart and enthral the imagination. She is perfectly beautiful, and not less gifted than she is lovely. Perhaps I cannot convey to my dearest Catherine a more accurate conception of this charming being than by mentioning some—a few of the changes wrought by her influence in the habits of our daily life.

Our mornings are scientific—entirely given up to Botany, Chemistry, Natural History, and Geology, with occasional readings in Political Economy and Statistics. We all attend these except Papa. Even James has become a most attentive student, and never takes his eyes off Mrs. G. during the lecture. At three we lunch, and then mount our horses for a ride; since, thanks to Lord George's attentive politeness, seven saddle horses have been sent down from Brussels for our use. Once mounted, we are like a school released from study, so full of gaiety, so overflowing with spirits and animation.

Where shall we go? is then the question. Some are for Godesberg, where we dismount to eat ice and stroll through the gardens; others, of whom your Mary Anne is ever one, vote for Rolandseck, that being the very spot whence Roland the bravo—the brave Roland—sat to gaze upon those convent walls that inclosed all that he adored on earth.

And oh! Catherine, dearest, is there amongst the very highest of those attributes which deify human nature, any one that can compare with Fidelity? Does it not comprise nearly all the virtues, heroic as well as humble? For my part, I think it should be the great theme of Poets; blending, as it does, some of the tenderest with some of the grandest traits of the heart. From Petrarch to Paul—I meant Virginia's Paul—there is a fascination in these examples that no other quality ever evokes. My dearest Emily—I call Mrs. G. H. by her Christian name always—joined me the other evening in a discussion on this subject against Lord George, James, and several others, our only cavalier being the Ritter von Wolfenshäfer, a young German noble, who is studying here, and a remarkable specimen of his class. He is tall, and what at first seems heavy-browed, but, on nearer acquaintance, displays one of those grand heads which are rarely met with, save on the canvas of Titian; he wears a long beard and moustache of a reddish brown, which, accompanied by a certain solemnity of manner and a deep-toned voice, impress you with a kind of awe at first. His family is, I believe, the oldest in Germany, having been Barons of the Black Forest in some very early century. "The first Hapsburg," he says, was a "knecht," or vassal, of one of his ancestors. His pride is, therefore, something indescribable.

Lord George met him, I fancy, first at some Royal table, and they renewed their acquaintance here, shyly in the beginning, but after a while with more cordiality; and now he is here every day singing, sketching, reciting Schiller and Goethe, talking the most delightful rhapsodies, and raving about moonlights on the Brocken, and mysticism in the Hartzwald, till my very brain turns with distraction.

Don't you detest the "positif"—the dreary, tiresome, tame, sad-coloured robe of reality? and do you not adore the prismatic tinted drapery that envelopes the dream creatures of imagination? I know, dearest Catherine, that you do. I feel by myself how you shrink from the stern aspect of reality and love to shroud yourself in the graceful tissues of fancy! How, then, would you long to be here—to discuss with us themes that have no possible relation to anything

actually existing—to talk of those visionary essences which form the creatures of the unreal world? The “Ritter” is perfectly charming on these subjects; there is a vein of love through his metaphysics, and of metaphysics through his love, that elevates while it subdues. You will say it is a strange transition that makes me flit from these things to thoughts of home and Ireland; but in the wilful wandering of my fancy a vision of the past rises before me, and I must seize it ere it depart. I wish, in fact, to speak to you about a passage in your last letter, which has given me equal astonishment and suffering. What, dearest Kitty, do you mean by talking of a certain person’s “long-trying and devoted affection”—“his hopes, and his steadfast reliance on my truthfulness?” Have I ever given any one the right to make such an appeal to me? I do really believe that no one is less exposed to such a reproach than I am! I have the right, if I please, to misconstrue your meaning, and assume a total ignorance as to whom you are referring. But I will not avail myself of the privilege, Kitty—I will accept your allusion. You mean Doctor Belton. Now, I own that I write this name with considerable reluctance and regret. His many valuable qualities, and the natural goodness of his disposition, have endeared him to all of that humble circle in which his lot is cast, and it would grieve me were I to write one single word which should pain him to hear. But I ask you, Kitty, what is there in our relative stations in society which should embolden him to offer me attentions? Do we move in the same sphere?—have we either thoughts, ideas, or ambitions—have we even acquaintances in common? I do not want to magnify the position I hold. Heaven knows that the great world is not a sea devoid of rocks and quicksands. No one feels its perils more acutely than myself. But I repeat it: Is there not a wide gulf between us? Could *he* live, and move, think, act, or plan, in the circle that I associate with? Could *I* exist, even for a day, in *his*? No, dearest, impossible—utterly impossible. The great world has its requirements—exactions, if you will; they are imperative, often tyrannical; but their sweet recompense comes back in that delicious tranquillity of soul—that bland imperturbability that springs from good breeding; the calm equanimity that no accident can shake—from which no sudden shock can elicit a vibration. I do not pretend, dearest friend, that I have yet attained to this. I know well that I am still far distant from that great goal; but I am on the road, Kitty—my progress has commenced, and not for the wealth of worlds would I turn back from it.

With thoughts like these in my heart—instincts I should perhaps

call them—how unsuited should I be to the humble monotony of a provincial existence. Were I even to sacrifice my own happiness, should I secure his? My heart responds, No, certainly not.

As to what you remark of the past, I feel it is easily replied to. The little chapel at Bruff once struck me as a miracle of architectural beauty. I really fancied that the doorway was in the highest taste of florid Gothic, and that the east window was positively gorgeous in tracery. As to the Altar, I can only say that it appeared a mass of gold, silver, and embroidery, such as we read of in the "Arabian Nights." Am I to blame, Kitty, that, after having seen the real splendours of St. Gudule, and the Dome of Cologne, I can recant my former belief, and acknowledge that the little edifice at Bruff is poor, mean, and insignificant; its architecture a sham, and its splendour all tinsel? and yet it is precisely what I left it.

You will then retort, that it is *I* am changed! I own it, Kitty. I am so. But can you make this a matter of reproach? If so, is not every step in intellectual progress—every stage of development a stigma? Your theory, if carried out, would soar beyond the limits of this life, and dare to assail the angelic existences of the next!

But you could not intend this; no, Kitty, I acquit you at once of such a notion; even the defence of your friend could not make you so unjust. Doctor Belton must, surely, be in error as to any supposed pledges or promises on my part. I have taxed my memory to the utmost, and cannot recal any such. If, in the volatile gaiety of a childish heart—remember, sweetest, I was only eighteen when I left home—I may have said some silly speech, surely it is not worth remembering, still less recording, to make me blush for it. Lastly, Kitty, I have learned to know that all real happiness is based upon filial obedience; and whatever sentiments it would be possible for me to entertain for Dr. B., would be diametrically opposed to the wishes of my Papa and Mamma.

I have now gone over this question in every direction I could think of, because I hope that it may never more recur between us. It is a theme which I advert to with sorrow, for really I am unable to acquit of presumption one whose general character is conspicuous for a modest and retiring humility. You will acquaint him with as much of the sentiments I here express as you deem fitting. I leave everything to your excellent delicacy and discretion. I only beg that I may not be again asked for explanations on a matter so excessively disagreeable to discuss, and that I may be spared alluding to those peculiar circumstances which separate us for ever. If the time should come when he will take a more reasonable and just view of

our respective conditions, nothing will be more agreeable to me than to renew those relations of friendship which we so long cultivated as neighbours; and if, in any future state I may occupy, I can be of the least service to him, I beg you to believe that it will be both a pride and a pleasure to me to know it.

It is needless, after this, to answer the question of your postscript. Of course he must not write to me. Nothing could induce me to read his letter. That he should ever have thought of such a thing is a proof—and no slight one—of his utter ignorance of all the conventional rules which regulate social intercourse. But a truce to a theme so painful.

I answer your brief question of the turn-down of your letter as curtly as it is put. No; I am not in love with Lord George, nor is he with *me*. We regard each other as brother and sister; we talk in the most unreserved confidence; we say things which, in the narrower prejudices of England, would be infallibly condemned. In fact, Kitty, the sway of a conscientious sense of right, the inward feeling of purity, admit of many liberties here which are denied to us at home. Here, I tell you in one word, what it is that constitutes the superiority in tone of the Continent over our own country—I should say it was this very same freedom of thought and action.

The language is full of a thousand graceful courtesies that mean so much or so little. The literature abounding in analysis of emotions—that secret anatomy of the heart, so fascinating and so instructive; the habits of society so easy, and so natural; and then that chivalrous homage paid to the sex, all contribute to extend the realms of conversational topics, and at the same time to admit of various ways of treating them, such as may suit the temper, the talent, or the caprice of each. How often does it happen from this that one hears the gravest themes of religion and politics debated in a spirit of the most sparkling wit and levity, while subjects of the most trivial kind are discussed with a degree of seriousness, and a display of learning actually astounding! This wonderful versatility is very remarkable in another respect; for, strange enough, it is the young people abroad who are the gravest in manner—the most reserved and most saturnine. The high-spirited—the buoyant—the most daring talkers are the elderly. In a word, Kitty, everything here is the reverse of that at home; and, I am forced to confess, possesses a great superiority over our own notions.

I am dying to tell you more of the Ritter, which, I must explain to you, is the German for “Chevalier.” If you want a confession, too, I will make one, and that is, that he is desperately in love with a

poor friend of yours, who feels herself quite unworthy of the devotion of this scion of thirty-two quarterings.

In a worldly point of view, Kitty, the possibility of such an event would be brilliant beyond conception. His estates are a principality, and his Schloss von Wölfenberg one of the wonders of the Black Forest. Does not your heart swell and bound, dearest, at the thought of a real castle, in a real forest, with a real Baron, Kitty? one of those cruel creatures, perhaps, who lived in feudal times, and always killed a child, to warm their feet in his heart's blood. Not that our Ritter looks this. On the contrary, he is gentle, low voiced, and dreamy—a little too dreamy—if I must say it, and not sufficiently alive to the rattling drolleries of Lord George and James, who torment him unceasingly.

Mamma likes him immensely, though their intercourse is limited to mere bows and greetings; and even Papa, whose prejudice against foreigners increases with every day, acknowledges that he is very amiable and good-tempered. Cary appears to me to be greatly taken with him, but he never notices her, nor pays her the slightest attention. I'm sure I wish he would, and I should be delighted to contribute towards such a conjuncture. Who knows what may happen later, for he has invited us all to the Schloss for the shooting season—some time I believe in autumn—and Papa has said "Yes."

I now come to another secret, dearest Kitty, depending on all your discretion not to divulge it, at least for the present. Mamma has received a confidential note from Waters, the attorney, informing her that she is to succeed to the M'Carthy estates and property of the late Jones M'Carthy, of M'Carthy's Folly. The amount is not yet known to us, and we are surrounded by such difficulties, from our desire to keep the matter secret, that we cannot expect to know the particulars for some time. The estates were considerable; but, like those of all the Irish aristocracy, greatly encumbered. The personal property, Mamma thinks, could not have been burdened, so that this alone may turn out handsomely.

By some deed of settlement, or something of the kind, executed at Papa's marriage with Mamma, he voluntarily abandoned all right over any property that should descend to her, so that she will possess the unlimited control over this bequest. Mr. Waters mentions that the testator desired—I am not certain that he did not require as a condition—that we should take the name of M'Carthy. I hope so with all my heart. I do not believe that anything could offer such obstacles to us abroad as this terrible and emphatic monosyllable; now, Dodd M'Carthy has a rhythm in it and a resonance also.

It sounds territorially, too; like the *de* of French nobility. We should figure in fashionable "Arrivals and Departures" with a certain air of distinction, that is denied to us at present; and I really do not see why we should not be—"The M'Carthy." You know, dearest, that the Herald's office never interferes about Celtic nobility, inasmuch as its origin utterly defies investigation; and there are, consequently, no pains nor penalties attached to the assumption of a native title. How I should be delighted to hear us announced as "The M'Carthy, family and suite," with an explanatory paragraph about Papa being the Blue or the Black Knight. The English are always impressed with these things, and Foreigners regard them with immense devotion. There is another incalculable advantage, Kitty, not to be overlooked. All little eccentricities of manner, little peculiarities of accent, voice, and intonation, of which neither Pa nor Ma are totally exempt, instead of being criticised, as some short-sighted folk might criticise them, as vulgar, low, and commonplace, they rise at once to the dignity of a national trait.

They are like Breton French, or certain Provençal expressions in use amongst the ancient "Seigneurie" of the land. They actually dignify station, instead of disgracing it, so that a "Brogue" seems to seal the very patent of your nobility, and the mutilations of your parts of speech stand for quarterings on your escutcheon.

It might seem invidious were I to quote the instances which support my theory; but I assure you, seriously, that social success, to be rapid, requires aids like these. There was a time when being a Villiers, a Stanley, or a Seymour, gave you a kind of illusory nobility. You were a species of human shot-silk, that turned blue in one light, and brown in another; but now that Burke is read in the National Schools, and the "Almanach de Gotha" in the Godless Colleges, deception on this head is impossible. They take you "to book" at once. You can't be one of the Howards of Ettinham, for Lady Mary died childless—nor one of the Worseley branch, for the present Marquis, who married Lady Alice de Courtenaye, had only two children, one, British Envoy at the Court of Prince of Salms und Schweinigen, the other, &c. In fact, Kitty, you are voted nobody. They will not allow you father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, nor even any good friends. Better be Popkins, or Perkins, Snooks, or even Smith, than this! The Celtic "noblesse," however, is a safe refuge against all impertinent curiosity. Tracing the Dodd M'Carthy to his parent stem would be like keeping count of the sheep in Sancho's story. Besides, matters of succession are made matters of faith in the



Church, and why shouldn't they be in the M'Carthy family? I don't suppose we want to be more infallible than the Pope?

I have not forgotten what you mentioned about your brother Robert; nor was it at all necessary, my dear Kitty, for you to speak of his talents and acquirements, which I well know are first-rate. I took an opportunity the other day of alluding to the matter to Lord George, who has influence in every quarter. I told him pretty much in the words of your letter, that he was equally distinguished in science as in classics, had taken honours in both, and was in all other respects fully qualified to be a Tutor. That being a gentleman by birth, though of small fortune, his desire was to obtain the advantages of foreign travel, and the opportunity of acquiring modern languages, for which he was quite willing to assume all the labour and fatigue of a teacher. He stopped me short here by saying, "I'm afraid it's no go. They've made a farce, and a devilish good one, too, of the 'Irish Tutor;' and I half suspect that Dr. O'Toole, as he is called, has spoiled the trade."

I tried to intercept a word about Robert's attainments, but he broke in with, "That's all very well; I'm quite sure of everything you say. But who takes a 'Coach?'"—That's the slang for a Tutor, Kitty!—"No one takes a 'Coach' for his learning, now-a-days. What's wanted—particularly when travelling—is a sharp, wide-awake fellow, that knows all the dodges of the Continent—as well as a Courier—can bully the Police, quiz the Custom-house, and slang the waiters. He ought to be up to the Opera and the Ballet; be a dead hand at *Ecarté*, and a capital judge of cigars.

"After these, his great requisites are never-ceasing good-humour, and a general flow of high spirits, to stand all the bad jokes and vapid fun of young College men—a yielding disposition to go anywhere, with any one, and for anything that may be proposed; and, finally, a ready tact never to suppose himself included in any invitation with his 'Bear,' who, however well he may treat him, will always prefer leaving him at home when he dines at an 'Embassy.'"

This is the rapid sketch of a Tutor's life and habits, as practised abroad, Kitty; and I more than suspect Robert would not like it. Should I be in error, however, and that such would suit his views, I'm sure I can reckon on Lord George's kindness to find him an appointment. Meanwhile, let him "accustom himself to much smoking, and occasional brandy-and-water, lay in a good stock of droll anecdotes; and if he can acquire any conjuring knowledge, or tricks on the cards, it will aid him greatly." These hints are Lord G.'s, and, I'm sure, invaluable.

A thunderstorm has just broke over the valley of the Rhine, and the dread artillery of Heaven comes pealing down from the "Lurlie," like a chorus of Demons in a modern Opera. Our excursion being impossible, I once more resume my task, and again seat myself to hold communion with my dearest Kitty.

I find, besides, innumerable questions still unanswered in your last dear letter. You ask me if, on the whole, I am happier than I was at Dodsborough? How could you ever have penned such a quere? The tone of seriousness which you tell me of, in my letters, admits, perhaps, of a softer epithet. May it not be that soul-kindled elevation which comes of daily association with high intelligences? If I were but to tell you the names of the illustrious writers and great thinkers whom we meet here almost every evening, Kitty, you would no longer be amazed at the soaring flight my faculties have taken! Not that they appear to us, my dearest friend, in the mystic robes of science, but in the humble garb of common life, playing "groschen" whist, or a game of tric-trac. Just fancy, if you can, Professor Faraday playing "petits jeux," or Wollaston engaged at "hunt the slipper."

These are the intimacies, this the kind of intercourse, which imperceptibly cultivates the mind, and enlarges the understanding; for, as Mrs. Gore Hampton beautifully observes, "The charm of high-bred manner is not to be acquired by attendance on a 'Levee' or a 'Drawing-room,' it is imbibed in the atmosphere that pervades a Court, in the daily, hourly association with that harmonious elegance that surrounds a Sovereign." So, dearest Kitty, from intercourse with great minds, is there a perpetual gain to our stock of knowledge. "They are," as Mrs. G. says, "the charged machines from which the electric sparks of Genius are eternally disengaging themselves." What a privilege to be the receivers!

There is a wondrous charm, too, in their simplicity, as well as in that habit they have of mystically connecting the most trivial topics with the most astounding speculations. A Fairy tale becomes to *them* a metaphysical allegory. You would scarcely credit what curious doctrines of Socialism lie veiled under "Jack the Giant-Killer," or that the Marquis of Carabas, in the tale of "Puss in Boots," is meant to illustrate the oppression of the Landed Aristocracy. Nor is this all, Kitty; but they go further, and they are always speculating on something beyond the actual catastrophe of a story; as the other evening I heard a learned argument to show, that had Bluebeard not been killed, he would have inevitably formed an alliance with "Sister Anne," just for the sake of supporting the cause of

“marriage with a deceased wife’s sister.” I only mention these as passing instances of that rich imaginative fertility, which is as much their characteristic as is their wonderful power of argumentation.

Lord George and James worry me greatly for my admiration of Germany and the Germans. They talk, in slang, on themes that require a high strain of intelligence to comprehend or even appreciate. No wonder, then, if their frivolity offend and annoy me! The Ritter von Wolfenschäfer is an unspeakable relief to me, after this tiresome quizzing. Shall I own that Cary is their ally in the same ignoble warfare? Indeed, nothing surprises, and, at the same time, depresses me more than to remark the little benefit derived by Caroline from foreign travel. She would seem to sit down perfectly contented with the information derived from books, as though the really substantial advantages of a residence abroad were not all dependent on direct intercourse with the people. “Why not read Uhland and Tieck at home at Dodsborough?” say I to her. “To what end do you come hundreds of miles away from your country, to do what might so easily have been accomplished at home?” What do you think was her reply? It was this: “That is exactly what I should like to do. Having seen some parts of the Continent, having enjoyed the spectacle of those wonderful things of nature and of art which a town abroad would display, and having acquired that facility in languages which comes so rapidly by their daily use, I should like to go home again, adding to the pleasures my own country supplies, stores of knowledge and resources from other lands. I neither want to think that Frenchmen and Germans are better bred than my own countrymen, nor that the rigid decorum of English manners is only a flimsy veil of hypocrisy thrown over the coarse vices of a coarse people.”

Now, my dear Kitty, be as national and patriotic as one will; play “Rule Britannia” every morning, with variations, on the piano; wear a Paisley shawl and a Dunstable bonnet; make yourself as hideous and absurd as the habits of your native country will admit of—and that is a wide latitude—you will be obliged to own to the startling fact, the Continent *is* more civilised than England. Daily life is surrounded with more of elegance and of refinement, for the simple reason that there is more leisure for both. There is none of that vulgarity of incessant occupation so observable with us. Men do not live here to be Poor-law Guardians and Quarter Sessions Chairmen, Directors of Railroads, or Members of Select Committees. They choose the nobler ambition of mental cultivation and intellectual polish. They study the arts which adorn social intercourse, and

acquire those graceful accomplishments which fascinate in the great world, and, in the phrase of the newspapers, "make home happy."

I have now come to the end of my paper, and perhaps of your patience, but not of my arguments on this theme, nor the wish to impress them upon my dearest Kitty. Adieu! Adieu!

I can understand your astonishment at reading this, Kitty; but is it not another proof that Ireland is far behind the rest of the world in civilisation? The systems exploded everywhere are still pursued there, and the unprofitable learning that all other countries have abandoned, is precisely the object of hardest study and ambition.

There are twenty other things that I wished to consult my dearest Kitty about, but I must conclude. It is now nigh eleven o'clock, the moon is rising, and we are off on our excursion to the Drachenfels—for you must know that one of the stereotyped amusements of the Continent is to ascend mountains for the sake of seeing daybreak from the "summit." It is frequently a failure as regards the picturesque; but never so with respect to the pleasure of the trip. Think of a mountain path by moonlight, Kitty; your mule slowly toiling up the steep ascent, while some one near murmurs "Childe Harold" in your ear, the perils of the way permitting a hundred little devotional attentions so suggestive of dependence and protection. I must break off—they are calling for me; and I have but time to write myself my dearest Kitty's dearest friend,

MARY ANNE DODD.

## LETTER XIX.

BETTY COBB TO MRS. SHUSAN O'SHEA, PRIEST'S HOUSE, BRUFF.

DEAR MISSES SHUSAN,

I THOUGHT before this I'd be back again in Bruff, but I leave it all to Providence, that maybe, all the time, is thinkin' little about me. It's not out of any unpiety I say this, but bekase the longer I live the more I see how Sarvants are trated in this world; and the next I'm towld is much the same.

If the Mistress would let me alone I'd get used to the ways of the place at last, for there's some things isn't so bad at all; since we came to this we have four males every day, but, if you mind grace, you might as well have none. They've a puddin' for everything, fish—flesh—fowl—vegebles, it's all alike; but the hardest thing is to eat blackberries with beef, or stewed pork with rasberries; not to spake of a pike with pineapple, that we had yesterday.

There is always an abundance and a confusion at dinner that's pleazing to one's feelin's; for, indeed, in Ireland there is no great variety in the Sarvants' Hall, and polatics has a sameness in them that's very tiresome.

We are livin' now at an elegant hotel, where we sit down forty-seven of us every day, at the sound of a big bell at one o'clock. They call it the table doat, and I don't wonder they do, for it's the pleasantest place I ever see. We goes down, linked arm-and-arm, me and Lord George's man, Mister Slipper, and the Frinsh made lanin' on Mounseer Gregory, the Currier; and there's as much bowin' and scrapin', or more, than up-stairs in the parlour. Mister Slipper takes the head of the table, and I am on his rite, and Mamsel on his left, and the dishes all cums to us first, and we tumble the things about, and helps ourselves to the best before the others, and we laff so loud, Shusan, for Mr. Slipper is uncommon drol, and tells a number of stories that makes me cry for laffin'; and he is just as polite, too, for whinever he tells anything wrong he says it in French. And if you only heerd the way Masters and Mistresses is spoke of, Shusan, you'd pity poor Sarvants that has to live with them, and put up with their bad 'umors. Mr. Slipper himself is trated like a dog, on eighty pounds a year, and what he calls the spoils—that's the close that spoiled. Many's the day he never sees the newspaper, for Lord G. sticks it in his pocket, and carries it out with him; and when he

went out to tay, the other evenin', there wasn't an ambroidered shirt of his Master's to put on, and he was obleeged to take a plain cambric to make a clane breast of it! "Faix," says he, "there's no sayin' what will happen soon, and maybe the day'll cum I'll have to buy my own cigars." He had an iligant place before this one—Sir Michael Bexley—but tho' the wagis was high, and the eatin' first-rate, he couldn't stay. "We wor in Vi-enna," says he, "where they dance a grate dale in sosiety, and Sir Michael's hands and feet was smaller than mine, and I couldn't wear either his kid gloves or his dress boots, and goin' out every night the expense was krushin'."

Mamsel is trated just as bad. It's maybe three when she gets to bed; her mistress, Mrs. G., wouldn't take a flour out of her head herself, but must have the poor crayture waitin' there, like a centry. And maybe it's at that time o'night she'll take the notion of seein' how it bekomes her to have her hare, this way or that, or to see if she'd look better with more paint on her, or if her eyebrows was blacker.

Sometimes, too, she takes a fit of tryin' ball dresses, five or six, one after another; but Mamsel says, she thinks she cured her of that by dropping some lamp oil over a bran new white satin, with Brussels lace, that was never worn at all. As Mr. Slipper says, "Our ingenuity is taxed to a degree that destroys our dispositions;" and I may here observe, Shusan, that all Sarvants ever I heerd of get somehow worse trated than Irish. I don't mane in regard to wagis, becase the Irish cartainly gets laste, but I spake of tratement; and the rayson is this, Shusy, the others do their work as a kind of duty, a thing they're paid for, and that they ought to do; we, the Irish I mane, do everything as if it was out of our own goodness, and that we wouldn't do it if we didn't like; and that's the real way to manage a Master or a Mistress. If he asks for a knife at diner, sure he can't deny it's a knife becase it's dirty, there wouldn't be common sense in that. There's two ways of doin' everything, Shusan; but, easy as it is, the Irish is the only people profits by the lesson! It's only ourselves, Shusan dear, knows how to make a Master or Mistress downright miserable!

It is true we seldom have good wagis, but we take it out in temper. If ye seen the life I sometimes lead the Mistress you'd pity her; but why would you after all? wasn't I taken away from my home and country and put down here in a strange place; and if I didn't spend the day now and then cryin', would she ever think of razing my sperits with a new bonnet, or a pare of shoes, or a ticket for the play? Take *them* azy, Shusy, and they'll take *you* the same.

But if you show them they're in your power, take to your bed, sick, when they're in a hot hurry, and want you most; be sulky and out of sperits when they're all full of fun; and go singin' about the house the day they've got a distressin' letter by the post; keep to that, and my shure and sartain beleef is, that you'll break down the sperit of the wickidest Master and Mistress that ever breathed.

Isn't my Mistress, I ask you, as hard to dale with as any? Well, many's the time, when I'm listenin' at the doore, I heerd her say, "Betty can't bear me in that shawl—Betty put it somewhere, and I'm afraid to ask for it—Betty's in one of her tantrums to-day, so I must not cross her. I wish I knew how to put Betty Cobb in good humour." "Faix, Ma'am," says I to myself, "I believe you well, and it would puzzle wiser heads nor you!"

And now, Misses Shusan, dear, is it any wonder that our tempers get spoiled? seein' the lives we lade, and the dreadful turns and twists we are obleeged to give our natral dispositions. It's for all the world like play actin'.

There's many things different betune this and home, and first and foremost Religion, Shusan. Religion isn't the same at all. To begin, there's no fastin' at all, or next to none; maybe that's bekase, by the nature of the cookery, nobody could tell what it was he was eatin'. Then, there's little penance—and the little there is ye can get off of it by a thrifle. Ye go to confessin' whin ye like, and ye keep anything back for another time that ye don't wish to tell just then. In fact, my dear, it comes to this—it's harder to go to Heaven in Ireland than any place ever I heerd of, and costs more money into the bargain!

The Priests hasn't half the power they have in Ireland, they're not as well paid, and they can't curse a congregation, nor do any other good action that isn't set down in their duty. It's the Polis, Shusy, that makes ye tremble abroad, and that's the great difference between the two countries.

As to Morils, my dear, I'm afraid we're not supariar, for it's the women always makes love to the men, which, till you get used to it, has a mighty ugly appearance. I b'l'ave it's the smokin' leads to this, for a German wouldn't take his pipe out of his mouth for anything; so that courtin' isn't what it is at home.

These is my general remarks on the habits of furriners, which I give you as free as you ask for them. As to the family, nobody knows where the money comes from, but that they're spendin' it in Lashins, is true as I'm here. And they're broke up, Shusy, and not the way they used to be. The Master walks out alone, or with Miss

Caraline. Miss Mary Anne stays with the Mother; and Master James, that's now a grone man, and as bowld as brass besides, is always phelanderin' about with Mrs. G., the lady that lives with us. I mistrust her, Shusan dear, and Mamsel Virginy, her made, too, though she's mighty kind and polite to *me*, and says she has so many "bounties" for the whole family.

Paddy Byrne is exactly what you suspect. There's nothin' would put the least polish on him. The very way he ates at the table doat disgraces us; whenever he gets a thing he likes, instead of helpin' himself and passin' it on, he takes the whole dish before him, and conshumes it all. As he is always ready to fite, they let him do as he likes, and he is become now the terror of the place. I have towld ye now about everybody but the ould Currier, Mounseer Gregory, an invetherate ould Frinsh bla'guard, that never has a dacent word in his mouth, though he hasn't a good tooth in it; and ye'd say 'twas at his prayers the ould hardened sinner should be. The very laff he has, and the way his bleery eyes twinkle, is a shame to see! It's nigh to fifty years since he took to the road, so that you may think, Shusan dear, what a dale of innequity he's seen in that time. It's dreadful sometimes to listen to him.

If I wasn't ashamed to write them, I'd tell you two or three of his stories, but I will when we meet, and now with my

hearty blessin' and love, I remane yours

to command, BETTY COBB.

What's this I heer about one of the M'Carthy's dyin', and leavin' his money to the Mistress. Get the news right for me, Shusan dear, for I mane to ask for more waxis if it's true, and if Mrs. D. wont decrease them, I'll lave the sarvis. Mamsel Virginy towld me last nite there was a Duches here that wants a confidenshal made to tache her only daughter English, and that's exactly the thing to shoot me; five hundred Franks a year is equal to twenty pounds, all eatin' and washin', not to mention the hoith of respect from all the men-ials in the house. I'm takin' Frinsh lessons from ould Gregory every evenin', and he says I'll be in my "accidents," next week.



## LETTER XX.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

You guessed rightly, my dear Bob; my letter to Vickars has turned out confoundedly ill, though, I must say, all from his total want of gentlemanlike feeling. To my ineffable horror the other morning, the post arrived with a large packet for the Governor, containing my "strictly private and confidential" epistle, which this infernal son of a pen wiper sends coolly back to be read by my father.

Matters were not going on exactly quite smooth before. We had had a rather stormy sitting of the Cabinet the evening previous on the estimates, which struck the President of the Council as out of all bounds; and yet, all things considered, were reasonable enough. You know, Bob, we are a strongish party. Mrs. G. H., with maid and Courier; Lord George and man; the Dodd family five, with two native domestics, and two foreign supernumeraries; occupying the first floor of the first Hotel at Bonn, with a capital table, and a considerable quantity of wine, of one kind or other; these—without anything that one can call extravagance—swell up a bill, and at the end of a month give it an actually formidable look.

"What are these?" said the Governor, peering through his glasses at a long battalion of figures at the foot of the score—"what are these? Groschen, eh?"

"Pardon, Monsieur le Comte," said the other, bowing, "dey are Prussian thalers!"

I wish you saw his face when he heard it! George and I were obliged to bolt out of the room, or we should have infallibly exploded.

"You'd better go back," said George to me, after we had our laugh out; "I'll take a stroll with the womenkind till you smooth him down a bit."

A pleasant office this for me; but there was no help for it, so, in I went.

The first shock of his surprise was not over as I entered, for he stood holding the bill in one hand, while he pressed the other on his forehead, with a most distracted expression of face.

“Do you suspect,” said he—“have you any notion of what rate we are living at, James?”

“Not the slightest,” replied I.

“Do you think it’s of any consequence?” asked he again, in a harsher tone.

“Why, of course, Sir, it—is—of some con——”

“I mean,” broke he in, “does it signify whether I go to gaol, and the rest of you to the workhouse—if there be a workhouse in this rascally land?”

Seeing that he had totally forgotten the landlord’s presence, I now motioned to that functionary to leave the room. The noise of the door shutting roused up the Governor again. He looked wildly about him for an instant, and then snatching up the poker he aimed a blow at a large mirror over the chimney. He struck it with such violence that it was smashed in a dozen pieces, four or five of which came clattering down upon the floor.

“I’ll be a maniac,” cried he. “They shall never say that I ran into this extravagance in my sober senses—I’ll finish my days in a madhouse first.” And with these words he made a rush over to a marble table, where a large porcelain vase was standing; by a timely spring I overtook him, and pressed him down on an ottoman, where, I assure you, it required all my force to hold him. After a few minutes, however, there came a reaction; he dropped the poker from his grasp, and said, in a low, faint voice, “There—there—I’ll do nothing now—you may release me.”

There’s not a doubt of it, Bob, but he really was insane for a few moments, though, fortunately, it passed away as rapidly as it came.

“That,” said he, with a motion towards the looking-glass—“that will cost twenty or twenty-five pounds, eh?”

“Not so much, perhaps,” said I, though I knew I was considerably below the mark.

“Well, I’m sure it saved me from a fit of illness, anyhow,” rejoined he, sighing. “If I hadn’t smashed it, I think my head would have burst. Go over that, James, and see what it is in pounds.”

I sat down to a table, and after some calculation made out the total to be two hundred and seven pounds sterling.

“And with the looking-glass, about two hundred and thirty,” said he, with a sigh. “That’s about—taking everything into consideration—five thousand a year.”

“You must remember,” said I, trying to comfort him, “that these



*K. D. will be a Maniac.*



are not our expenses solely. There's Tiverton and his servant, and Mrs. Gore Hampton and her people also."

"So there is," added he, quickly; "but they had nothing to do with *that*;" and he pointed to the confounded looking-glass, which somehow or other had taken a fast hold of his imagination. "Eh, James, that was a luxury we had for ourselves!" There was a bitter, sardonic laugh that accompanied these words, indescribably painful to hear.

"Come now," said he, in a more composed and natural voice, "let us see what's to be done. This is a joint account, James; why not have sent it to Lord George—aye, to the widow also. They may as well frank the Dodd family, as *we* pay for *them*—of course omitting the looking-glass."

I hinted that this was a step requiring some delicacy in its management; that if not conducted with great tact, it might be the occasion of deep offence. In a word, Bob, I surmised, and conjectured, and hinted a hundred things, just to gain a little time, and turn him, if possible, into another channel.

"Well, what do you advise?" said he, as if wishing to fix me to some tangible project.

For a moment I was bent on adopting the grand Parliamentary tactic of stating that there were "three courses open to the House," and then going on to show, that one of these was absurd, the second impracticable, and the last utterly impossible; but I saw that the Governor could not be so easily put down as the Opposition, and so I said, "Give it till to-morrow morning, and I'll see what can be done."

Here I felt I was on safe ground, for throughout life I have ever remarked, that whenever an Irishman is in difficulties, a reprieve is as good as a free pardon to him—for so is it, the land which seems so thoroughly hopeless in its destinies, contains the most hopeful population of Europe!

The delay of a few hours made all the difference in the Governor's spirits, and he rallied and came down to supper just as usual, only whispering as we left the room, with a peculiar low chuckle in his voice, "I wouldn't wonder if the fire there cracked that chimney-glass."

"Nothing more likely," added I, gravely; and down we went.

It might possibly be out of utter recklessness, or perhaps from some want of a stimulant to cheer him, but he insisted on having two extra bottles of Champagne, and he toasted Mrs. Gore Hampton with a zest and fervour that certainly my Mother didn't approve of. On

the whole, however, all passed off well, and we wished each other good night, with the pleasantest anticipations for the morrow.

All was well; and we were at breakfast the next morning, merrily discussing the plans for the day, when the post arrived, with that ominous-looking packet I have already mentioned.

"Shall I guess what that contains?" cried Lord George, pointing to the words, "On her Majesty's service," printed in the corner. "They've made you Lord Lieutenant of your county, Dodd! You shake your head. Well, it's something in the Colonies they've given you."

"Perhaps it's the Civil Cross of the Bath," said Mrs. Gore Hampton. "They told me, before I left town, they were going to select some Irishman for that distinction."

"I'd rather it was a Baronetcy," interposed my Mother.

"You are all forgetting," broke in my Father, "that it's the Tories are in power, and they'll give me nothing. I was always a Moderate Politician, and, for the last ten or fifteen years, there was nothing so unprofitable. Violence on either side met its reward, but the quiet men, like myself, were never remembered."

"Then hang me if I should have been quiet!" cried Lord George.

"Well, you see," said my Father, breaking his egg slowly with the back of his spoon, "it suited me! I've seen a great deal of Ireland; I'm old enough to remember the time when the Beresfords governed the country—if you can call that government, that was done with pitched-caps and cat-o'-nine-tails—and I remember Lord Whitworth's Administration, and Lord Wellesley's, and latterly Lord Normanby's. But, take my word for it, they were wrong, every one of them, and the reason was this: The English had a notion in their heads that Ireland must always be ruled through the intervention of some Leadership or other. One time it was the Protestants, then it was the Landlords, then came Dan O'Connell, and lastly it was the Priests. Now, every one of these failed, because they couldn't perform a tithe of what they promised; but still they all had that partial kind of success that saved the Administration a deal of trouble, and imposed upon the English the notion that they were at last learning how to govern Ireland. Meanwhile, I'll tell you what was happening. The Government totally forgot there was such a thing as a people in Ireland, and, what's worse, the People forgot it themselves; and the consequence was, they sank down to the level of a mean party following—a miserable shabby herd—to shout after an Orange or a Green Demagogue, as the case might be. It was a faction, and not a nation; and England saw that, but she had not the honesty to own it was

her own doing made it such. It was seeing all this made me a Moderate Politician, or, in other words, one who reposed a very moderate confidence in either of the parties that pretended to rule Ireland."

"But you supported your friend Vickars, notwithstanding," said Lord George, slyly.

"Very true, so I did; but I never put forward any mock patriotism as the reason. What I said was, 'Ye're all rogues and vagabonds alike, and I know you'll do nothing for Ireland, at least do something for the Dodd family;' and now let us see if he has, for I perceive that this address is in his handwriting."

I own to you, Bob, I quaked somewhat as I saw him smash the seal. My mind misgave me in fifty ways. "Vickars," thought I, "has given me some infernal storekeepership in the Gambia, or made me Inspector of yellow fever in Chusan." I surmised a dozen different promotions, every one of which was several posts on the road to the next world. Nor were my anticipations much brightened by watching the workings of the Governor's face as he perused the epistle, for it grew darker and darker, the angles of the mouth were drawn down, till that expressive feature put on the semblance of a Saxon arch, while his eyes glistened with an expression of fiend-like malice.

"Well, K. I.," said my Mother, in whom the Job-like element was not of a high development—"well, K. I., what does he say? Is it the old story about his list being full, or has he done it at last?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said my Father, as though echoing her words. "He has done it at last!"

"And what is it to be, Papa? Is it something that a gentleman can suitably accept?" cried Mary Anne.

"Done it at last, you may well say!" muttered my father, half aloud.

"Better late than never," cried Lord George, gaily.

"Well, I don't know *that*, my Lord," said my Father, turning upon him with an abruptness little short of offensive; "I am not so sure that I quite coincide with you. If a young fellow enters life totally uneducated and unprovided for, his only certain heritage being the mortgages on his father's property, and perhaps," he added with a sneer—"and perhaps some of his mother's virtues, I say I am not exactly convinced that he has improved his chances of worldly success by such a production as *that*!"

And with these words, every one of which he delivered with a terrible distinctness, he handed a letter across the table to Lord George, who slowly perused it in silence.

"As for *you*, Sir," continued my Father, turning towards me, "I

grieve to inform you that no vacancy at present offers itself in the Guards, nor in the Household, where your natural advantages could be remarked and appreciated. It will be, however, a satisfaction to you to know that your high claims are already understood, and well thought of in the proper quarter. There's Mr. Vickars's letter;" and he presented me with the note, which ran thus :

"DEAR MR. DODD,

"By the enclosed letter, bearing your son's signature, I have discovered how totally below his just expectations would be any of those official appointments which are within the limits of my humble patronage to bestow.

"I have, consequently, cancelled the minute of his nomination to a place in the Treasury, which was yesterday conferred upon him, and having myself no influence in either of those departments to which his wishes incline, I have but to express the regret I feel at my inability to serve him, and the great respect with which I beg to remain,

"Your very faithful servant,

"HADDINGTON VICKARS.

"Board of Trade, London.

"To Mr. James K. Dodd, Bonn."

I am able to give you the precious document word for word, for, if I went over it once, I did so twenty times.

"Perhaps you might like to refresh your memory by a glance at the enclosure," said my father. "My Lord George will kindly hand it to you."

"It is a devilish good letter though, I must say," broke in George; who, to do him justice, Bob, never deserts a friend in difficulties. "It's all very fine of this fellow to talk of his inability to do this, that, and t'other. Sure, we all know how they chop and barter their patronage with one another. One says, you may have that thing at Pernambuco, and then another says, 'very well,' there's an ensigny in the Fifty-ninth. And that's only gammon about the appointment made out yesterday; he wants to ride off on that; a sharp fellow your friend Vickars. He'd look a bit surprised, however, if you were to say that this letter of 'Jem's' was a forgery, and that you most gratefully accept the nomination he alludes to, and which, of course, is not yet filled up."

"Eh, what! how do you mean?" cried my father, eagerly, for he caught at the very shadow of a chance with desperate avidity.

"I was only in jest," said Lord George, who merely wanted, as



he afterwards said, "to hustle the Governor through the deep ground" of his anger. "I was in jest about them, for 'Jem's' letter is so good, so exceedingly well put, that it would be downright folly to disavow it. You have no idea," continued he, gravely, "what excellent policy it is always to ask for a high thing. They respect you for it, even when they give you nothing; and then, when you do at last receive some appointment, it is so certain to be beneath what you solicited, it establishes a claim for your perpetual discontent. You go on eternally boring about neglect, and so on. You accepted the humble post of Envoy at Stuttgart, for instance, under an implied pledge about Vienna or Constantinople. Besides these advantages, it is also to be remembered that, every now and then, they actually do take a fellow at his own valuation, and give him what he asks for."

"Lord George is quite right," chimed in Mrs. Gore Hampton; "half of these things are purely accidental. I remember so well my uncle writing to beg that the tutor of his boys might get some small thing in the Church, just at the moment when the Bishop of the diocese had died, and the Minister, reading the letter carelessly—my uncle's hand is very hard to decipher—mistook the object of the request, and appointed him to the Bishoprick."

"In that case," remarked my father, drily, "I think Mrs. D. had better indite an epistle to the Home-office."

And, although this was said in a sneer, the laughter that followed went far to restore us all to good-humour, particularly as Lord George took the opportunity of explaining to Mrs. Gore Hampton what had occurred, bespeaking her aid and influence in our behalf.

"It is so absurd," said she, "that one should have any difficulty about these things, but such is the case. The Duchess will be certain to make excuses; she cannot ask for something, because she *is* 'in waiting,' or she is not in waiting. Lord Harrowcliff is sure to tell me that he has just been refused a request, and cannot subject himself to another humiliation; but I always reply, these are most selfish arguments, and that I really must have what I want; that a refusal always attacks my nerves, and that I will not be ill merely to indulge a caprice of theirs. What is it Mr. James wants?"

There was something so practical in this short question, Bob, something so decisive, that had she been talking the rankest absurdity but the moment before, we should have forgotten it all in an instant.

"A mere nothing," replied Lord George. "You'll smile when you hear what we're making such a fuss about." As he said these

words, he muttered in the Governor's ear, "It's all right now; she detests asking a favour, but, if she *will* stoop to it——" an expressive gesture implied that success was certain.

"Well, you haven't told me what it is," said she again.

Lord George passed round to the back of her chair, and whispered a few words. She replied in the same low tone, and then they both laughed.

"You don't mean to say," cried she, turning to my father, "that you have experienced any difficulty about this trifle?"

The Governor blundered out some bashful confession, that he had encountered the most extraordinary obstacles to his wishes.

"I really think," said she, sighing, "they do these things just to provoke people. They wanted Augustus t'other day to go out to the Cape, and I assure you it was as much as Lady Mary could do to have the appointment changed. They said his 'regiment' was there. '*Tant pis* for his regiment!' replied she. 'It must be a most disgusting station.' And that is, I must say, the worst of the Horse Guards; they are always so imperative—so downright cruel. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Dodd?"

"They couldn't be worse than the regiment I've heard my father speak of," replied my mother. "They were called the 'North Britains,' and were the wickedest set of wretches in the rebellion of—98."

This unhappy blunder set my father into a roar of laughter, for latterly it is only on occasions like this that he is moved to any show of merriment. Mrs. Gore Hampton, of course, never noticed the mistake, but saying, "Now for my letters," ordered her writing-desk to be brought; a sign of promptitude that at once diverted all our thoughts into another channel.

"Shall I write to the Duke or to Lady Mary first?" said she, pondering; and her eyes accidentally falling upon my mother, she thought herself the person addressed, and replied,

"Indeed, Ma'am, if you ask *me*, I'd say the Duke."

"I'm for Lady Mary," interposed Lord George. "There's nothing like a woman to ferret out news, and find a way to profit by it. The Duke will just say, casually, 'I've got a letter somewhere—I hope I have not mislaid it—about a vacancy in the "Coldstreams;" if you hear of anything, just drop me a hint. By the way—is Fox in the Fusiliers still?—or I hope they'll change that shako, it's monstrous! Now, my Lady Mary will go another way to work. She'll remember the name of everybody that can be possibly useful. She'll drive about, and give little dinners, and talk, and flatter, and cajole, and

intrigue, and growing distant here, and jealous there, she'll bring into action a thousand forces that mere men-creatures know nothing of."

"I'm for the Duke still," said my mother; and Mary Anne, by an inclination of her head, showed that she seconded the motion.

It became now an actual debate, Bob, and you would be amazed were I to tell you what strong expressions and angry feelings were evoked by mere partisanship, on a subject whereupon not one of us had the slightest knowledge whatsoever. My Father and I were with Tiverton, and as "Caroline walked into the Lobby," as George phrased it, we carried the question. Mrs. G., however, declared that, beside the casting voice, she had a right to a vote, and giving it to my Mother's side, we were equal. In this stage of the proceedings a compromise alone could be resorted to, and so it was agreed that she should write to both by the same post; but the discussion had already lost us a day, for the Mail went out while my Mother was "left speaking."

I have probably been prolix, my dear friend, in all this detail, but it will at least show you how the Dodd family conduct questions of internal policy; and teach you, besides, that Cabinets and Councils of State have no special prerogative for folly and absurdity, since even small and obscure folk like ourselves can contest the palm with them.

Neither could you well believe what small but bitter animosities, what schisms, and what divisions grew out of a matter so insignificant as this. The remainder of the day was passed gloomily enough, for we each of us avoided the other, with that misgiving that belongs to those who have uneasy consciences.

They say that a good harvest often saves a bad Administration; certainly a fine day will frequently avert a domestic broil. Had the morning which followed our debate been a favourable one, the chances are we should have been away to the Seven Mountains, or the village of Königs Winter, or some such place; bad luck would have it, that the rain came down in torrents from daybreak, heavy clouds gathered over the Rhine, shutting out the opposite bank from view, so that nothing remained to us but home resources, which is but too often a brief expression for row and recrimination.

Breakfast over, each of us, as if dreading a "Call of the House," affected some peculiarly pressing duty that he had to perform. The Governor retired to pore over his accounts, and try to make out that the debit against him in his Bank-book was a balance in his favour. My Mother retreated to her room to hold a grand inspection of her wardrobe; a species of review that always discovers several desertions, and a vast amount of "unserviceables." Leaving her and

Mary Anne in court-martial over Betty Cobb, who, as usual, when brought up for sentence, claimed the right to be sent home, I pass on to Lord George, whose wet days are generally devoted to practising some new "hazard off the cushion," or the investigation of that philosopher's stone—a martingale at Rouge-et-Noir. I arrive at my own case, which invariably resolves itself into a day of gun and pistol cleaning—an occupation mysteriously linked with gloomy weather, as though one ought to have everything in readiness to blow their brains out, if the mercury continued to fall.

Mrs. G. had a headache, and Caroline was in pursuit of one over the pages of the "Thirty Years' War." Such was the tableau of the Dodd family on this agreeable day. I don't give myself much up to reflection, Bob. I have always thought that as Life is a road to be travelled, one step forward is worth any number in the opposite direction; but I vow to you that, on this occasion, I did begin to ponder a little over the past and the present, with a half-glance at the future. What the Governor had said the day before was no more than the truth—we *were* living at a tremendous rate. If all belonging to us were sold, the capital would scarcely afford six or seven years of such expenditure. These were serious, if not stunning reflections, and I heartily wished they had occupied any other head than my own.

To *you*—who have always given your brains their own share of work—thinking is no labour. It's like a gallop to a horse in hard hunting condition, and only serves to keep him in wind; but to *me*, whose faculties are to say fresh from grass, the fatigue of thought is no trifling infliction. Slow men, I take it, suffer more than your clever fellows on these occasions, since their minds are not suggestive of expedients, and they go on plodding over the same ground, till they make a beaten course in their poor brains, like an old race-ground. Something in this fashion must have occurred to me; for by dint of that dreary morning's rumination, I half made up my mind to emigrate somewhere, and if I didn't exactly know where, the fault lies more in my geography than my spirit of enterprise.

The only book I could lay my hands on likely to give me any information was "Cook's Voyages;" and this, I remembered, was in the Governor's room. I at once descended the stairs, and had just reached the little Conservatory outside of it, when I caught sight of a woman's dress beneath the thick foliage of the orange-trees. I crept noiselessly onward, and after a very devious series of artful dodges, I detected Mrs. D. playing eavesdropper at the Governor's door.

I tried to persuade myself that I was mistaken. I did my best to fancy that she was botanising, or "bouquet" gathering; but, no, the stubborn fact would not be denied. There she was, bent down, with ear and eye alternately at the keyhole. Neither the act nor the situation were very dignified, and determining that she should not be detected by any other in this predicament, I kicked down a flower-pot, and, before I had well time to replace it, she was gone.

I'm quite prepared for the laugh you'll give, Bob, when I own to you, that no sooner had I seen her vanish from the horizon, than I deliberately took my place exactly where she had been. Of course, my sense of honour and delicacy suggested that I had no other object in view than to ascertain what it was that had drawn her to the spot! Any curiosity that possessed me, was strictly confined to this.

I accordingly bent my ear to the keyhole, and had just time to recognise Mrs. Gore Hampton's voice, when the noise of chairs being drawn back, and the scuffling sounds of feet, showed that the interview had come to an end. Scarcely a moment was left me to shelter myself amongst the leaves, when the door opened, "discovering," as stage directions would say, Mr. Dodd and Mrs. Gore Hampton in conversation.

There was really a dramatic look in the situation too. The Governor's flowered dressing-gown and velvet skull-cap, decorated in front by his up-raised spectacles, like a portcullis over his nose, contrasted so well with the graceful morning robe of Mrs. G., all floating and gauzy, and to which her every gesture imparted some new character of vapoury lightness.

"Dear Mr. Dodd," said she, pressing his hand with extreme cordiality, "you have been so very, very kind, I really have no words to express what I feel towards you. I have long felt that I owed you this explanation—I have tried to summon courage for it for weeks past—then, I sometimes doubted how you might receive it."

"Oh, Madam!" interrupted he, gracefully closing his drapery with one hand, while he pressed the other on his heart.

"You kind creature!" cried she, enthusiastically. "I can now wonder at myself that I should ever have admitted a doubt on the question. But if you only knew what sorrows I have seen—if you only knew with what severe lessons mistrust and suspicion have become graven on this heart, young as it is——"

"Ah, Madam!" murmured he, as though the last few words had made the deepest impression upon him,

"Well, it's over now," cried she, in her more natural tone of gaiety.

“The weary load is off me, and I am myself again—thanks to you, dear, dear kind friend.”

’Faith, Bob, from the enthusiasm of the utterance of this last speech, I thought that a stage embrace ought to have followed; and I believe that the Governor was of my mind too, and only restrained by some real or fancied necessity to keep his toga closed in front of him. Mrs. G., however, as though fearing that he might ultimately forget the “unities,” again pressed his hand with both her own, and murmuring, “With you, then, my secret is safe—to *you* all is confided,” she hurried away, as if overcome by her feelings.

I could not guess what might have reached my Mother’s ears, but I thought to myself, if she only had heard even this much, and witnessed the fervour with which it was uttered, the Governor’s life for the next few weeks need not be envied by any one out of a condemned cell. Not that to *me* the scene admitted of any interpretation which should warrant her suspicions; but so it is, she takes a jealous turn every now and then, and he can’t take a pinch of snuff without her peering over his shoulder to see if he has not got a miniature in the lid of the box. He used to try to reason her out of these notions—his vindications even took the dangerous length of certain abstract opinions about the sex in general, very far from complimentary—but latterly he has sought refuge in drink, which usually ends in an illness, so that an attack of jealousy was the invariable premonitory symptom of one of gout; and my Mother’s temper and tincture of colchicum seemed inseparably connected by some unseen link.

From these thoughts I followed on to others about the scene itself, and what possible circumstance could have led Mrs. G. H. to visit the Governor in his own room, and what was the prodigious mystery she had just confided to his keeping. Probability, I fear, takes up little space in any speculation about a woman. I am sure that if I were to recount to you one-half of the absurd and extravagant fancies that occurred, to me on this occasion, you would infallibly set me down as mad. I’ll not tax your patience with the recital, but frankly confess to you that I have not a clue, even the slightest, to the mystery; nor, from the manner in which I have learned its existence, can I venture to ask Lord George to aid me.

The incident had one effect—it totally banished emigration, clearings, and log huts from my mind, and set my thoughts a rambling upon all the strange people and extraordinary events that travelling abroad introduces one to; and with this reflection I strolled back to my room, and sat brooding over the fire till it was time to dress for

dinner. Although you may not have the vaguest notion of what is passing in the minds of certain people, the very fact that they are fully occupied with certain strong feelings is a reason for observing them with an extraordinary interest; and so was it, that our party at table that day was full of meaning to me. There was a kind of languid repose about Mrs. Gore Hampton's manner which seemed especially assumed towards the Governor, and a certain fidgety consciousness in *his*, sufficiently noticeable; while my Mother, dressed in one of her war turbans, looked unutterably fierce things on every side. It was easy enough to see that all this additional weight upon the safety-valves of her temper threatened a terrible explosion at last, and it required all the tact I could muster to my aid, to defer the catastrophe. Lord George gave me, too, his willing aid, and by the help of an old Professor of Oriental Languages, we made up her rubber of whist in the evening.

Alas, Bob! even four by honours couldn't console her for the "odd trick" she suspected the Governor was playing her; and she broke up the card-table, and retired with that swelling dignity of manner that is the accompaniment of injured feelings.

It had been our plan to proceed from this place direct to Baden-Baden, which, from everything I can learn, must be a perfect Paradise; but now, to my great surprise, I discovered that for some secret reason we should first go to Ems, and remain there, a week or two, before proceeding further. This arrangement was Mrs. G.'s, and Lord George seemed to give it his hearty concurrence; alleging, but for the first time, that it was absurd to think of Baden before the middle of July. I could easily perceive that this change of purpose contained some mysterious motive, but, as Tiverton persisted in averring that it was "all on the square," and "no double," I had to accept it as such.

Such is, therefore, our position, as I write these lines; and although to-morrow might develop the first movement of the campaign, I cannot keep my letter open to communicate it. You will see that we are as divided as a Ministerial Cabinet. Some of us, doubtless, have their honest convictions, and others are, perhaps, plastic enough to receive impressions from without, but how we are to work together, and how, as the Great Authority said, the "Government is to be carried on," is more than yet appears to

Your ever attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

I open my letter to say that Lord G. has just dropped in to tell

me what is the plan of procedure. The Grand Duchess of Hohenschwillingen is to arrive at Ems this week, and Mrs. G. H. is anxious to wait upon her at once. They were dear friends once, but something or other interposed a coolness between them of late years. Lord G. endeavoured to explain this, but I couldn't follow the story. It was something about one of our Royal Family wanting to marry, or not to marry somebody else, and that Mrs. G. H., or the Duchess, had promoted or opposed the match. Suffice, it was a regular Kingly shindy, and all engaged in it were of the Blood Royal.

The really important thing at the moment is, that the Governor is to conduct Mrs. G. H. to-morrow to Ems, and we are to follow in a day or two. How my Mother will receive this information, or who is to communicate it to her, are questions not so easily solved.

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## LETTER XXI.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

IF it wasn't that I am supported in a wonderful way, and that my appetite keeps good for the bit I eat, I wouldn't be able to sit down here and relate the sufferings of my afflicted heart. There has been nothing but trials and tribulations over me since I wrote last, and I knew it was coming too, for that dirty beast, Paddy Byrne, upset the lamp, and spilled all the oil over the sofa the other evening; and whilst the others were scouring and scrubbing with spirit of soap and neumonia, I sat down to cry heartily, for I foresaw what was coming; and I knew well that spilt oil is the unluckiest thing that ever happens in a family.

Maybe I wasn't right. The very next morning Betty Cobb goes and cuts my antic lace flounce down the middle, to make borders for caps; and that wasn't enough, but she puts the front breadth of my new flowered satin upside down, so that, "to make the roses go right," as James says, "I ought to walk on my head." That's spilt oil for you!

Whilst I was endeavouring to bear up against these, with all Christian animosity, in comes the post-bag. The very sight of it, Molly, gave me a turn; and, I declare to you, I knew as well there



was bad news in it as if I was inside of it. You've often heard of a "presentment," Molly, and that's what I had; and, when you have that, it's no matter what it's about, whether it's a road that's broke up, or a bridge that's broke down, take my advice and never listen to what they call "reason," for it's just flying in the face of Providence. I had one before Mary Anne was born. I thought the poor baby would have the mark of a snail on her neck; and, true enough, the very same week K. I. was shot through the skirts of his coat, and came home with five slugs in him; and, when you think, as Father Maher said, "Slugs and Snails are own brothers," or, at least, have a strong anomaly between them, my dream came true; not but I acknowledge gratefully that, in this case, the fright was worse than the reality.

Well, to come back to the bag; I looked at it, and said to myself, as I often said to K. I., "Smooth and slippery as you seem without, there's bad inside of you;" and you'll see yourself if I wasn't right both ways.

The first letter they took out was for myself, and in Waters's handwriting. It began with all the balderdash and hard names the lawyers have for everything, trying to confuse and confound, just as Father Maher says, the "scuttle fish" muddies the water before he runs away; but, towards the end, my dear, he grew plainer and more conspicuous, for he said, "You will perceive, by the subjoined account, that after the payment of law charges, and other contingent expenses, the sum at your disposal will amount to twelve hundred and thirty-four pounds six and ninepence-halfpenny." I thought I'd drop, Molly, as I read it; I shook and I trembled, and I believe, indeed, ended with a strong fit of screeching, for my nerves was weak before, and really this shock was too much for any constitution. Twelve hundred and thirty-six! when I expected, at the very least, fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds! It was only that very blessed morning that I was planning to myself about a separation from K. I. I calculated that I'd have about six hundred a year of my own; and, out of decency sake, he couldn't refuse me three or four more, and with this, and my present knowledge of the Continent, I thought I'd do remarkably well. For I must observe to you, Molly, that there's no manner of disgrace, or even unpleasantness, in being separated abroad. It is not like in Ireland, where everybody thinks the worse of you both; and, what between your own friends and your husband's friends, there isn't an event of your private life that's not laid bare before the world, so that, at last, the defence of you turns out to be just as dreadful as the abuse. No, Molly, here it's all different.

Next to being divorced, the most fashionable thing is a separation, and for one woman, in really high life, that lives with her husband, you'll find three that does not. I suppose, like everything else in this sinful world, there's good and there's bad in this custom. When I first came abroad, I own, I disliked to see it. I fancied that, no matter how it came about, the women was always wrong. But that was merely an Irish prejudice, and, like many others, I have lived to get rid of it. There's nothing convinces you of this so soon as knowing intimately the ladies that are in this situation.

Of all the amiable creatures I ever met, I know nothing to compare with them. It is not merely of manners and good breeding that I speak, but the gentle, mild, quietness of their temper—a kind of submissive softness that, I own to you, one can't have with their husbands, and maybe that's the reason they've left them. I merely mention this to show you, that if I had a reasonably good income, and was separated from K. I., there's no society abroad that I mightn't be in; and, in fact, my dear Molly, I may sum all up by saying, that living with your husband may give you some comfort, when you're at home, but it certainly excludes you from all sympathy, abroad; and for one friend that you have in the former case, you'll have, at the least, ten in the latter.

This will explain to you why and how my thoughts ran upon separation, for if I had stayed in Ireland, I'm sure I'd never have thought of it; for I own to you, with shame and sorrow, Molly, that we know no more about civilisation in our poor Ireland, "than," as Lord George says, "a Prairie Bull does about oil-cake."

You may judge then of what my feelings was when I read Waters's letter, and saw all my elegant hopes melting like jelly on a hot plate. Twelve hundred pounds! Was it out of mockery he left it to me? Faith, Molly, I cried more that night than ever I thought to do for old Jones M'Carthy! Myself and Mary Anne was as red in the eyes as two ferrets.

The first, and of course the great shock, was the loss of the money, and after that came the thought of the way K. I. would behave when he discovered my disappointment. For I must tell you that the bare idea of my being independent drove him almost crazy. He seemed, somehow, to have a kind of a lurking suspicion that I'd want to separate, and now, when he'd come to discover the trifle I was left, there would be no enduring his gibes and his jeers. I had it all before me how he'd go on, tormenting and harassing me from daylight to dark. This was dreadful, Molly, and overcame me completely. I knew

him well; and that he wouldn't be satisfied with laughing at my legacy, but he'd go on to abuse the M'Carthy family and all my relations. There's nothing a low man detests like the real old nobility of a country.

Mary Anne and I talked it all over the whole night, and turned it every way we could think. If we kept the whole secret, it would save "going into black" for ourselves and the servants, and that was a great object; but then we couldn't take the name of M'Carthy after that of Dodd, quartering the arms on our shield, and so on, without announcing the death of poor Jones M'Carthy. There was the hitch; for Mary Anne persisted in thinking that the best thing about it all, was the elegant opportunity it offered of getting rid of the name of Dodd, or, at the least, hiding it under the shadow of M'Carthy.

Ah, my dear Molly, you know the proverb, "Man proposes, but Fate opposes." While we were discoursing over these things, little I guessed the mine that was going to explode under my feet. I mentioned to you in my last, I think, a lady with whom we agreed to travel in company—a Mrs. Gore Hampton, a very handsome, showy woman—though I own to you, Molly, not, what I call "one of *my* beauties."

She is tall and dark haired, and has that kind of soft, tender way with men, that I remark does more mischief than any other. We all liked her greatly at first—I suppose she determined we should, and spared no pains to suit herself to our various dispositions. I'm sure I tried to be as accommodating as she was, and I took to arts and sciences, that I couldn't find any pleasure in; but I went with the stream, as the saying is, and you'll see where it left me! I vow to you I had my misgivings that a handsome, fine-looking young woman was only thinking of dried frogs and ferns. They weren't natural tastes, and so I kept a sharp eye on her. At one time I suspected that she was tender on Lord George, and then I thought it was James; but at last, Molly darling, the truth flashed across me, like a streak of lightning, making me stone blind in a minute! What was it I perceived, do you think, but that the real "Lutherian" was no other than K. I. himself. I feel that I'm blushing as I write it. The father of three children, grown up, and fifty-eight in November, if he's not more, but he won't own to it!

There's things, Molly, "too dreadful," as Father Maher remarks, "for human credulity," and when one of them comes across you in life, the only thing is to take up the Litany to St. Joseph, and go

over it once or twice, then read a chapter or two of Dr. Croft's "Modern Miracles of the Church," and by that time you're in a frame to believe anything. Well, as I hadn't the book by me, I thought I'd take a solitary ramble by myself to reflect and consider, and down I went to a kind of green-house that is full of orange and lemon-trees, and where I was sure to be alone.

K. I. has what he calls his dressing-room—it's little trouble dressing gives him—at the end of this, but I wasn't attending to that, but sitting with a heavy heart under a dwarf fig-tree, like Nebuchadnezzar, and only full of my own misfortunes, when I heard through the trees the rustling sound of a woman's dress. I bent down my head to see, and there was Mrs. G. in a white muslin dressing-gown, but elegantly trimmed with Malines lace, two falls round the cape, and the same on the arm, just as becoming a thing as any she could put on.

"What's this for," said I to myself; for you may guess I knew she didn't dress that way to pluck lemons and green limes, and so I sat watching her in silence. She stood, evidently listening, for a minute or two; she then gathered two or three flowers, and stuck them in her waist, and, after that, she hummed a few bars of a tune, quite low, and as if to herself. That was, I suppose, a signal, for K. I.'s door opened; and there he stood himself, and a nice-looking article he was, with his ragged *robe de chambre*, and his greasy skull-cap, bowing and scraping like an old monkey. "I little knew that such a flower was blooming in the Conservatory," said he, with a smirk, I suppose he thought quite captivating.

"You do not pretend that you selected your apartment here but in the hope of watching the unfolding buds," replied she; and then, with something in a lower voice, to which he answered in the same, she passed on into his room, and he closed the door after her.

I suppose I must have fainted, Molly, after that. I remembered nothing except seeing lemon and orange-trees all sliding and flitting about, and felt myself as if I was shooting down the Rhine on a raft. Maybe it's for worse that I'm reserved. Maybe it would have been well for me if I was carried away out of this world of woe, wickedness, and artful widows. When I came to myself, I suddenly recalled everything; and it was as much as I could do not to scream out and bring all the house to the spot and expose them both. But I subdued my indigent feelings, and, creeping over to the door, I peeped at them through the keyhole.

K. I. was seated in his big chair, she in another close beside him.





He was reading a letter, and she, watching him, as if her life depended on him.

"Now read this," said she, thrusting another paper into his hand, "for you'll see it is even worse."

"My heart bleeds for you, my dear Mrs. Gore," said he, taking off his spectacles and wiping his eyes, and red enough they were afterwards, for there was snuff on his handkerchief—"my heart bleeds for you!"

These were his words, and why I didn't break open the door when I heard them, is more than I can tell.

"I was certain of your sympathy; I knew you'd feel for me, my dear Mr. Dodd," said she, sobbing.

"Of course you were," said I, to myself. "He was the kind of old fool you wanted. But, faith, he shall feel for *me*, too, or my name is not Jemima."

"I don't suppose you ever heard of so cruel a case?" said she, still sobbing.

"Never—never," cried he, clasping his hands. "I didn't believe it was in the nature of man to treat youth, beauty, and loveliness with such inhumanity. One that could do it must be a Creole Indian."

"Ah, Mr. Dodd!" said she, looking up into his eyes.

"In Tartary, or the Tropics," said he, "such wretches may be found, but in our own country, and our own age——"

"Ah, Mr. Dodd," said she again, "it is only in an Irish heart such generous emotions have their home!"

The artful hussey, she knew the tenderest spot of his nature by an instinct! for if there was anything he couldn't resist, it was the appeal to his being Irish. And to show you, Molly, the designing craft of her, *she* knew that weakness of K. I. in less than a month's acquaintance, that *I* didn't find out till I was eight or nine years married to him.

For a minute or two my feelings overcame me so much, that I couldn't look or listen to them; but when I did, she had her hand on his arm, and was saying in the softest voice,

"I may, then, count upon your kindness—I may rest assured of your friendship."

"That you may—that you may, my dear Madam," said he.

Yes, Molly, he called her Madam to her own face.

"If there should be any cruel enough, ungenerous enough, or base enough," sobbed she, "to calumniate me, *you* will be my Protector;

and beneath *your* roof shall I find my refuge. *Your* character—your station in society—the honourable position you have ever held in the world—your claims as a Father—your age—will all give the best contradiction to any scandal that malevolence can invent. Those dear venerable locks——”

Just as she said this, I heard somebody coming, and in haste, too, for a flower-pot was thrown down, and I had barely time to make my escape to my own room, where I threw myself on my bed, and cried for two hours.

I have gone through many trials, Molly. Few women, I believe, have seen more affliction and sorrow than myself; from the day of my ill-suited marriage with K. I. to the present moment, I may say, it has been out of one misery into another with me ever since. But I don't think I ever cried as hearty as I did then, for, you see, there was no delusion or confusion possible! I heard everything with my own ears, and saw everything with my own eyes.

I listened to their plans and projects, and even heard them rejoicing that, because he was stricken in years, and the father of a grown family, nobody would suspect what he was at. “Those dear venerable locks,” as she called them, were to witness for him!

Oh, Molly, wasn't this too bad; could you believe that there was as much duplicity in the world as this? *I* own, *I* never did. I thought I saw wickedness enough in Ireland. I know the shameless way I was cheated in wool, and that Mat never was honest about rabbit-skins. But what was all that compared to this?

When I grew more composed, I sent for Mary Anne, and told her everything; but just to show you the perversity of human nature, she wouldn't agree to one word I said. It was law papers, she was sure, that Mrs. G. was showing; she had something in Chancery, maybe, or perhaps it was a legacy “tied up,” like our own, “and that she wanted advice about it.” But what nonsense that was! Sure, he needn't be the father of a family to advise her about all that. And there I was, Molly, without human creature to support or sustain me! For the first time since I came abroad, I wished myself back in Dodsborough. Not, indeed, that K. I. would ever have behaved this way at home in Ireland, with the eyes of the neighbourhood on him, and Father Maher within call.

I passed a weary night of it, for Mary Anne never left me, arguing and reasoning with me, and trying to convince me that I was wrong, and if I was to act upon my delusions, that I'd be the ruin of them all. “Here we are now,” said she, “with the finest opportunity for



getting into society ever was known. Mrs. G. is one of the aristocracy, and intimate with everybody of fashion, quarrel with her, or even displease her, and where will we be, or who will know us? Our difficulties are already great enough. Papa's drab gaiters, and the name of Dodd, are obstacles in our way, that only great tact and first-rate management can get over. When we are swimming for our lives," said she, "let us not throw away a life-preserver." Wasn't it a nice name for a woman that was going to shipwreck a whole family?

The end of it all was, however, that I was to restrain my feelings, and be satisfied to observe and watch what was going on, for as they could have no conception of my knowing anything, I might be sure to detect them.

When I agreed to this plan, I grew easier in my mind, for, as I remarked to Mary Anne, "I'm like soda-water, and when you once draw the cork, I never fret nor froth any more." So that after a cold chicken, cut up with salad, a thing Mary Anne makes to perfection, and a glass of white wine negus, I slept very soundly till late in the afternoon.

Mary Anne came twice into my room to see if I was awake, but I was lying in a dreamy kind of half-sleep, and took no notice of her, till she said that Mrs. Gore Hampton was so anxious to speak to me about something confidentially. "I think," said Mary Anne, "she wants your advice and counsel for some matter of difficulty, because she seems greatly agitated, and very impatient to be admitted." I thought at first to say I was indisposed, and couldn't see any one; but Mary Anne persuaded me it was best to let her in; so I dressed myself in my brown satin with three flounces, and my jet ornaments, out of respect to poor Jones that was gone, and waited for her as composed as could be.

Mary Anne has often remarked, that there's a sort of quiet dignity in my manner when I'm offended, that becomes me greatly. I suppose I'm more engaging when I am pleased. But the grander style, Mary Anne thinks, becomes me even better. Upon this occasion I conclude that I was looking my very best, for I saw that Mrs. G. made an involuntary stop as she entered, and then, as if suddenly correcting herself, rushed over to embrace me.

"Forgive my rudeness, my dear Mrs. Dodd, and although nothing can be in worse taste than to offer any remark upon a friend's dress, I must positively do it. Your cap is charming—actually charming."

It was a bit of net, Molly, with a rosette of pink and blue ribbon on the sides, and only cost eight francs, so that I showed her that the flattery didn't succeed. "It's very simple, Ma'am," said I, "and therefore more suitable to my time of life."

"Your time of life," said she, laughing, so that for several minutes she couldn't continue. "Say *our* time of life, if you like, and I hope and trust it's exactly the time in which one most enjoys the world, and is really most fitted to adorn it."

I can't follow her, Molly; I don't know what she said, or didn't say, about Princesses, and Duchesses, and other great folk, that made no "sensation" whatever in society till they were, as she said, "like us." She is an artful creature, and has a most plausible way with her; but this I must say, that many of her remarks were strictly and undeniably true; particularly when she spoke about the dignified repose and calm suavity of womanhood. There I was with her completely, for nothing shocks me more than that giggling levity one sees in young girls, and even in some young married women.

We talked a great deal on this subject, and I agreed with her so entirely, that I was in danger every moment of forgetting the cold reserve that I ought to feel towards her; but every now and then it came over me like a shudder, and I bridled up, and called her "Ma'am" in a way that quite chilled her.

"Here, it's four o'clock," said she, at last, looking at her watch, "and I haven't yet said one word about what I came for. Of course you know what I mean?"

"I have not that honour, Ma'am," said I, with dignity.

"Indeed! Then Mr. Dodd has not apprised you—he has mentioned nothing——"

"No, Ma'am, Mr. Dodd has mentioned nothing," and this I said with a significance, Molly, that even stone would have shrunk under.

"Men are too absurd," said she, laughing; "they recollect nothing."

"They do forget themselves at times, Ma'am," said I, with a look that must have shot through her.

She was so confused, Molly, that she had to pretend to be looking for something in her bag, and held down her head for several seconds.

"Where can I have laid that letter," said she. "I am so very careless about letters; fortunately for me I have no secrets, is it not?"

This was too barefaced, Molly, so I only said "Humph!"

"I must have left it on my table," said she, still searching, "or perhaps dropped it as I came along."

"Maybe in the Conservatory, Ma'am," said I, with a piercing glance.

"I never go there," said she, calmly. "One is sure to catch cold in it, with all the drafts."

The audacity of this speech gave me a sick feeling all over, and I thought I'd have fainted. The effrontery that could carry her through that, thought I, will sustain her in any wickedness; and I sat there powerless before her from that minute.

"The letter," said she, "was from old Madame de Rougemont, who is in waiting on the Duchess, and mentions that they will reach Ems by the 24th at latest. It's full of gossip. You know the old Rougemont, what wonderful tact she has, and how well she tells everything."

She rattled along here at such a rate, Molly, that even if I knew every topic of her discourse, I could not have kept up with her. There was the Emperor of Russia, and the Queen of Greece, and Prince this of Bavaria, and Prince that of the Asturias, all moving about in little family incidents; and what between the things they were displeased at, and others that gratified them—how this one was disgraced, and that got the cross of St. Something, and why such a one went *here* to meet somebody who couldn't go *there*—my head was so completely addled, that I was thankful to Providence when she concluded the harangue by something that I could comprehend. "Under these circumstances, my dear Mrs. Dodd," said she, "you will, I am sure, agree with me, there is no time to be lost."

"I think not, Ma'am," said I, but without an inkling of what I was saying.

"I knew you would say so," said she, clasping my hand. "You have an unerring tact upon every question, which reminds me so strongly of Lady Paddington. She and the Great Duke, you know, were said to be never in the wrong. It is therefore an unspeakable relief to me that you see this matter as I do. It will be, besides, such a pleasure to the poor dear Duchess to have us with her; for I vow to you, Mrs. Dodd, I love her for her own sake. Many people make a show of attachment to her from selfish motives—they know how gratified our Royal Family feel for such attentions—but I really love her for herself, and so will you, dearest Mrs. Dodd. Worldly folk would speculate upon the advantages to be derived from her vast

influence—the posts of honour to be conferred on sons and daughters; but I know how little these things weigh with *you*. Not, I must add, but that I give you less credit for this independence of feeling than I should accord to others. You and yours are happily placed above all the accidents of fortune in this world; and if it ever *should* occur to you to seek for anything in the power of patronage to bestow, who is there would not hasten to confer it? But to return to the dear Duchess. She says the 24th at latest, and to-day we are at the 22nd, so you see there is not any time to lose.”

“Not a great deal indeed, Ma’am,” said I, for I suddenly remembered all about her with K. I., as she laid her hand on *my* arm exactly as I saw her do upon *his*.

“With a sympathetic soul,” cried she, “how little need is there of explanation! You already see what I am pointing at. You have read in my heart my devotion and attachment to that sweet Princess, and you see how I am bound by every tie of gratitude and affection to hasten to meet her.”

You may be sure, Molly, that I gave my heartiest concurrence to the arrangement. The very thought of getting rid of her was the best tidings I could hear; since, besides putting an end to all her plots and devices for the future, it would give me the opportunity of settling accounts with K. I., which it would be impossible to do till I had him here alone. It was then with real sincerity that my “sympathetic soul” fully assented to all she said.

“I knew you would forgive me. I knew that you would not be angry with me for this sudden flight,” said she.

“Not in the least, Ma’am,” said I, stiffly.

“This is true kindness—this is real friendship,” said she, pressing my hand.

“I hope it is, Ma’am,” said I, drily; for indeed, Molly, it was hard work for me to keep my temper under.

She never, however, gave me much time for anything, for off she went once more about her own plans; telling me how little luggage she would take; how soon we should meet again; how delighted the Duchess would be with me and Mary Anne; and twenty things more of the same sort.

At last we separated, but not till we had embraced each other three times over; and, to tell you the truth, I had it in my heart to strangle her while she was doing it.

The agitation I went through, and my passion boiling in me, and no vent for it, made me so ill, that I was taking Hoffman and cam-

phor the whole evening after; and I couldn't, of course, go down to dinner, but had a light veal cutlet with a little sweet sauce, and a roast pigeon with mushrooms, in my own room.

K. I. wanted to come in and speak to me, but I refused admission, and sent him word that "I hoped I'd be equal to the task of an interview in the course of a day or so;" a message that must have made him tremble for what was in store for him. I did this on purpose, Molly, for I often remarked that there's nothing subdues K. I. so much as to keep something hanging over him. As he said once himself, "Life isn't worth having, if a man can be called up at any minute for sentence." And that shows you, Molly, what I oftentimes mentioned to you, that if you want, or expect true happiness in the married state, there's only one road to it, and that is by studying the temper and the character of your husband, learning what is his weakness, and which are his defects. When you know these well, my dear, the rest is easy; and it's your own fault if you don't mould him to your liking.

Whether it was the mushrooms, or a little very weak shrub punch, that Mary Anne made, disagreed with me, I can't tell, but I had a nightmare every time I went to sleep, and always woke up with a screech. That's the way I spent the blessed night, and it was only as day began to break that I felt a regular drowsiness over me, and went off into a good comfortable doze. Just then there came a rattling of horses' hoofs, and a cracking of whips under the window, and Mary Anne came up to say something, but I wouldn't listen, but covered my head up in the bed-clothes till she went away.

It was twenty minutes to four when I awoke, and a gloomy day, with a thick, soft rain falling, that I knew well would bring on one of my bad headaches, and I was just preparing myself for suffering, when Mary Anne came to the bed-side.

"Is she gone, Mary Anne?" said I.

"Yes," said she; "they went off before six o'clock."

"Thanks be to Providence," said I. "I hope I'll never see one of them again."

"Oh, Mamma," said she, "don't say that!"

"And why wouldn't I say it, Mary Anne?" said I. "Would you have me nurse a serpent—harbour a boa-constrictor in my bosom?"

"But, then, Papa," said she, sobbing.

"Let him come up," said I. "Let him see the wreck he has made of me. Let him come and feast his eyes over the ruin his own cruelty has worked."

“Sure he’s gone,” said she.

“Gone! Who’s gone?”

“Papa. He’s gone with Mrs. Gore Hampton!”

With that, Molly, I gave a scream that was heard all over the house. And so it was for two hours—screech after screech—tearing my hair, and destroying everything within reach of me. To think of the old wretch—for I know his age right well; Sam Davis was at school with him forty-eight years ago, at Doctor Bell’s, and that shows he’s no chicken—behaving this way. I knew the depravity of the man well enough. I didn’t pass twenty years with him without learning the natural wickedness of his disposition, but I never thought he’d go the length of this. Oh, Molly! the shock nearly killed me; and coming as it did after the dreadful disappointment about Jones M’Carthy’s affairs, I don’t know at all how I bore up against it. I must tell you that James and Mary Anne didn’t see it with my eyes. They thought, or they pretended to think, that he was only going as far as Ems, to accompany her, as they called it, on a visit to the Princess—just as if there was a Princess at all, and that the whole story wasn’t lies from beginning to end.

Lord George, too, took their side, and wanted to get angry at my unjust suspicions about Mrs. G., but I just said, what would the world think of *me*, if I went away in a chaise and four with *him*, by way of paying a visit to somebody that never existed? He tried to laugh it off, Molly, and made little of it, but I wouldn’t let him, in particular before Mary Anne—for whatever sins they may lay to my charge, I believe that they can’t pretend that I didn’t bring up the girls with sound principles of virtue and morality—and just to convince him of that, I turned to, and exposed K. I. to James and the two girls till they were well ashamed of him.

It’s a heartless bad world we live in, Molly! and I never knew its badness, I may say, till now. You’ll scarce believe me when I tell you that it wasn’t from my own flesh and blood that I met comfort or sympathy, but from that good-for-nothing creature, Betty Cobb. Mary Anne and Caroline persisted in saying that K. I.’s journey was all innocence and purity—that he was only gone in a fatherly sort of a way with her; but Betty knew the reverse, and I must own that she seemed to know more about him than I ever suspected.

“Ah, the ould rogue!—the ould villain!” she’d mutter to herself, in a fashion that showed me the character he had in the servants’ hall. If I had only a little command of my temper, I might have found out many a thing of him, Molly, and of his doings at Dodsborough, but how could I at a moment like that?

And that's how I was, Molly, with nothing but enemies about me, in the bosom of my own family! One saying, "Don't expose us to the world—don't bring people's eyes on us;" and the other calling out, "We'll be ruined entirely if it gets into the papers!" so that, in fact, they wanted to deny me the little bit of sympathy I might have attracted towards my destitute and forlorn condition.

Had I been at home, in Dodsborough, I'd have made the country ring with his disgrace; but they wouldn't let me utter a word here, and I was obliged to sit down, as the Poet says, "like a worm in the bud," and consume my grief in solitude.

He went away, too, without leaving a shilling behind him, and the bill of the Hotel not even paid! Nothing sustained me, Molly, but the notion of my one day meeting him, and settling these old scores. I even worked myself into a half-fever, at the thought of the way I'd overwhelm him. Maybe it was well for me that I was obliged to rouse my energies to activity, and provide for the future, which I did by drawing two bills on Waters for a hundred and fifty each, and, with the help of them, we mean to remove from this on Saturday, and proceed to Baden, where, according to Lord George, "there's no such thing as evil speaking, lying, or slandering;" to use his own words, "It's the most charitable society in Europe, and every one can indulge his vices without note or comment from his neighbours." And, after all, one must acknowledge the great superiority in the good breeding of the Continent in this particular, for as Lord G. remarks, "If there's anything a man's own, it's his private wickedness, and there's no such indelicacy as in canvassing or discussing it; and what becomes of a Conscience," says he, "if everybody reviles and abuses you? Sure, doesn't it lead you to take your own part, even when you're in the wrong?"

He has a persuasive way with him, Molly, that often surprises myself how far it goes with me, and indeed, even in the midst of my afflictions and distresses, he made me laugh with his account of Baden, and the strange people that go there. We're to go to the Hotel de Russie, the finest in the place, and say that we are expecting some friends to join us; for K. I. and Madam may arrive at any moment. As I write these lines, the girls and Betty are packing up the things, so that long before it reaches you we shall be at our destination.

The worst thing in my present situation is, that I mustn't mutter a syllable against K. I., or, if I do, I have them all on my back; and as to Betty, her sympathy is far worse than the silence of the others. And there's the way your poor friend is in.

To be robbed—for I know Waters is robbing me—and cheated, and deceived, all at the same time, is too much for my unanimity! Don't let on to the neighbours about K. I.; for, as Lord G. says, "these things should never be mentioned in the world till they're talked of in the House of Lords;" and I suppose he's right, though I don't see why—but maybe it's one of the prerogatives of the Peerage to have the first of an ugly story.

I have done now, Molly, and I wonder how my strength has carried me through it. I'll write you as soon as I get to Baden, and hope to hear from you about the wool. I'm always reading in the papers about the improvement of Ireland, and yet I get less and less out of it; but maybe that same is a sign of prosperity; for I remember my poor father was never so stingy as when he saved a little money; and indeed my own conviction is, that much of what we used to call Irish hospitality was neither more nor less than downright desperation—we had so little in the world, it wasn't worth hoarding.

You may write to me still as Mrs. Dodd, though maybe it will be the last time the name will be borne by your

Injured and afflicted friend,

JEMIMA.

P.S. I'm sure Paddy Byrne is in K. I.'s secret, for he goes about grinning and sniggering in the most offensive manner, for which I am just going to give him warning. Not, indeed, that I'm serious about discharging him, for the journey is terribly expensive, but by way of alarming the little blaguard. If Father Maher would only threaten to curse them, as he used, we'd have peace and comfort once more.



## LETTER XXII.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Eisenach.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will be surprised at the address at the top of this letter, but not a whit more so than I am myself. How, when, and why I came here, being matters which require some explanation, nor am I quite certain of making them very intelligible to you even by that process. My only chance of success, however, lies in beginning at the very commencement, and so I shall start with my departure from Bonn, which took place eight days ago, on the morning of the 22nd.

My last Letter informed you of our having formed a travelling alliance with a very attractive and charming person, Mrs. Gore Hampton. Lord George Tiverton, who introduced us to each other, represented her as being a fashionable of the first water, very highly connected, and very rich—facts sufficiently apparent by her manners and appearance, as well as by the style in which she was travelling. He omitted, however, all mention of her immediate circumstances, so that we were profoundly ignorant as to whether she were a widow or had a husband living, and if so, whether separated from him casually, or by a permanent arrangement.

It may sound very strange that we should have formed such a close alliance while in ignorance of these circumstances, and, doubtless, in our own country, the inquiry would have preceded the ratification of this compact, but the habits of the Continent, my dear Tom, teach very different lessons. All social transactions are carried on upon principles of unlimited credit, and you endorse every bill of passing acquaintanceship with a most reckless disregard to the day of presentation for payment. Some would, perhaps, tell you that your scruples would only prove false terrors. My own notion, however, is less favourable, and my theory is this: you get so accustomed to “raffish” intimacies, you lose all taste or desire for discrimination; in fact, there’s so much false money in circulation, it would be useless to “ring a particular rap on the counter.”

Not that I have the very most distant notion of applying my theory to the case in hand. I adhere to all I said of Mrs. G. in my former epistle, and notwithstanding your quizzing about my “raptures,”

&c., I can only repeat everything I there said about her loveliness and fascination.

Perhaps one's heart becomes, like mutton, more tender by being old, but this I must say, I never remember to have met that kind of woman when I was young. Either I must have been a very inaccurate observer, or, what I suspect to be nearer the fact, they were not the peculiar productions of that age.

When the Continent was closed to us by war, there was a home stamp upon all our manufactures—our chairs and tables, our knives, and our candlesticks, were all made after native models, solid and substantial enough, but, I believe, neither very artistic nor graceful. We were used to them, however, and as we had never seen any other, we thought them the very perfection of their kind. The Peace of '15 opened our eyes, and we discovered, to our infinite chagrin and astonishment, that, in matters of elegance and taste, we were little better than barbarians—that shape and symmetry had their claims as well as utility, and that the happy combination of these qualities was a test of civilisation.

I don't think we saw all this at once, nor, indeed, for a number of years, because, somehow, it's in the nature of a people to stand up for their shortcomings and deficiencies—that very spirit being the bone and sinew of all Patriotism—but I'll tell you where we felt this discrepancy most remarkably—in our women, Tom, the very point, of all others, that we ought never to have experienced it in.

There was a plastic elegance—a species of soft, seductive way about foreign women, that took us wonderfully. They did not wait for our advances, but met us half-way in intimacy, and this, without any boldness or effrontery—quite the reverse, but with a tact and delicacy that were perfectly captivating.

I don't doubt but, for home purposes, we should have found that our own answered best, and, like our other manufactures, that they would last longer, and be less liable to damage; but, unfortunately, the spirit of imitation that stimulated us in hardware and jewellery, set in just as violently about our wives and daughters, and a pretty dance has it led us! From my heart and soul I wish we had limited the use of French polish to our mahogany!

I don't know how I got into this digression, Tom, nor have I the least notion where it would conduct me, but I feel that the Mrs. Gore Hamptons of this world took their origin in the time and from the spirit I speak of, and a more dangerous invention the Age never made.

When you read over your notes, and sum up what I've been

saying, you'll perhaps discover the reason of what you are pleased in your last letter to call my "extreme sensibility to the widow's charms." But you wrong us both, for *I'm* not in love, nor is *she* a widow! And this brings me back to my narrative.

About ten days ago, as I was sitting in my own room, in the "*otium cum dig.*" of my old dressing-gown and slippers, I received a visit from Mrs. G. in a manner which at once proclaimed the strictest secrecy and confidence. She came, she said, to consult me, and, as a gentleman, I am bound to believe her; but if you want to make use of a man's faculties, you'd certainly never begin by turning his brain. If you wished to send him of a message, you'd surely not set out by spraining his ankle?

They say that the French Cuirassiers puzzled our Horse Guards greatly at Waterloo. There was no knowing where to get a stick at them. There's a kind of dress, just now the fashion among ladies, that confuses me fully as much—a species of gauzy, filmy, floating costume, that makes you always feel quite near, and yet keeps you a considerable distance off. It's a most bewitching, ætherial style of costume, and especially invented, I think, for the bewilderment of elderly gentlemen.

More than half of the effect of a Royal visit to a man's own house is in the contrast presented by an illustrious presence to the little commonplace objects of his daily life. Seeing a King in his own sphere, surrounded with all the attributes and insignia of his station, is not nearly so astounding as to see him sitting in your old leather arm-chair, with his feet upon your fender—mayhap, stirring your fire with your own poker. Just the same kind of thing is the appearance of a pretty woman within the little den, sacred to your secret smokings and studies of the *Times* newspaper. An angel taking off her wings in the hall, and dropping in to take pot-luck with you, could scarcely realise a more charming vision!

All this preliminary discourse of mine, Tom, looks as if I were skulking the explanation that I promised. I know well what is passing in your mind this minute, and I fancy that I hear you mutter, "Why not tell us what she came about—what brought her there?" It's not so easy as you think, Tom Purcell. When a very pretty woman, in the most becoming imaginable toilet, comes and tells you a long story of personal sufferings, and invokes your sympathy against the cruel treatment of a barbarous husband and his hard-hearted family—when the narrative alternates between traits of shocking tyranny on one side, and angelic submission on the other—when you listen to wrongs that make your blood boil, re-

counted by accents that make your heart vibrate—when the imploring looks, and tones, and gesture that failed to excite pity in her “Monster of a husband” are all rehearsed before you yourself—to *you* directed those tearful glances of melting tenderness—to *you* raised up those beautiful hands of more than sculptured symmetry, I say again, that your reason is never consulted on the whole process. Your sensibility is aroused, your sympathy is evoked, and all your tenderest emotions excited, pretty much as in hearing an Italian Opera, where, without knowing one word of the language, the tones, the gestures, the play of feature, and the signs of passion, move and melt you into alternate horror at cruelty, and compassionate sorrow for suffering.

Make the place, instead of the stage, your own study, and the personage no *prima donna*, but a very charming creature of the real world, and the illusion is ten times more complete.

I have no more notion of Mrs. Gore Hampton’s history than I should have of the plot of a novel from reading a newspaper notice of it. She was married at sixteen. She was very beautiful, very rich—a petted, spoilt child. She thought the world a Fairy tale, she said. I was going to ask, was it “Beauty and the Beast” that was in her mind. At first all was happiness and bliss; then came jealousy, not on her part, but his; disagreements and disputes followed. They went abroad to visit some Royal personage—a Duchess, a Grand Duchess, an Archduchess of something, who figures through the whole history in a mysterious and wonderful manner, coming in at all times and places, and apparently never for any other purpose than wickedness, like *Zamiel* in the “Freyshütz;” but, notwithstanding, she is always called the dear, good, kind Princess—an apparent contradiction that also assists the mystification. Then, there are letters from the husband—reproach and condemnation; from the wife—love, tenderness, and fidelity.

The Duchess happily writes French, so I am spared the pains of following *her* correspondence. Chancery was nothing to the confusion that comes of all this letter-writing, but I come out with the one strong fact, that the dear Princess stands by Mrs. G. through thick and thin, and takes a bold part against the husband. A shipwrecked sailor never clung to a hen-koop with greater tenacity than did I grasp this one solitary fact, floating at large upon the wide ocean of uncertainty.

I assure you I almost began to feel an affection for the Duchess, from the mere feeling of relief this thought afforded. She was like a sanctuary to my poor, persecuted, hunted-down imagination!

Have you ever, in reading a three-volume novel, Tom, been on the eve of abandoning the task from pure inability to trace out the story, when suddenly, and as it were by chance, some little trait or incident gives, if not a clue to the mystery, at least that small flickering of light that acts as a guide-star to speculation?

This was what I experienced here, and I said to myself, "I know the sentiments of the Duchess, at least, and that's something."

Do you know, that I didn't like proceeding any further with the story—like a tired swimmer, who had reached a rock far out at sea, I didn't fancy trusting myself once more to the waves. However, I was not allowed the option. Away went the narrative again—like an express train in a dark tunnel. If we now and then did emerge upon a bit of open country where we could see about us, it was to dive the next minute into some deep cutting, or some gloomy cavern, without light or intelligence.

It appeared to me that Mr. Gore Hampton would be a very proper case for private assassination, but I didn't like the notion of doing it myself, and I was considerably comforted by finding that the course she had decided on, and for which she was now asking my assistance, was more pacific in character, and less dangerous. We were to seek out the dear Princess; she was to be at Ems on the 24th, and we were at once to throw ourselves, figuratively, into her hands, and implore protection. The "Monster"—the word is shorter than his name, and serves equally well—had written innumerable letters to prejudice her against his wife, recounting the most infamous calumnies, and the most incredible accusations. These we were to refute: how, I didn't exactly know, but we were to do it. With the dear Princess on our side, the Monster would be quite powerless for further mischief, for, by some mysterious agency, it appeared that this wonderful Duchess could restore a damaged reputation, just as formerly Kings used to cure the evil.

It was a great load off my mind, Tom, to know that nothing more was expected of me. She might have wanted me to go to England, where there are two writs out against me, or to advance a sum of money for law when I haven't a sixpence for living, or, maybe, to bully somebody that wouldn't be bullied; in fact, I didn't know what impossibilities mightn't be passing through her brain, or what difficult tasks she might be inventing, as we read of in those stories where people make compacts with the Devil, and always try to pose him by the terms of the bargain.

In the present instance, I certainly got off easier than I should have done with the Black Gentleman. All that was required of me was,

to accompany a very charming and most agreeable woman on an excursion of about two or three days' duration through one of the most picturesque parts of the Rhine country, in a comfortable town-built britschka, with every appliance of ease and luxury about it. We have an adage in Ireland, "There's worse than this in the North," and faith, Tom, I couldn't help saying so. Mrs. G.'s motive in asking my companionship was, to show her dear Duchess that she was domesticated, and living with a most respectable family, of which I was the head. You may laugh at the notion, Tom, but I was to be brought forward as a model "Pater familias," who could harbour nothing wrong.

I believe I smiled myself at the character assigned. But "Isn't Life a stage?" and in nothing more so than the fact that no man can choose his part, but must just take what the great Stage Manager—Fate—assigns him; and it is just as cruel to ridicule the failures and shortcomings we often witness in public men as to shout, in gallery-fashion, at some poor devil actor obliged to play a gentleman with broken boots and patched pantaloons.

There were, indeed, two difficulties, neither of them inconsiderable, in the matter. One was, money. The journey would needs be costly. Posting abroad is, to the full, as expensive as at home. The other was, as to Mrs. Dodd. How would she take it? I was bound over in the very heaviest recognisances to secrecy. Mrs. G. insisted that I alone should be the depository of her secret, and she was wise there, for Mrs. D. would have revealed it to Betty Cobb before she slept. What if she should take a jealous turn? It was true the Mary Jane affair had made her rather ashamed of herself, but time was wearing off the effect. Mrs. Gore Hampton was a handsome woman, and there would be a kind of *éclat* in such a rivalry! I knew well, Tom, that if she once mounted this hobby, there was nothing could stop her. All her visions of fashionable introductions, all the bright charms of high society, to which Mrs. G.'s intimacy was to lead, would melt away, like a mirage, before the high wind of her angry indignation.

She would have put Mrs. G. in the dock, and arraigned her like any common offender. It was not without reason, then, that I dreaded such a catastrophe, and, in a kind of semi-serious, semi-jocose way, I told Mrs. Gore of my misgivings.

She took it beautifully, Tom. She didn't laugh as if the thing was ridiculous, and as if the idea of Kenny Dodd performing *Aimaroso* was a glaring absurdity. "Not at all," she gravely said; "I have been thinking over that, and, as you remark, it *is* a difficulty." Shall I own to you, Tom, that the confession sent a strange thrill through

me; and, like a man selected to lead a forlorn hope, I still felt that the choice redounded to my credit.

"I think, however," said she, after a pause, "if you confided the matter to *my* management, if you leave *me* to explain to Mrs. Dodd, I shall be able, without revealing more than I wish, to satisfy her as to the object of our journey."

I heartily assented to an arrangement so agreeable; I even promised not to see Mrs. D. before we started, lest any unfortunate combination of circumstances might interfere with our project.

The pecuniary embarrassment I communicated to Lord George. He quite agreed with me, that I couldn't possibly allude to it to Mrs. G. "In all likelihood," said he, "she will just hand you a book of blank cheques, or Herries's circulars, and say, 'pray do me the favour to take the trouble off my hands.' It is what she usually does with any of her friends with whom she is sufficiently intimate, for, as I told you, she is a 'perfect child about money.'" I might have told him, that so far as having very little of it, so was I too.

"But supposing," said I, "that, in the bustle of departure, and in the pre-occupation of other thoughts, she shouldn't remember to do this; such is likely enough, you know?"

"Oh, nothing more so," said he, laughing. "She is the most absent creature in the world."

"In that case," said I, "one ought to be, in a measure, prepared."

"To a certain extent, assuredly," said he, coolly. "You might as well take something with you—a hundred pounds or so."

You can imagine the choking gulp in my throat as I heard these words! Why, I hadn't twenty—no, not ten; I doubt, greatly, if I had fully five pounds in my possession. I was living in the daily hope of that remittance from you, which, by the way, seems always tardier in coming in proportion as Ireland grows more prosperous.

Tiverton, however, does not limit his services to good counsel, he can act as well as think. For a bill of three thousand francs, at thirty-one days, I received, from the landlord of the hotel, something short of a hundred Napoleons—a trifle under six hundred per cent. per annum, but, of course, not meant to run for that time. Lord George said, "Everything considered, it was reasonable enough;" and if that implied that I'd never repay a farthing of it, perhaps he was correct. "I'm sorry," said he, "that the 'bit of stiff,' meaning the bill, "wasn't for five thousand francs, for I want a trifle of cash myself, at this moment." In this regret I did not share, Tom, for I clearly saw that the additional eighty pounds would have been out of *my* pocket!

I have now, as briefly as I am able, but, perhaps, tediously enough, told you of all the preliminary arrangements of our journey, save one, which was three lines that I left for Mrs. D. before starting—not very explanatory, perhaps, but written in “great haste.”

It was a splendid morning when we started. The sun was just topping the Drackenfels, and sending a perfect flood of golden glory over the Rhine, and that rich tract of yellow corn country along its left bank, the right being still in deep shadow. From the Kreuzberg to the Seven Mountains, it was one gorgeous panorama, with mountain and crag, and ruined castles, vine-clad cliffs, and plains of waving wheat, all seen in the calm splendour of a still summer’s morning.

I never saw anything as beautiful, perhaps I never shall again. Of my rapturous enjoyment of the scene, as we whirled along with four posters at a gallop, the best criterion I can give you is, that I totally forgot everything but the enchanting vision around me. Ireland, Home, Dodsborough, Petty Sessions, Police and Poor-rates, County Cess, Chancery, all my difficulties, down even to Mrs. D. herself, faded away, and left me in undisturbed and unbounded enjoyment.

I have often had to tell you of my disappointment with the Continent; how little it responded to my previous expectations, and how short came every trait of nationality of that striking effect I had once foreshadowed. The distinctive features of race, from which I had anticipated so much amusement, all the peculiarities of dress, custom, and manner, which I had speculated on as sources of interest, had either no existence whatever, or demanded a far shrewder and nicer observation than mine to detect. These have I more than once complained of to you in my letters; and I was fast lapsing into the deep conviction that, except in being the rear-guard of civilisation, and adhering to habits which have long since been superseded by improved and better modes with us, the Continent differs wonderfully little from England.

The reason of this impression was manifestly because I was always in intercourse with foreigners who live and trade upon English travellers, who make a livelihood of ministering to John Bull’s national leanings in dress, cookery, and furniture; and who, so to say, get up a kind of artificial England abroad, where the Englishman is painfully reminded of all the comforts he has left behind him, without one single opportunity for remembering the compensations he is receiving in return. To this cause is attributable, mainly, the vulgar impression conveyed by a first glance at the Continent. It is a bad travestie of a homely original.







What a sudden change came over me now, as we swept along through this enchanting country, where every sight and every sound were novel and interesting. The little villages, almost escarped from the tall precipice that skirted the river, were often of Roman origin; old towers of brick, and battlemented walls, displaying the S. P. Q. R., those wonderful letters which, from school days to old age, call up such conceptions of this mighty people. A great waggon would draw aside to let us pass; and its giant oxen, with their massive beams of timber on their necks, remind one of the old pictures in some illustrated edition of the "Georgics." The splash of oars, and the loud shouts of men, turn your eyes to the Rhine, and it is a raft, whole acres of timber, slowly floating along, the evidence of some primeval pine forest, hundreds of miles away, where the night winds used to sigh in the days of the Cæsars. And now every head is bare, and every knee is bowed, for a procession moves past, on its way to some holy shrine, the zig-zag path to which, up the mountain, is traceable by the white line of peasant girls, whose voices are floating down in mellow chorus. Oh, Tom! the whole scene was full of enchantment, and didn't require the consciousness that would haunt me to make it a vision of perfect enjoyment. You ask what was that same consciousness I allude to? Neither more or less, my dear friend, than the little whisper within me, that said, "Kenny Dodd, where are you going, and for what? Is it Mrs. D. is sitting beside you? or are you quite sure it's not some other man's wife?"

You'll say, perhaps, these were rather disturbing reflections, and so they would have been, had they ever got that far; but as mere flitting fancies, as passing shadows over the mind, they heightened the enjoyment of the moment by some strange and mysterious agency, which I am quite unable to explain, but which, I believe, is referable to the same category as the French Duchess's regret—"That iced water wasn't a sin, or it would be the greatest delight of existence."

If my conscience had been unmannerly enough to say, "Ain't you doing wrong, Kenny Dodd," I'm afraid I'd have said "Yes," with a chuckle of satisfaction. I'm afraid, my dear Tom, that the human heart, at least, in the Irish version, is a very incomprehensible volume.

Let us strive to be good as much as we may, there is a secret sense of pleasure in doing wrong, that shows what a hold wickedness has of us. I believe, we flatter ourselves, that we are cheating the Devil all the while, because we intend to do right at last, but the danger is,

that the game comes to an end before we suspect, and there we are, "cleaned out," and our hand full of trumps!

You'll say, "What has all this to say to the Rhine, or Mrs. Gore Hampton?" Nothing whatever. It only shows, that, like the Reflections on a Broomstick, that your point of departure bears no relation to the goal of your voyage.

"What's the name of this village, Mr. Dodd?" whispers a soft voice from the deep recess of the britschka.

"This is Andernach, Madam," said I, opening my "John," for I find there's no doing without him. "It is one of the most ancient cities of the Rhine. It was called by the Romans——"

"Never mind what it was called by the Romans, 'isn't there a legend about this ancient castle?' To be sure there is, pray find it."

And I go on mumbling about Drusus and Roman camps, and vaulted portals.

"Oh, it's not that!" cries she, laughing.

"There are two articles of traffic peculiar to this spot. Mill-stones——" She puts her hand on my lips here, and I am unable to continue my reading, while she goes on: "I remember the legend now. It was a certain Siegfried, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, who, on his return from the Crusades, was persuaded by slanderous tongues to believe his wife had been faithless to him."

"The wretch; the Count I mean."

"So he was. He drove her out a wanderer upon the wide world, and she fled across the Rhine into that mountain country you see yonder, which then, as now, was all impenetrable forest. There she passed years and years of solitary existence, unknown and friendless. There were no Mr. Dodds in those days, or, at least, she had not the good fortune to meet with them."

I sigh deeply, under the influence of such a glance, Tom, and she resumes:

"At last, one day, when fatigued with the chase, and separated from his companions, the cruel Count throws himself down to rest beside a fountain: a lovely creature, attired gracefully, but strangely, in the skins of wild beasts——"

"She didn't kill them, herself?" said I, interrupting.

"How absurd you are; of course she didn't;" and she draws her own ermine mantle across her as she speaks, smoothing the soft fur with her softer hand. "The Count starts to his feet, and recognises her in a moment, and, at the same instant, too, he is so struck by the manifest protection Providence has vouchsafed her, that he listens to

her tale of justification, and conducts her in triumph, home—his injured, but adored wife. I think, really, people were better formerly than they are now—more forgiving, or rather, I mean, more open to truth and its generous impulses.”

“Faith, I can’t say,” replied I, pondering; “the skins may have had something to say to it.” Here she bursts into such a fit of laughter that I join from sheer sympathy with the sound, but not guessing in the least why, or at what.

We soon left Andernach behind us, and rolled along beside the rapid Rhine, on a beautiful road almost level with the river, which now, for some miles, becomes less bold and picturesque.

At last we arrived at Coblenz to dinner, stopping at a capital inn called the “Giant,” after which we strolled through the town to stare at the shops and the quaintly-dressed peasant girls, whose embroidered head-gear, a kind of velvet cap worked in gold or silver, so pleased Mrs. G., that we bought three or four of them, as well as several of those curiously-wrought silver daggers which they wear stuck through their back hair.

I soon discovered that my fair friend was a “Child” about other things besides “money.” Jewellery was one of these, and for which she seemed to have the most insatiable desire, combined with a most juvenile indifference as to cost. The country girls wear massive gold earrings of the strangest fashion, and nothing would content her but buying several sets of these. Then she took a fancy to their gold chains and rosaries, and, lastly, to their uncouth shoe-buckles, all of which, she assured me, would be priceless in a fancy dress.

In fact, my dear Tom, these minor preparations of hers, to resemble a Rhine-land peasant, came to a little over seventeen pounds sterling, and suggested to me, more than once, the secret wish that our excursion had been through Ireland, where the habits of the natives could have been counterfeited at considerably less cost.

As “we were in for it,” however, I bore myself as gallantly as might be, and pressed several trifling articles on her acceptance, but she tossed them over contemptuously, and merely said, “Oh, we shall find all these things so much better at Ems. They have such a Bazaar there!” an announcement that gave me a cold shudder from head to foot. After taking our coffee, we resumed our journey, Ems being only distant some eleven or twelve miles, and, I must say, a drive of unequalled beauty.

Once more on the road, Mrs. G. became more charming and delightful than ever. The romantic glen, through which we journeyed, suggested much material for conversation, and she was legendary and

lyrical, plaintive and merry by turns, now recounting some story of tragic history, now remembering some little incident of modern fashionable life, but all, no matter what the theme, touched with a grace and delicacy quite her own. In a little silence that followed one of these charming sallies, I noticed that she smiled as if at something passing in her own thoughts.

"Shall I tell you what I was thinking of?" said she, still smiling.

"By all means," said I; "it is a pleasant thought, so pray let me share in it."

"I'm not quite so certain of that," said she. "It is rather puzzling than pleasant. It is simply this: 'Here we are now within a mile of Ems. It is one of the most gossiping places in Europe. How shall we announce ourselves in the Strangers' List?'"

The difficulty had never occurred to me before, Tom; nor, indeed, did I very clearly appreciate it even now. I thought that the name of Kenny Dodd would have sufficed for me, and I saw no reason why Mrs. Gore Hampton should not have been satisfied with her own appellation.

"I knew," said she, laughing, "that you never gave this a thought. Isn't that so?" I had to confess she was quite correct, and she went on. "Adolphus"—this was the familiar for Mr. Gore Hampton—"is so well known that you couldn't possibly pass for him; besides, he is very tall, and wears large moustaches, the largest, I think, in the Blues."

"That's clean out of the question, then," said I, stroking my smooth chin in utter despair.

"You're very like Lord Harvey Brooke, couldn't you be *him*?"

"I'm afraid not; my passport calls me Kenny James Dodd."

"But Lord Harvey is a kind of relative of mine; his mother was a Gore; I'm sure you could be him."

I shook my head despondingly; but somehow, whenever a sudden fancy strikes her, the impulse to yield to it seems perfectly irresistible.

"It's an excellent idea," continued she, "and all you have to do is to write the name boldly in the Travellers' book, and say your passport is coming with one of your people."

"But he might be here?"

"Oh, he's not here; he couldn't be here; I should have heard of it if he were here."

"There may be several who know him personally here."

"There need be no difficulty about that," replied she; "you have only to feign illness, and keep your room. I'll take every precaution

to sustain the deception. You shall have everything in the way of comfort, but no visitors—not one.”

I was thunderstruck, Tom! the notion of coming away from home, leaving my family, and braving Mrs. D., all that I might go to bed at Ems, and partake of low diet under a fictitious title, actually overwhelmed me. I thought to myself, this is a hazardous exploit of mine; it may be a costly one too; at the rate we are travelling, money flies like chaff, but, at least, I shall have something for it. I shall see fashionable life under the most favourable auspices.

I shall dine in public with my beautiful travelling companion. I shall accompany her to the Cursaal, to the Promenade, to the Play-tables. I shall eat ice with her under the “Lindens,” in the “Allée.” I shall be envied and hated by all the puppy population of the Baths, and feel myself glorious, conquering, and triumphant. These, and similar, had been my sustaining reflections, under all the adverse pressure of home thoughts. These had been my compensation for the terrors that assuredly loomed in the distance. But now, instead of the realisation, I was to seek my consolation in a darkened room, with old newspapers and water gruel!

Anger and indignation rendered me almost speechless. “Was it for this?” I exclaimed twice or thrice, without being able to finish my sentence; and she gently drew her hand within my arm, and, in the tenderest of accents, stopped me, and said, “No; not for this!”

Ah, Tom! you know what we used to hear in the “Beggar’s Opera,” long ago. “’Tis women that seduces all mankind.” I suppose it’s true. I suppose that if nature has made us physically strong, she has made us morally weak.

I wanted to be resolute; injured, and indignant, I did my best to feel outraged, but it wouldn’t do. The touch of three taper fingers of an ungloved hand, the silvery sounds of a soft voice, and the tenderly reproachful glance of a pair of dark blue eyes, routed all my resolves, and I was half ashamed of myself for needing even such gentle reproof.

From that moment I was her slave; she might have sent me to a plantation, or sold me in a market-place, resistance, on my part, was out of the question; and isn’t this a pretty confession for the father of a family, and the husband of Mrs. D.? not but, if I had time, I could explain the problem, in a non-natural sense, as the fashionable phrase has it, or even go further, and justify my divided allegiance, like one of our own bishops, showing the difference between submission to constituted authority, and fidelity to matters of faith—Mrs. D. standing to represent Queen Victoria, and Mrs. Gore Hampton, Pope Pius the Ninth!

These thoughts didn't occur to me at once, Tom; they were the fruit of many a long hour of self-examination and reflection as I lay alone in my silent chamber, thinking over all the singular things that have occurred to me in life, the strange situations I have occupied, and of this, I own, the very strangest of all.

It must be a dreadful thing to be really sick in one of these places. There seems to be no such thing as night, at least as a season of repose. The same clatter of plates, knives, and glasses, goes on; the same ringing of bells, and scuffling sounds of running feet; waltzes and polkas; waggons and mule carts; donkeys and hurdy-gurdies; whistling waiters and small puppies, with a weak falsetto, infest the air, and make up a din that would addle the spirits of Pandemonium.

Hour after hour had I to lie listening to these, taking out my wrath in curses upon Straus and late suppers, and anathematizing the whole family of opera writers, who have unquestionably originated the bleating performances of every late bed-goer. Not a wretch toiled up-stairs, at four in the morning, without yelling out "Casta Diva," or "Gib, mir wein." The half-tipsy ones were usually sentimental, and hiccupped the "Tu che al cielo," out of the "Lucia."

To these succeeded the late sitters at the play tables—a race who, to their honour be it recorded, never sing. Gambling is a grave passion, and, whether a man win or lose, it takes all fun out of him. A deep-muttered malediction upon bad luck—a false oath to play no more—a hearty curse against Fortune—were the only soliloquies of these the last votaries of Pleasure that now sought their beds as day was breaking.

Have you ever stopped your ears, Tom, and looked at a room-full of people dancing? The effect is very curious. What was so graceful but a moment back is now only grotesque. The plastic elegance of gesture becomes downright absurdity. She who tripped with such Fairy-like lightness, or that other who floated with Swan-like dignity, now seem to move without purpose, and, stranger still, without grace. It was the measure which gave the soul to the performance—it was that mystic accord, like what binds mind to matter, that gave the wondrous charm to the whole: divested of this it was like motion without vitality—abrupt, mechanical, convulsive. Exactly the same kind of effect is produced by witnessing fashionable amusements, with a spirit untuned to pleasure. You know nothing of their motives, nor incentives to enjoyment; you are not admitted to any participation in their plan or their object, and to *your* eyes it is all "Dancing without Music."







*Illustration of a scene from the novel 'The Pickwick Papers' by Charles Dickens.*

I need not dwell on a tiresome theme, for such would be any description of my life at Ems. Of my lovely companion I saw but little. About mid-day her maid would bring me a few lines, written in pencil, with kind inquiries after me. Later on I could detect the silvery music of her voice, as she issued forth to her afternoon drive. Later again I could hear her, as she passed along the corridor to her room; and then, as night wore on, she would sometimes come to my door to say a few words, very kind ones, and in her own softest manner, but of which I could recal nothing, so occupied was I with observing her in all the splendour of evening dress.

When a bright object of this kind passes from your presence, there still lingers for a second or so a species of twilight, after which comes the black and starless night of deep despondency. Out of these dreamy delusive fits of low spirits I used to start with the sudden question—What are you doing here, Kenny Dodd? Is it the father of a family ought to be living in this fashion? What tomfoolery is this? Is this kind of life instructive, intellectual, or even amusing? Is it respectable? I am not certain it is any one of the four. How long is it to continue, or where is it to end? Am I to go down to the grave under a false name, and are the Dodd family to put on mourning for Lord Harvey Brooke?

One night that these thoughts had carried me to a high pitch of excitement, I was walking hurriedly to and fro in my room inveighing against the absurd folly which originally had embarked me on this journey. Anger had so far mastered my reason that I began to doubt everything and everybody. I grew sceptical that there were such people in the world as Mr. Gore Hampton or Lord Harvey Brooke, and in my heart I utterly rejected the existence of the "Princess." Up to this moment I had contented myself with hating her, as the first cause of all my calamities, but now, I denied her a reality and a being. I didn't at first perceive what would come of my thus disturbing a great foundation-stone, and how inevitably the whole edifice would come tumbling down about my ears in consequence.

This terrible truth, however, now stared me in the face, and I sat down to consider it with a trembling spirit.

"May I come in?" whispered a low but well-known voice. "May I come in?"

My first thoughts were to affect sleep, and not answer, but I saw that there was an eagerness in the manner that would not brook denial, and answered, "Who's there?"

"It is I, my dear friend," said Mrs. Gore Hampton, entering, and

closing the door behind her. She came forward to where I was sitting despondingly on the side of the bed, and took a chair in front of me.

“What’s the matter; you are surely not ill in reality?” asked she, tenderly.

“I believe I am;” replied I. “They say in Ireland ‘mocking is catching,’ and faith, I half suspect I’m going to pay the price of my own deceitfulness.”

“Oh! no, no! you only say that to alarm me. You will be perfectly well when you leave this; the confinement disagrees with you.”

“I think it does,” said I; “but when are we to go?”

“Immediately; to-night, if possible. I have just received a few lines from the dear Princess ——”

“Oh, the Princess!” ejaculated I, with a faint groan.

“Why; what do you mean?” asked she, eagerly.

“Oh, nothing; go on.”

“But, first tell me, what made you sigh so when I spoke of the Princess?”

“God knows,” said I; “I believe my head was wandering.”

“Poor, dear head,” said she, patting me as if I was a small King Charles’s spaniel, “it will be better in the fresh air.”

“The Princess writes to say that we must meet her at Eisenach, since she finds herself too ill to come on here. She urges us to lose no time about it, because the Empress Sophia will be on a visit with her in a few days, which of course would interfere with our seeing her frequently. The letter should have been here yesterday, but she gave it to the Archduke Nicholas, and he only remembered it when he was walking with me this evening.”

These high and mighty names only made me sigh heartily, and she seemed at once to read all that was passing within me.

“I see what it is,” said she, with deep emotion; “you are growing weary of me. You are beginning to regret the noble chivalry—the generous devotion you had shown me. You are asking yourself, ‘What am I to her? Why should she cling to *me*?’ Cruel question—of a still more cruel answer!

“But go, Sir, return to your family, and leave me if you will to those heartless courtiers who mete out their sympathies by a Sovereign’s smiles, and only bestow their pity when Royalty commands it; and yet, before we part for ever, let me here, on my bended knees, thank and bless——” I can’t do it, Tom; I can’t write it. I find I am blubbering away just as badly as when the scene occurred.

Blue eyes half swimming in tears, silky-brown ringlets, and a voice broken by sobs, are shamefully unfair odds against an Irish gentleman on the shady side of fifty-two or three.

It's all very well for you—sitting quietly at your turf fire—with an old sleepy spaniel snoring on the hearth-rug, and nothing younger in the house than Mrs. Shea, your late wife's aunt—to talk about “My time of life”—“Grown-up daughters”—and so on. “He scoffs at wounds who never felt a scar.” The fact is, I'm not a bit more susceptible than other people; I even think I am less yielding—less open to soft influences than many of my acquaintances. I can answer for it, I never found that the strongest persuasions of a tax-gatherer disposed me to look favourably on “County Cess, or a Rate-in-Aid.” Even the Priest acknowledges me a tough subject on the score of Easter dues and offerings. If I know anything about my own nature, it is that I have rather a casuistic, hair-splitting kind of way with me—the very reverse of your soft, submissive, easily-seduced fellows. I was always known as the obstinate juryman in our assizes, that preferred starvation and a cart to a glib verdict like the others. I am not sure that anybody ever found it an easy task to convince me about anything, except, perhaps, Mrs. D., and then, Tom, it was not precisely “conviction”—*that* was something else.

I think I have now made out a sufficient defence of myself, and I'll not make the lawyer's blunder of proving too much. Give me the same latitude that is always conceded to great men when their actions will not square with their previous sentiments. Think of the Duke and Sir Robert, and be merciful to Kenny Dodd.

We left Ems, like a thief, in the night; the robbery, however, was performed by the landlord, whose bill for five days amounted to upwards of twenty-seven pounds sterling. Whether Gregoire and Mdlle. Virginie drank all the champagne set down in it I cannot say, but if so, they could never have been sober since their arrival. There are some other curious items too, such as Maraschino and Eau de Dantzie, and a large assessment for “real Havannahs!” Who sipped and smoked the above is more than I know.

With regard to out-of-door amusements, Mrs. G. must have ridden, at the least, four donkeys daily, not to speak of carriages, and a sort of sedan chair for the evening.

I assure you I left the place with a heart even lighter than my purse. I was falling into a very alarming kind of melancholy, and couldn't much longer have answered for my actions.

If we loitered inactively at Ems, we certainly suffered no grass to grow under our feet now. Four horses on the level, six when the road was heavy or newly gravelled; bulls at all the hills.

It's truth I'm telling you, Tom, for a light London britschka, the usual team on a rising ground was six horses and three oxen, with about two men per quadruped—boys and beggars *ad libitum*. I laughed heartily at it, till it came to paying for them, after which it became one of the worst jokes you can imagine. Onward we went, however, in one fashion or another, walking to "blow the cattle" when the road was level and smooth, and keeping a very pretty hunting pace when the ruts were deep, and the rocks rugged.

It seemed, to judge from our speed, that our haste was most imminent, for we changed horses at every station with an attempt at despatch, that greatly disconcerted the post functionaries, and probably suggested to them grievous doubts about our respectability. After twenty-four hours of this jolting process, I was, as you may suppose, well wearied—the more so, since my late confinement to bed had made me weak and irritable. Mrs. G., however, seemed to think nothing of it, so that for very shame sake I could not complain. There is either a greater fund of endurance about women than in men, or else they have a stronger and more impulsive will, overcoming all obstacles in its way, or regarding them as nothing. I assure you, Tom, I'd have pulled up short at any of the villages we passed through and booked myself for a ten-hours' sleep, in that horizontal position that Nature intended, but she wouldn't hear of it. "We must get on, dear Mr. Dodd;" "You know how important time is to us;" "Do our best, and we shall be late enough." These and such like were the propositions which I had to assent to, without the very vaguest conception why.

That night seemed to me as if it would never end. I never could close my eyes without dreaming of bailiffs, writs, judges' warrants, and Mrs. D. Then I got the notion into my head that I had been sentenced for some crime or other to everlasting travelling—an impression, doubtless, suggested by my hearing through my sleep, how we were constantly crossing some frontier, and entering a new territory. Now, it was Hesse Cassel would pry into our portmanteaus, now, it was Bavaria wanted to peep at our passports. Sigmaringhen insisted on seeing that we had no concealed fire-arms. Hoch Heckinghen searched us for smuggled tobacco. From a deep doze, which to my ineffable shame I discovered I had been taking on my fair companion's shoulder, I was suddenly awakened at daybreak by the roll

of a drum, and the clatter of presenting arms. This was a place called Heinfeld, in the Duchy of Saxe Weimar, where the Commandant, supposing us to be Royal personages, from our six horses and mounted Courier, turned out the guard to salute us. I gave him briefly to understand that we were *incog.*, and we passed on without further molestation.

By noon we reached Eisenach, where, descending at the "Rautenkranz," the head inn, I bolted my door, and, throwing myself on my bed, slept till far into the night. When I awoke, the house was all at rest, every one had retired, and in this solitude did I begin the recital of the singular page in my history, which is now before you. I felt, like one of those storm-tossed mariners, who, on some unknown and distant ocean, commit their sorrows to paper, and then enclosing it in a bottle, leave the address to Fortune. I know not if these lines are ever to reach you. I know not who may read them. Perhaps, like Perouse, my fate may be a mystery for future ages. I feel altogether very low about myself.

I was obliged to break off suddenly above, but I am now better. We have been two days here, and I like the place greatly. It lies in the midst of a fine mountain range—the Thuringians—with a deep forest on every side. Up to this we have had no tidings of the Princess, but we pass our time agreeably enough in visiting the remarkable objects in the neighbourhood, one of which is the Wartburg, where Luther passed a year of imprisonment.

I have collected some curious materials about the life of this Protestant champion for Father Maher, which will make a considerable sensation at home. There is an armoury, too, in the Castle of the most interesting kind, but, as usual, all the remarkable warriors were little fellows. The robbers of antiquity were big, but the great characters of chivalry, I remark, were small. The Constable de Bourbon's armour wouldn't fit Kenny Dodd.

I intend to send off this package to-day by a "gentleman of the Jewish persuasion," so he styles himself, who is travelling "in the interest of soft soap," and will be in England within a fortnight. Where I shall be myself, by that time, Tom, Heaven alone can tell!

My cash is running very low. I don't think that, above my lawful debts in this place, I could muster twelve pounds, and, after a careful exploration of the locality, I see no spot at all likely to "advance money on good personal security." You must immediately remit me a hundred, or a hundred and fifty for present emergencies.

My humiliation will be terrible if I have to speak about pecuniary matters in a certain quarter ; and, as I said before, how long we may remain here, or where proceed when we leave this, I know as much as you do !

I have begun four letters to Mrs. D., but have not satisfied myself that I am on the right tack in any of them. Writing home when you have not heard from it, is like legislation for a distant colony without any clue to the state of public opinion. You may be trying rigorous measures with a people ripe for rebellion, or, perhaps, refusing some concession that they have just wrested by force. When I think of domestic matters, I am strongly reminded of the Caffre war, for somehow, affairs never look so badly as when they seem to promise a peace ; and, like Sandilli, Mrs. D. is great at an ambush.

You must write to her, Tom ; say that I am greatly distressed at not getting any answers to my letters ; that I wrote four ; which is true, though I never sent off any of them. Make a plausible case for my absence out of the present materials, and speak alarmingly about my health, for she knows I have sold my policy of insurance at the Phœnix, and is really uneasy when I look ill.

If I wasn't in such a mess I should be distressed about the family, for I left them at Bonn with a mere trifle. When a man has got an incurable malady he spends little money on doctoring, and so there is nothing saves fretting so much, as being irretrievably ruined. Besides, it is in the world as in the water, it is struggling that drowns you ; lie quietly down on your back, don't stir hand or limb, and somebody will be sure to pull you out, though it may chance to be by the hair.

I have often thought, Tom, that life is like the game of chess. It's a fine thing to have the "move," if you play well, but if you don't, take my word for it it's better to stay quiet, and not budge. This will give you the key to my system ; and if I ever get into public life, this, I assure you, shall be "Dodd's Parliamentary Guide."

I have now done, and you'll say it's time too ; but let me tell you, Tom, that, when I seal and send off this, I'll feel myself very lonely and miserable. It was a comfort to me some days back to go every now and then and dot down a line or two ; it kept me from thinking, which was a great blessing. You know how Gibbon felt when he wrote the last sentence of his great history ; and, although the Rise and Fall of Kenny Dodd be a small matter to posterity, it has a great hold upon his own affections.

I see my pony at the door, and Mrs. G. is already mounted. We are going to some old abbey in the forest, where she is to sketch, and



I am to smoke for an hour or two ; so good-by, and remember that my escape from this must depend upon your assistance. This Princess has not yet made her appearance, nor have I the slightest guide as to her future intentions.

There are a quantity of home questions I am anxious to speak about, but must defer the discussion till my next. I have not seen a newspaper since I started on this excursion. I know not who is "in" or "out." I shall learn all these things later on, so once more, good-by. Address me at the "Rue Garland," and believe me, faithfully, your friend,

KENNY J. DODD.

P.S. When you mention to the neighbours having heard from me, it would be as well to say nothing of this little adventure of mine. Say that the Dodds are all well, and enjoying themselves, or something like that. If Mrs. D. has written to old Molly, try and get hold of the epistle, or otherwise I might as well be in the "Hue and Cry." Indeed, I don't see why you couldn't stop her letters at the post-office in Bruff.

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### LETTER XXIII.

MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

Cour de Bade, Baden-Baden.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

IT will be five weeks on Tuesday next since we saw K. I., and except a bit of a note, of which I'll speak presently, never any tidings of him has reached us! I suppose within the memory of man, wickedness equal to this has not been heard of. To go and disgrace himself, and, what's more, disgrace *us* at his time of life, with two daughters grown up, and a son just going into the world, is a depth of baseness to which the mind cannot ascend.

They're away in Germany, my dear, the happy pair! I wish I was near him! I'd only ask to be for five minutes within reach of him. Faith, I don't think he'd be so seductive and captivating for

a little time to come. They're off, I hear, to what they call the "Hearts Forest;" a place, I take from the name, to be the favourite resort of loving couples. From the first day, Molly, I suspected what was coming, for though James and Mary Anne persisted in saying that he was only gone for a day or two, I went to his drawers and saw that he had taken every stitch of his clothes that was good for anything away with him.

If he's only gone for two days, says I, what does he want with fourteen shirts, and four embroidered fronts for dress, not to speak of his new black suit and his undress Deputy-Lieutenant's coat? I tossed and tumbled over everything, and sure enough there was little left to look at. So you see, Molly, it was all planned before, and the whole was arranged with a cold-blooded duplicity that makes me boil to think over. This wasn't all, either; but he must go and draw a bill on the Landlord for a hundred and twenty pounds; and, without the slightest attention to all that we owed in the Hotel, or even leaving us a sixpence, away goes my gallant Lutheran, only thinking of love and pleasure!

The half of the M'Carthy legacy is gone already to meet these demands, and enable us to come on here; and even with that I couldn't have done it, if it hadn't been for Lord George's kindness, for he knows so much about Bills, and Bankers, and when the Exchange is good, and what is the favourable moment to draw upon London, that, as he says himself, one learns at last to "make a pound go as far as five."

As to staying any longer at Bonn, it was out of the question. The whole town was talking of K. I., and everybody used to stop us and ask, with a mournful voice, if we hadn't got any tidings of Mr. Dodd?

And now we're here, I must say it is a charming place; and for real life and enjoyment, there's probably not its equal in Europe. And then, Molly, the great feature is certainly the universal kindness and charity that prevails. You may do what you like, wear what you like, go where you like. I was a little bit afraid at first that the story of K. I. would get abroad, and damage us in society; but Lord George said, "You mistake Baden, my dear Mrs. Dodd. If there's anything they're peculiarly lenient to, it's just *that*. There's no cant, no hypocrisy here; nobody would endure such, for an hour. Everybody knows that the world is not peopled with Angels, and England is the only country where they affect that delusion. Here, all are natural, sincere, and candid." These were his words, and I assure you they are no more than the truth; and so far from K. I.'s

conduct being regarded in any spirit of unfairness towards *us*, I really believe that we have met a great deal of delicate and refined notice on account of it. As Lord G. remarks, "They know that you don't belong to that strait-laced set of humbugs that want to frown down all mankind. They see at once that you have the habits of the world, and the instincts of good society, and that you come amongst them neither to criticise nor censure, but to please and be pleased." I quote his very expressions, Molly, because, with all his wildness, his sentiments are invariably beautiful; and I must say, that an ill-natured word never comes out of his mouth. If there's anything he excels in, too, it's tact. This he showed very remarkably, when we arrived here. "We must do the thing handsomely," said he, "or we shall be sure to hear that Mr. D.'s absence is owing to pecuniary difficulties." And so accordingly he arranged to purchase a beautiful pair of grey ponies, and a small park phaeton, belonging to a young Russian, that was just ruined at the tables. We got the whole equipage for little more than half what it cost, and a tiger—as they call the little boy in buttons—goes with it.

We have taken the first apartment in the "Cour de Bade," and have put Paddy Byrne in a suit of green and gold, that always reminds me of poor Daniel O'Connell. Lord G. drives me out every day himself, and I hear all the passers-by say it's "Tiverton and Mrs. Dodd," in a manner that shows we're as well known as the first people in the place. He is acquainted with every man, woman, and child, in the town; and it is a perpetual "How are ye, Tiverton?"—"How goes it, George?"—"At the old trade, eh?"—as we drive along, that amuses me greatly. And it isn't only that he knows them personally, but he is familiar with all their private histories. It would fill a book—and a nice volume it would be!—if I were to tell you one-half of the stories he told me yesterday, going down to Lichtenthal. But the names is so confusing. How he remembers them all, I can't conceive.

We go to the rooms in the evening, full dressed, and as fine as you please; and if you saw how the company rises to meet us, and the gracious manner we are received by all the first people, you'd think we were sisters with half the room. For rank, wealth, and beauty, I never saw its equal; and the "tone," as Lord G. observes, is "so easy." Mary Anne usually dances all night, but *I* only stand up for a Quadrille, though Lord George torments me to Polka with him. As for James, he never quits the roulette-table, which is a kind of game where you always win thirty-six times as much as you put down, though maybe occasionally you lose your stake, for it's all

chance, Molly, and, like everything else in this wicked world, in the hands of Fate!

I'm afraid James doesn't understand the game, or forgets to take up his winnings, for when he joins us at supper he looks depressed and careworn, till he has taken two or three glasses of champagne. Caroline, as you may suppose, stays moping at home. If there's anything distresses me more than another, it's the way that girl goes on. Here we are, in the very thick of the fashion, spending money—as fast as hops—ruining ourselves, I may say, with expense; and instead of taking the benefit of it while "it's going," she sits up in her room reading her eyes out of her head, and studying things that no woman need know. As I say to her, "What good is it to you? Will it ever get you a husband, to know that Sir Humphrey Clinker invented the safety lamp? or do you suppose that any man will take a fancy to you for the sake of your chemistry and eccentricity? Besides," says I, "you could do all this at home, in Dodsborough, and who knows if we shouldn't be obliged to go back and finish our days in Ireland!" And in my heart and soul I believe it's what she'd like!

The real affliction in life is to see your children not take after you! That is the most dreadful calamity of all. You toil and you slave to bring them up with high notions, to teach them to look down upon whatever is low and mean, to avoid their poor relations, and whatever disgraces them, and you find, the whole time, that 'tis looking back they are to their humble origin, and fancying that they were happier, for no other reason than because they were lower!

It is, maybe, the M'Carthy blood in me, but I feel as if the higher I went the lighter I grew, and so it is, I'm sure, with Mary Anne. I know, from her face across the room, whether she's dancing with a "Prince," or only, "a Gentleman from the United States!" And even in the matter of looks it makes the greatest difference in her. In the one case, her eyes sparkle, her head is thrown back, her cheek glows with animation; while in the other, she seems half asleep, dances out of time, and probably answers out of place.

From all these facts, I gather, Molly, that there's nothing so elevating to the mind as moving in a rank above your own; and I'm sure, I don't forgive myself when I keep company with my equals. I believe James has less of the Dodd and more of the M'Carthy in him, than the girls. He takes to the aristocracy so naturally—calls them by their names, and makes free with them in a way that is really beautiful, and they call him "Jim," or some of them say "Jeemes," just as familiar as himself. I suppose it's no use repining,

but I often feel, Molly, that if it was the Lord's will that I was to be left a widow, I'd see my children high in the world before long.

This reminds me of K. I., and here's his letter for you. I copy it word for word, without note or comma:

“DEAR JEMI,

“We are waiting here for the Princess, who has not yet arrived, but is expected to-day, or to-morrow at furthest. You will be sorry to hear that I was ill and confined for more than a week to my bed at Ems.” Will I indeed? “It was a kind of a low fever.” I read it a love fever, Molly, when I saw it first. “But I am now much better.” You never were worse in your life, you old hypocrite, thinks I. “And am able to take a little exercise on horseback.

“The expense of this journey, unavoidable as it was! is very considerable, so that I reckon upon your practising the strictest economy during my absence.” I thought I'd choke, Molly, when I seen this. Just think of the daring impudence of the man telling me that while he is lavishing hundreds on his vices and wickedness, that the family is to starve to enable him to bear the expense. “The strictest economy during my absence.” I wish I was near you when you wrote it!

Then comes in some balderdash about the scenery, and the place they're at, just as coolly described as if it was talking of Bruff, or the neighbourhood; the whole winding up with, “Mrs. G. H. desires me to convey her tender regards”—what she can spare, I suppose, without robbing him—“to you and the girls. No time for more, from yours, sincerely,

“KENNY JAMES DODD.”

There's an epistle for you! You'll not find the like of it in the “Polite Letter Writer,” I'll wager. The father of a family, and such a family too, discoursing as easily about the height of iniquity as if he was alluding to the state of the weather, or the price of sheep at the last fair. He flatters himself, maybe, that this free-and-easy way is the best to bamboozle me, and that by seeming to make nothing of it, I'll take the same view as himself. Is that all that he knows of me yet? Did he ever succeed in deceiving me, during the last seventeen years? Didn't I find him out in twenty things, when he didn't know himself of his own depravity? I tell you in confidence, Molly, that if coming abroad is an elegant thing for our sex, it's downright ruin to men of K. I.'s time of life! When they come to fifty, or thereabouts, in Ireland, they settle down to something respectable, either

on the Bench, or Guardians to the Union. Their thoughts runs upon green crops and draining, and how to raise a trifle, by way of loan, from the Board of Works. But not having these things, abroad, to engage them, they take to smartening themselves up with polished boots and blackened whiskers, and what between pinching here, and padding there, they get the notion that they're just what they were thirty years ago! Oh, dear! oh, dear! sure they've only to go up-stairs a little quick, to stoop to pick up a handkerchief, or button a boot, to detect the mistake, and if that won't do, let them try a Polka with a young lady just out for her first season!

Of all the old fools, in this fashion, I never met a worse than K. I.! and what adds to the disgrace, he knows it himself, and he goes on saying, "Sure I'm too old for this," or "I'm past that;" and I always chime in with, "Of course you are; you'd cut a nice figure;" and so on. But what's the use of it, Molly? Their vanity and conceit sustains them against all the snubs in the world, and till they come down to a Bath-chair, they never believe that they can't dance a hornpipe!

I could say a great deal more on this subject, but I must turn to other things. You must see Purcell and tell him the way we're left, without a fraction of money, nor knowing where to get it. Tell him that I wrote to Waters about a separation, which I would, only that K. I.'s affairs is in such a state, I'd have to put up with a mere trifle. Say that I'm going to expose him in the newspapers, and there's "no knowing where I'll stop," for that's exactly the kind of threat Tom Purcell will be frightened at.

Get him to send me a remittance immediately, and describe our distress and destitution as touchingly as you can.

Here's more of it, Molly. James has just come in to say that the Ministry is out in England, and that the new Government is giving everything away to the Irish, and that old villain, K. I., not on the spot to ask for a place! James tells me, it's the Brigade is to have the best things; but I don't remember if K. I. belongs to it, though I know he's in the Yeomanry. From Lord-Lieutenant down to the letter-carriers, they must be all Irish now, James says. We're to have Ireland for ourselves and as much of England as we can, for we'll never rest till we get perfect equality, and I must say it's time, too!

K. I. isn't fit for much, but maybe he might get something. The Treasury is where he'd like to be, but I'm not certain it would suit him. At all events, he's not to the fore, and I don't think they'll send to look for him, as they did for Sir Robert Peel! Till we know,

however, whether he has a chance of anything, it would be better to keep his present conduct a profound secret, for James remarks "that they make a great fuss about character now-a-days;" and it comes well from them, Molly, if the stories I hear be true!

Ask Pureell what's vacant in K. I.'s line? which, you may say, goes from Lunatic Asylums to the Court of Chancery. I don't want James to have an Irish appointment, but he says there's something in Gambia—wherever that is—that he'd like.

As of course K. I. and myself can never live together again, it would be very convenient if he was to get something that would require him to stay in Ireland—either a suspensory magistrate or a place in Newgate would do. You'll wonder at my troubling myself about a man that behaved as he did; and indeed I wonder at myself for it; and what I say is, maybe this might happen, {maybe the other, and I'd be sorry afterwards; and if he was to be taken away suddenly, I'd like to be sure, to have my mind easy, and in a happy frame.

Isn't it dreadful to think that it's about these things my letter is filled, while all the enjoyment in life is going on about me. There's the Band underneath my window playing the Railroad Polka, and the crowd round them is Princesses, and Duchesses, and Countesses, all so elegantly dressed, and looking so sweet and amiable. Every minute the door opens, with an invitation for this or that, or maybe a nosegay of beautiful flowers that a Prince with a wonderful name has sent to Mary Anne. And here's a man with the most tempting jewellery from Vienna, and another with lace and artificial flowers; and all for nothing, Molly, or next to nothing—if one had a trifle to spend on them. And so we might, too, if K. I. hadn't behaved this way.

There's to be a Grand Ball to-night at the Rooms, and Mary Anne is come to me about her dress; for one thing here is indispensable—you must never appear twice in the same. For the life of me, I don't know what they do with the old gowns, but Mary Anne and myself has a stock already that would set up a moderate mantua-maker. As to shoes, and gloves too, a second night out of them is impossible, though Mary Anne tries to wear them at small tea-parties. Speaking of this, I must say, that girl will be a treasure to the man that gets her; for she has so many ways of turning things to account: there's not an old lace veil, nor a bit of net, nor even a flower, that she can't find use for, somewhere or other. As to Caroline, she looks like a poor governess; there's no taste nor style whatever about her;

and as to a bit of ribbon round her throat, or a cheap brooch, she never wears one! I tell her every day, "You're a Dodd, my dear—a regular Dodd. You have no more of the M'Carthy in you than if you never saw me." And indeed she takes after the father in everything. She has a dry, sneering way about whatever is genteel or high-bred, and the same liking for anything low and common; but, after all, I'm lucky to have Mary Anne and James what they are! There's no position in life that they're not equal to; and if I'm not greatly mistaken, it's in the very highest rank they'll settle down at last. This opinion of mine, Molly, is the best and shortest answer I can give to what you ask me in your last letter, "What's the use of going abroad?" But, indeed, your question—as Lord George remarked, when I told him of it—is, "What's the use of civilisation? What's the use of clothes? What's the use of cooked victuals?" You'll say, perhaps, that you have all these in Ireland; and I'll tell you, just as flatly, You have not. You stare with surprise, but I repeat to you, You have not.

An old iron shop in Pill-lane, with bits of brass, broken glass, and old crockery, is just as like Storr and Mortimer's as your Irish habits and ways are like the real world. Why, Molly, there's no breeding nor manners at all! You are all twice too familiar, or what you, perhaps, would call cordial, with each other; and yet you daren't, for the life of you, say what every foreigner would say to a lady the first time he ever met her. That's your notion of good manners!

As to your clothes, I get red as a turkey-cock with pure shame when I think of a Dublin bonnet, with a whole botanical garden over it; but indeed, when one thinks of the dirty streets and the shocking climate, they forgive you for keeping all the finery for the head.

The cookery I won't speak of. There's people can eat it, and much good may it do them; and my heart bleeds when I think of their sufferings. But maybe Ireland *is* coming round after all. What I hear is, that when everybody is sold out, matters will begin to mend. I suppose it's just as if the whole country was taking what's called the "Benefit of the Act," and that they'll start fresh again in the world without owing sixpence. If that's the meaning of the 'Cumbered Estates, it's the best thing ever was done for Ireland, and I only wonder they didn't think of it earlier; for my sure and certain opinion is, that there's nothing distresses a man like trying to pay off old debts; and it destroys the spirits besides, for ye're always saying, "It wasn't *me* that spent *this*. I hadn't any fun for *that*."

James has just come in with the list of the new Ministry, and



among all the Irish appointments I don't see as good a name as K. I.'s; and you may fancy how respectable they are after that! But the truth is, Molly, it's the same with politics as with the potatoes: one is satisfied to put up with anything in a famine. K. I. used to say that when he was young, his Irish name would have excluded him as much from any chance of office as if he was a Red Indian; but times is changed now, and I see two or three in the list that their colleagues will never pronounce rightly—and that at least is something gained.

And just to think of it, Molly! Who knows, if K. I. wasn't disgracing himself this minute, that he wouldn't be high in the Administration? I remember the time when it was only Lord James this, or Sir Michael that, got anything; but now you may remark that it's maybe a fellow would rob the mail is a Lord of the Treasury, and one that would take fright at his own shadow is made Clerk of the Ordnance. That's a great "step in the right direction," Molly, and it shows, besides, that we're daily living down obscene and antiquated prejudices.

You like a long letter, you say, and I hope you'll be satisfied with this, for I'm four days over it; but, to be sure, half the time is spent crying over the barbarous treatment I've met from K. I. That you may never know what it is to have a like grief, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P.S. Mary Anne sends her love and regards, and Cary, too, desires to be remembered to you. She is longing to have old Tib here, as if a black cat would be anything remarkable on the Continent. But that's the way with her. All the Dodsborough geese are swans in *her* estimation.

## LETTER XXIV.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Baden-Baden.

MY DEAR BOB,

I COPY the following paragraph from the *Galignani* of yesterday:—  
 “Considerable excitement has been caused amongst the fashionable visitors of Baden by the rumoured elopement of the charming Mrs. G \* \* \* H \* \* \* \* \* with an Irish gentleman of large fortune, and who though considerably past the prime of life, is evidently not beyond the age of fascination. Our readers will appreciate the reserve with which we only allude to a report, the bare mention of which will doubtless give the deepest distress amongst a wide circle of our very highest aristocracy.”

Probably all your conic sections and spherical trigonometry learning would never enable you to read the riddle aright, and so I shall save you the profitless effort by saying that the delinquent so delicately indicated in the above is no other than the worthy Governor himself. Aye, Bob, as the old song says:

“No age, no profession, nor station is free;  
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee;”

and how should it be expected that Dodd Père could resist the soft impeachment? To be as intelligible as the circumstances permit, I must ask of you to call to mind a certain very beautiful fellow-traveller of ours—a Mrs. Gore Hampton. She is the Dido of this *Æneid*. Not that there is in reality any—even the remotest—shade of truth in the newspaper paragraph; the entire event being explicable upon far less romantic and less interesting grounds. Mrs. G. H. having desired the protection of my Father’s escort to some small town in Germany, and not wishing to excite the inevitable hostility of my Mother to the arrangement, determined upon a night march, without beat of drum. In this way was the fortress evacuated; and when the garrison were mustered for duty, Dodd Père was reported missing.

Tiverton, who was in the secret throughout, explained everything to me, and I as readily imparted the explanation to the girls; but all our endeavours to convince my Mother were totally fruitless. "She knew him of old:"—"She guessed many a day since what he was."—"It was not now that she had to read his character." These and similar intimations, coupled with others even stronger, and less flattering as regarded his time of life, manners, and personal advantages, were more than enough to drown all our arguments; and I must confess that she arranged the details of circumstantial evidence against him with a degree of art and dexterity that might have reflected credit on a Crown Lawyer.

Of course, the first three or four days after the event were not of the pleasantest, for not satisfied with the sympathies of a home circle, my Mother empannelled "special juries" of the waiters and chambermaids, and arraigned the unlucky Governor on a series of charges, extending to a period far beyond the "statute of limitations."

Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to leave this place at once, and establish our quarters in some new locality. Baden offered the most advisable sphere, whither we have come, if not to hide our sorrows, at least to console our griefs. I am perfectly convinced that if the Governor came back to-morrow, and could only obtain a fair hearing, he could satisfactorily explain why he went, where he was, and everything else about his absence; but there lies the real difficulty, Bob! He will be condemned *per contumaciam*, if not actually hooted out of Court with indignation. While this is undeniably true, you would be astonished to hear how thoroughly public sympathy would be with him, were he boldly to stand forth and tender his plea of "Guilty." I was slow to credit this when Tiverton told me so at first, but I now see it is perfect fact. Good society, abroad, exacts something in the way of qualification—like what certain charitable institutions require at home—you must have sinned before you can hope for admittance! It is not enough that you express profligate opinions—speak disparagingly of whatever is right, and praise the wrong—you are expected to give a proof, a good, palpable, unmistakable proof of your professions, and show yourself a man of your word. The oddest thing about all this is, that these evidences are not demanded on any moral or immoral grounds, but simply as requirements of good breeding—in other words, you have no right to mix in society where your purity of character may give offence; such pretension would be a downright impertinence.

Hence you will perceive, that if the Governor only knew of it, he might take brevet rank as a scamp, and actually figure here as one of the "profligates of the season." Meanwhile, his absence is not without its inconveniences; and if he remain much longer away, I am sorely afraid that we shall be reduced to a paper currency, not "convertible" at will.

I have myself been terribly unlucky at "the tables," have lost heavily, and am deeply in debt. Tiverton, however, tells me never to despair, and that when pushed to the wall a man can always retrieve himself by a rich marriage. I confess the remedy is not exactly to my taste—but what remedy ever is? If it must be so, it must. There are just now some three or four great prizes in the wheel matrimonial here, of which I will speak more fully in my next; my object in the present being rather to tell you where we are, than to communicate the "*res gestæ*" of,

Your ever attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

P.S. Don't think of reading for the Fellowship, I beg and entreat of you. If you will take to "Monkery," do it among our own fellows, who at least enjoy lives of ease and indolence. Besides, it is a downright absurdity to suppose that any man ever rallies after four years of hard study and application. As Tiverton says, "You train too fine, and there's no work in you afterwards."

## LETTER XXV.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Eisenach. "The Rue Garland."

MY DEAR TOM,

YOU may see by the address that I am still here, although in somewhat different circumstances from those in which I last wrote to you. No longer "Mi Lor," the occupant of the "grand suite of apartments with the balcony," flattered by beauty, and waited on with devotion. I am now alone; the humble tenant of a small sanded parlour, and but too happy to take a very unpretending place at my host's table. I seek out solitary spots for my daily walks—I select the very cheapest "Canastre" for my lonely pipe—and, in a word, I am undergoing a course of "the silent system," accompanied by thoughts of the past, present, and the future, gloomy as ever were inflicted by any code of penitentiary discipline.

I know not if—seeing the bulk of this formidable despatch—you will have patience to read it; I have my doubts that you will employ somebody to "note the brief" for you, and only address yourself to the strong points of the case. Be this as it may, it is a relief to me to decant my sorrows even into my ink-bottle; and I come back to my desk at night with a sense of consolation that shows me that, no matter how lonely and desolate a man may be in the world, there is a great source of comfort in the sympathy he has for himself. This may sound like a bull, but it is not one, as I am quite ready to show. But my poor brains are not in order for metaphysics, and so, with your leave, I'll just confine myself to narrative for the present, and keep all the philosophy of my argument for another occasion.

Lest, however, you should only throw your eyes carelessly over these lines, and not adventure far into the detail of my sorrows, I take this early opportunity of saying that I am living here on credit—that I haven't five shillings left to me—that my shoemaker lies in wait for me in the Juden-Gasse, and my washerwoman watches for me near the Church. Schnaps, snuff, and cigars have encompassed me round about with small duns, and I live in a charmed circle of petty persecutions, that would drive a less good-tempered man half crazy. Not that I am ungrateful to Providence for many blessings: I acknowledge heartily the great advantage I possess in knowing nothing

whatever of the language, so that I am enabled to preserve my equanimity under, what very probably may be, the foulest abuse that ever was poured out upon insolvent humanity.

My wardrobe is dwindled to the "shortest span." I have "taken out" my great-coat in Kirschwasser, and converted my spare small-clothes into cigars. My hat has gone, to repair my shoes; and, as my razors are pledged for pen, ink, and paper, I have grown a beard that would make the fortune of an Italian refugee, or of a Missionary speaker at Exeter Hall!

My host of "The Rue Garland" hasn't seen a piece of my money for the last fortnight; and now, for the first time since I came abroad, am I able to say that I find the Continent cheap to live in. Aye, Tom, take my word for it, the whole secret lies in this—"Do with little, and pay for less," and you'll find a great economy in coming abroad to live. But if you cannot cheat yourself as well as your creditors, take my advice and stay at home. These, however, are only spare reflections; and I'll now resume my story, taking up the thread of it where I left off in my last.

It is really all like a dream to me, Tom; and many times I am unable to convince myself that it is not a dream, so strange and so novel are all the incidents that have of late befallen me, so unlike every former passage of my life, and so unsuited am I by nature, habit, and temperament, for the curious series of adventures in which I have been involved.

After all, I suppose it is downright balderdash to say that a man is not adapted for this, or suited to that. I remember people telling me that public life wouldn't do for me; that I wasn't the kind of man for Parliament, and so on; but I see the folly of it all now. The truth is, Tom, that there is a faculty of accommodation in human nature; and wherever you are placed, under whatever circumstances situated, you'll discover that your spirit, like your stomach, learns to digest everything; though I won't deny that it may now and then be at the cost of a heartburn in the one case as well as the other.

When I wrote to you last I was living a kind of pastoral life—a species of Melibæus, without sheep! If I remember aright, I left off when we were just setting out on an excursion into the forest—one of those charming rides over the smooth sward, and under the trelliced shadow of tall trees, now, loitering pensively before some vesta of the wood, now, cantering along with merry laughter, as though with every bound we left some care behind never to overtake us. Ah, Tom, it's no use for me to argue and reason with myself; I always find that I come back to the same point, and that whatever touches my feelings, whatever makes my heart vibrate with pleasant

emotion, whatever brings back to me the ardent, confiding, trustful tone of my young days, does me good, and that I'm a better man for it, even though "the situation," as you would call it, was rather equivocal. Don't mistake me, Tom Purcell, I don't want to go wrong; I have not the slightest inclination to break my neck. The height of my ambition is, only to look over the precipice. Can't you understand that? Try and "realise" that to yourself, as the Yankees say, and you'll at once comprehend the whole charm and fascination of my late life here. I was always "looking over the precipice," always speculating upon the terrible perils of the drop, and always half-hugging myself in my sense of security. Maybe this is metaphysics again; if it is, I'm sorry for it, but the German Diet must take the blame of it—a course of Sauerkraut would make any man flighty.

Well, I'll spare you all description of these "Forest days," at whatever cost to my own feelings; and it is not every man that would put that much constraint upon himself, for something tells me that the theme would make me "come out strong." That, what with my descriptive powers as regards scenery, and my acute analysis on the score of emotions, I'd astonish you, and you'd be forced to exclaim, "Kenny is a very remarkable man. Faith! I never thought he had this in him." Nor did I know it myself, Tom Purcell; nor as much as suspect it. The fact is, my natural powers never had fair play. Mrs. D. kept me in a state of perpetual conflict. "Little wars," as the Duke used to say, "destroy a state;" and in the same way it's your small domesticities—to coin a word—that ruin a man's nature and fetter his genius. You think, perhaps, that I'm employing an over-ambitious phrase, but I am not. Mrs. G. H. assured me that I actually did possess "genius," and I believe in my heart that she is the only one who ever really understood me.

No man understood human nature better than Byron, and he says, in one of his letters, "That none of us ever do anything till a woman takes us in hand;" by which, of course, he means the developing of our better instincts—the illustrating our latent capabilities, and so on; and that, let me observe to you, is exactly what our wives never do. With them, it is everlastingly some small question of domestic economy. They "take the vote on the supplies" every morning at breakfast, and they go to bed at night with thoughts of the "budget." The woman, therefore, referred to by the Poet, cannot be, what we should call in Ireland, "the woman that owns you." And here, again, my dear friend, is another illustration of my old theory—how hard it is for a man to be good and great at the same time. Indeed, I am disposed to say that Nature never intended we should, but in

all probability meant to typify, by the separation, the great manufacturing axiom—"the division of labour."

Be this as it may, Byron is right, and if there be an infinitesimal spark of the divine essence in your nature, your female friend will detect it with the same unerring accuracy that a French chemist hunts out the ten-thousandth part of a grain of arsenic in a case of poison. It would amaze you were I to tell you how markedly I perceived the changes going on in myself when under this influence. There was, so to say, a great revolution going on within me, that embraced all my previous thoughts and opinions on men, manners, and morals. I felt that hitherto I had been taking a kind of Dutch view of life from the mere level of surrounding objects, but that now I was elevated to a high and commanding position, from which I looked down with calm dignity. I must observe to you, that Mrs. G. H. was not only in the highest fashionable circles of London, but that she was one who took a very active part in political life. This will doubtless surprise you, Tom, as it did myself, for we know really nothing in Ireland of the springs that set great events in motion. Little do we suspect the real influence Women exercise—the sway and control they practise over those who rule us. I wish you heard Mrs. G. H. talk, how she made Bustle do, this, and persuade Pumistone do, the other. Foreign affairs are her forte, and, indeed, she owned to me, that purely Home matters were too narrow and too local to interest her. What she likes is a great Russian question, with the Bosphorus and the Danubian Provinces, and the Hospodar of Wallachia to deal with; or Italy and the Austrians, with a skirmishing dash at the Pope and the King of Naples. She is a Whig, for she told me that the Tories were a set of rude barbarians, that never admitted female influence; and "the consequence is," says she, "they never know what is doing at Foreign Courts. Now *we* knew everything: there was the Princess Sleeboffsky, at St. Petersburg; and the Countess von Schwärmerey, at Berlin; and Madame de la Tour de Force, at Florence, all in our interest. There was not a single impertinent allusion made to England, in all the privacy of Royal domestic life, that we hadn't it reported to us; and we knew, besides, all the little 'tendresses' of the different Statesmen of the Continent, for, in our age, we bribe with Beauty, where formerly it was a matter of Bank-notes. The Tories, on the other hand, lived with their wives, which at once accounts for the narrowness of their views, and the limited range of their speculations."

All this may read to you like a digression, my dear Tom, but it is not; for it enables me to exhibit to you some of those traits by



which this fascinating creature charmed and engaged me. She opened so many new views of life to me—explained so much of what was mystery to me before—recounted so many amusing stories of great people—gave me such passing glimpses of that wonderful world made up of Kings, and Kaisers, and Ministers, who are, so to say, the Great Pieces of the Chess-board, whereon *we* are but Pawns—that I actually felt as if I had been a child till I knew her.

Another grand result of this kind of information is, that, as you extend your observation beyond the narrow sphere of Home—whether it be politically or domestically—you learn at last to think so little of what you once regarded as your own immediate and material interests, that you have as many—maybe more—sympathies with the world at large than with those actually belonging to you. Such was the progress I made in this enlightenment, that I felt far more anxious about the Bosphorus than ever I did for Bruff, and would rather have seen the Austrians expelled from Lombardy than have turned out every “squatter” off my own estate at Dodsborough. And it is not only that one acquires grander notions this way, but there are a variety of consolations in the system. You grumble at the Poor-rates, and I point to the population of Milan paying ten times as much to their tyrants. You exclaim against extermination, and I reply, “Look at Poland.” You complain of the Priests’ exactions, and I say, “Be thankful that you haven’t the Pope.”

Now, Tom, come back from all these speculations, and bring your thoughts to bear upon her that originated them, and don’t wonder at me if I didn’t know how the days were slipping past; nor could only give a mere passing, fugitive reflection to the fact, that I have a wife and three children somewhere, not very abundantly furnished with the “sinews of war.” I suppose, if we could only understand it, that we’d discover our Minds were like our Bodies, and that we sometimes succumb to influences we could resist at other moments. Put your head out of the window at certain periods, and you are certain to catch a cold. I conclude that there are seasons the heart is just as susceptible.

I cannot give you a stronger illustration of the strange delirium of my faculties than the fact that I actually forgot the Princess whom we came expressly to meet, and never once asked about her. It was some time in the sixth week of our sojourn that the thought shot through my brain—“Wasn’t there a Princess to be here?—didn’t we expect to see her?” How Mrs. G. H. laughed when I asked her the question! She really couldn’t stop herself for ten minutes. “But I am right,” cried I—“there really *was* a Princess?”

"To be sure you are, my dear Mr. Dodd," said she, wiping her eyes; "but you must have been living in a state of trance, or you would have remembered that the poor dear Duchess was obliged to accompany the Empress to Sicily, and that she couldn't possibly count upon being here before the middle of September."

"What month are we in now?" asked I, timidly.

"July, of course!" said she, laughing.

"June, July, August, September," said I, counting on my fingers; "that will be four months!"

"What do you mean?" asked she.

"I mean," said I, "it will be four months since I saw Mrs. D. and the family."

She pressed her handkerchief to her face, and I thought I heard her sob; indeed, I am certain I did. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to say a rude thing, or even an unfeeling one, and so I assured her over and over. I protested that it was the very first time since I came away that I ever as much as remembered one belonging to me; that it was impossible for a man to feel less the ties of family; that I looked upon myself—and, indeed, I hoped she also looked upon me in a way—in fact, regarded me in a light—I'm not exactly clear, Tom, what light I said; of course, you can imagine what I intended to say, if I didn't say it.

"Is this really true?" said she, without uncovering her face, while she extended her other hand towards me.

"True!" repeated I. "If it were not true, why am I here? Why have I left——" I just caught myself in time, Tom. I was nearly "in it" again, with an allusion to Mrs. D.; but I changed it, and said: "Why am I your slave—why am I at your feet——" just as I said that, suiting the action to the words, the door of the room was jerked violently open, and a tall man, with a tremendous pair of bushy whiskers, poked in his head.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried she; "ruined and undone!" and fled before I could see her, while the stranger, fastening the door behind him with the key, advanced towards me with an air at once so menacing and warlike that I seized the poker, an instrument about four feet six long, and stood on the defensive.

"Mr. Kenny Dodd, I believe," said he, solemnly.

"The same!" said I.

"And not Lord Harvey Bruce, at least on this occasion," said he, with a kind of sneer.

"No," said I; "and who are you?"

"I am Lord Harvey Bruce, Sir," was the answer.



*K. I. puts his foot in it!*







*M. Dardot on the defensive*

I don't think I said anything in reply; indeed, I am quite sure I did not say a syllable; but I must have made some expressive gesture, or suffered some exclamation to escape me, for he quickly rejoined:

"Yes, Sir, you have, indeed, reason to be thankful; for had it been my wretched, miserable, and injured friend instead, you would now be laying weltering in your blood."

"Might I make bold to ask the name of the wretched, miserable, and injured gentleman to whom I was about to be so much indebted?"

"The husband of your unhappy victim, Sir," exclaimed he, and with such an energy of voice that I brandished the poker to show I was ready for him. "Yes, Sir, Mr. Gore Hampton is now in this village—to a mere accident you owe it that he is not in this Hotel—aye, in this very room."

And he gave a shudder at the words, as though the thoughts they suggested were enough to curdle a man's blood.

"I'll tell you what, my Lord," said I, getting the table between us, to prevent any sudden attack on his part, "all your anger and high-flown indignation is clean thrown away. There is no victim here at all—there is no villain; and so far as I am concerned, your friend is not either miserable or injured. The circumstances under which I accompanied that lady to this place are all easy of explanation, and such as require a very different acknowledgment from what you seem disposed to make for them."

"If you think you are dealing with a schoolboy, Sir, you are somewhat mistaken," broke he in. "I am a man of the world, and it will save us a deal of time, Sir, if you will please to bear this plain fact in your memory."

"You may be that, or anything else you like, my Lord," said I; "but I'd have you to know that I am a man well respected in the world, the father of a grown-up family. There is no occasion for that heavy groan at all, my Lord; the case is not what you suspect. I came here purely out of friendship——"

"Come, come, Sir, this is sheer trifling, or it is worse, it is outrageous insult. The man who elopes with a woman, passes under a false name, retires with her into one of the most remote and unvisited towns of Germany, is discovered—as I lately discovered you—only insults the understanding of him who listens to such excuses. We have tracked you, Sir—it is but fair to tell you—from the Rhine to this village. We are prepared, when the proper time comes, to

bring a host of evidence against you. In all probability a more scandalous case has not come before the public these last twenty years. Rest assured, then, that denial, no matter how well sustained, will avail you little; and when you have once arrived at this palpable conviction, it will greatly facilitate our progress towards the termination of this unhappy business."

"Well, my Lord, let us suppose, for argument sake—'without prejudice,' however, as the attorneys say—that I see everything with your eyes, what is the nature of the termination you allude to?"

"From a gentleman coming from your side of St. George's Channel, the question is somewhat singular," observed he, with a sneer.

"Oh, I perceive," said I; "your Lordship means a duel." He bowed, and I went on—"Very well; I'm quite ready, whenever and wherever you please; and if your friend shouldn't make the arrangement inconvenient, it would be a great honour to me to exchange a shot with your Lordship afterwards. I have no friend by me, it is true; but maybe the Landlord would oblige me so far, and I'm sure you'll not refuse me a pistol."

"As regards your polite attentions to myself, Sir, I have but to say I accept them; at the same time, I fear you are only paying me a French compliment. It is not a case for a formal exchange of shots; so long as Hampton lives, you can never leave the ground alive!"

"Then the best thing I can do is to shoot him," said I; and whether the speech was an unfeeling one, or the way I said it was bloodthirsty, but he certainly looked anything but easy in his mind.

"The sooner we settle the affair the better, Sir," said he, haughtily.

"I think so too, my Lord."

"With whom can I then communicate on your part?"

"I'll ask the Landlord, and if he declines, I'll try the little barber on the Platz."

"I must say, Sir, it is the first time in my life I find myself in such company. Have you no countryman of your acquaintance within a reasonable distance?"

"If Lord George Tiverton were here——"

"If he were, Sir, he could not act for you—he is the near relative of my friend."

I thought of everybody I could remember; but what was the use of it? I couldn't reach any of them, and so I was obliged to own. He seemed to ponder over this for some time, and then said:

"The matter requires some consideration, Sir. When the un-



happy result gets abroad in the world, it is necessary that nothing should attach to us as men of honour and gentlemen. Your friends will have the right to ask if you were properly seconded."

"By the unhappy result, your Lordship delicately insinuates my death?"

He gave a little sigh, adjusted his cravat, and smoothed down his moustachoes at the glass over the chimney.

"If it should occur as your Lordship surmises," said I, "it little matters who officiates on the occasion; indeed," added I, stroking my beard, "the barber mightn't be an inappropriate friend. But I've been 'out' on matters of this kind a few times, and, somehow, I never got grazed yet; and that's more than the man opposite me was able to say."

"You'll stand before a man to-morrow, Sir, that can hit a Napoleon at twenty paces."

Faith, Tom, I was nigh saying I wish he could find one for a mark about *me*; but I caught myself in time, and only observed,

"He must be an elegant shot."

"The best in the Blues, Sir; but this is beside the question. The difficulty is now about your friend. There may be some retired officer here—some one who has served; if you will institute inquiry, I'll wait upon you this evening, and conclude our arrangements."

I promised I'd do all in my power, and bowed him out of the room and down stairs with every civility, which, I am bound to say, he also returned, and we parted on excellent terms.

Now, Tom, you'll maybe think it strange of me, with a thing of the kind on hand, but so it was, the moment he was off, I went to look for Mrs. Gore Hampton.

"The Lady?" cried the waiter; "she started with extra-post half an hour ago."

"Started!" exclaimed I—"which way?"

"On the high road to Munich."

"She left no letter—no note, for me?"

"No, Sir."

"Poor thing—overcome, I suppose. She was crying, wasn't she?"

"No, Sir, she looked very much as usual, but hurried, perhaps; for she nearly forgot the ham sandwiches she had ordered to be got ready for her."

"The ham sandwiches!" exclaimed I, and they nearly choked me. "I'm going to be shot for a woman, that in the very extremity of her

ruin has the heart to order ham sandwiches!" That was the reflection that arose to my mind, and can you fancy a more bitter one?

"Are you sure," asked I, "the sandwiches wasn't for Madame Virginie, or the little dog?"

"They might, Sir, but my Lady desired us to be sure and put plenty of mustard on them."

This was the damning circumstance, Tom. She was fond of mustard—I had often remarked it—and just see, now, on what a trivial thing a man's happiness can hang. For I own to you, so long as I was strong in what I fancied to be her good graces, I could have fought the whole regiment of Blues; but when I thought to myself, "She doesn't care a brass farthing for you, Kenny Dodd; she may be laughing at you this minute over the ham sandwiches"—I felt like a drowning man that had nothing to grapple on. Talk of unhappy and injured men, indeed! wasn't I in that category myself? Not even a husband's selfishness could dispute the palm of misery with *me*! In the matter of desertion we were both in the same boat, and for the life of me, I don't see what we could have to fight about. I never heard of two sailors rescued from shipwreck quarrelling as to who it was lost the vessel!

The best thing for us to do, thought I, would be to try and console each other, and if he be a sensible, good-hearted fellow, he'll maybe take the same view of it. I'll ask him and my Lord to dinner; I'll make the Landlord give us some of that wonderful old Steinberger, that was bottled three hundred years ago; I'll treat them to a regular Saxon dish of venison with capers, washed down with Marcobrunner, and if we're not brothers before morning, my name isn't Kenny Dodd.

I was on "these hospitable thoughts intent," when Lord Harvey Bruce was again announced. He had found out an old Sergeant-Major of Artillery, who, for a consideration, would undertake the duties of my second—kindly adding, that he and his family, a very large one, would also attend my obsequies.

I interrupted his Lordship to remark that an event had just occurred to modify the circumstances of the case, and mentioned Mrs. Gore Hampton's departure.

"I really cannot perceive, Sir," replied he, "that this, in any way, affects the matter in hand. Is my friend less injured—is his honour less tarnished, because this unhappy woman has at last awoken to a sense of her degraded and pitiable condition?"

I thought of the sandwiches, Tom, but could say nothing.

"Are you less his greatest enemy on earth, Sir?" cried he, passionately.

"Now listen to me patiently, my Lord," said I. "I'll be as brief as I can for both our sakes. I don't value it one rush whether I go out with your friend or not. If you want a proof of what I say, step into the little garden here and I'll give it you. I'm neither boasting, nor bloodthirsty, when I say that I know how to stand at either end of a pistol; but there's nothing to fight about between us."

"Oh, if you renew that line of argument," cried he, interrupting me, "it is totally impossible I can listen."

"And why not?" said I. "Is it a greater satisfaction to your friend to believe himself injured and dishonoured, than to know that he is neither one nor the other?"

"Then why did you come away with her?"

"I can't tell," said I, for my head was quite confused with all the discussion.

"And why call yourself by *my* name at Ems?"

"I cannot tell."

"Nor what did you mean by the attitude in which I found you when I entered the room?"

"I can't tell that either," cried I, driven to desperation by sheer embarrassment. "It's no use asking me any more."

"I have been living for the last five or six weeks like one under a spell of enchantment. I can no more account for my actions than a patient in Swift's Hospital. I'm afraid to commit my scattered thoughts to paper, lest they might convict me of insanity. I know and feel that I am a responsible being, but somehow my notions of right and wrong are so confused, I have learned to look on so many things differently from what I used, that I'd cut a sorry figure under cross-examination on any matter of morality. There's the whole truth of it now. I'd have kept it to myself if I could; I'm heartily ashamed at owning to it—but I can't help it—it would come out. Therefore don't bother me with, 'Why did you do this?' 'What made you do that?' for I can give you no reasons for anything."

"By Jove! this is a very singular affair," said he, leaning over the back of a chair, and staring me steadfastly in the face. "Your age—your standing in society—your appearance generally, Mr. Dodd, would, I feel bound to say, rather——" Here he hesitated and faltered, as if the right word was not forthcoming, and so I continued for him:

"Just so; my Lord would rather refute, than fix upon me, such

an imputation. I'm not very like the kind of man that figures usually in these sort of cases."

"As to *that*," said he, cautiously, "there is no saying. I am now only speaking my own private sentiments, the result of impressions made upon myself as an individual. Courts of Law take their own views of these things; and the House of Lords has also its own way of regarding them."

The words threw me into a cold perspiration from head to foot, Tom! Courts of Law! and the House of Lords! wasn't that a pretty prospect for an encumbered Irish gentleman? A shot, or even two, at twelve or fourteen paces, cannot be a very expensive thing, in a pecuniary point, to any man; and there's an awkwardness in declining it if others are anxious to have it, so that you appear ungracious and disobliging. But Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's! Tom, is mighty different. I won't speak of the disgrace that attends such a proceeding at my time of life, nor the hue-and-cry that the Press sets up at you, and follows you with to your own hearth—"the place from whence you came," and where now your wife waits for you—to perform the last sentence of the Law. I won't allude to *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*, that live upon you for three weeks; but I'll just take the thing in its simplest form—financially. Why, racing, railroads, contested elections, are nothing to it. You go to work exactly as Cobden says France and England do with their armaments: Chatham launches a seventy-four, and out comes Cherbourg with a line-of-battle ship—"Injured Husband" secures Sir Fitzroy Kelly; "Heartless Seducer" sends his brief to Cockburn. It's a game of Brag from that moment; and there's as much scheming and plotting to get a hold of Frank Murphy, as if he was the Knave of Spades! It matters little or nothing what the upshot of the case may be: you may sink the enemy, or be compelled to strike your own flag; it doesn't signify in the least; the damages of the action are fatal to you.

Now, Tom, although I never speculated in all my life as to figuring in an affair like this, these considerations were often strongly impressed upon me by reading the newspapers, and I had come to the conclusion that a man should never think of defending an action of this kind, no more than he would a petition against his Election, and for the same reason. Since, although not actually guilty in the one case or the other, you are certain to have committed so many indiscretions—written, maybe, so many ridiculous letters—and, in fact, exposed yourself so much, that if you cannot keep out o' sight altogether, the next best thing is, let the judgment go by default. I

say this to show you, that the moment my Lord threw out the hint about Law, that I had made up my mind from that instant.

"I sincerely wish," said he, after some deliberation, "that I could hit upon any mode of arranging this affair; for although I own you have made a strongly favourable impression upon me, 'Dodd'"—he called me Dodd here, quite like an old friend—"we cannot expect that Hampton could concur in this view. The fact is, the whole thing has got so much blazed abroad—they are so well known in the fashionable world, both home and foreign—She is so very handsome, so much admired, and He, such a charming fellow—the case has created a kind of European *éclat*. Looking at the matter candidly, there may be a great deal in what you have said, but, as a man of the world, I am forced to say that Hampton must shoot you, or sue for a divorce. I am well aware that whichever course he adopts many will condemn him. In the Clubs there will be always two parties. There may spring up even a kind of 'juste milieu,' who will say, 'Now that poor Dodd is dead, I wonder if he really *was* guilty?'"

"I protest I feel very grateful to them, my Lord," said I. But he paid no attention to my remark, and went on.

"If vengeance be all that a man looks for, probably the Law of the Land will do as much for him as the Law of Honour. You ruin a fellow, irretrievably ruin him, by an action of this kind. You probably remember Sir Gaybrook Foster, that ran off with Lady Mudford? Well, he had a splendid estate, didn't owe a shilling they said before that; they tell me now that some one saw him the other day at Geelong, croupier to a small 'Hell.' Then there was Lackington, whom we used to call the 'Cool of the Evening.'"

"I never knew one of them, my Lord," said I, impatiently, for I didn't care to hear all the illustrations of his theory.

"Lackington was older than you are," continued he, "when he bolted with that City man's wife—what's his confounded name?"

"I am shamefully ill-read, my Lord, in this kind of literature," said I, "nor has it the same interest for me that it seems to afford your Lordship. May I take the liberty of recalling your attention to the matter before us?"

"I am giving to it, Sir," said he, gravely, "my best and most careful consideration. I am endeavouring, by the aid of such information as is before me, to weigh the difficulties that attach to either course, and to decide for that one which shall secure to my friend Hampton the largest share of the world's sympathy and approval. I have seen a great deal of life, and all that I know of it teaches the

one lesson—distrust, rather than yield to, first impressions. Awhile ago, when I entered this room, I would have said to Hampton, ‘Shoot him like a dog, Sir.’ Now, I own to you, Dodd, this is not the counsel I should give him. Now, understand me well, I neither acquit nor condemn you; circumstances are far too strong against you for the one, and I have not the heart to do the other.”

“This talking is dry work, my Lord,” said I. “Shall we have a glass of wine?”

“Willingly,” said he, seating himself, and throwing his gloves into his hat, with the air of a man quite disposed to take his ease comfortably.

Our host produced a flask of his inimitable Steinberger, and another of a native growth, to which he invited our attention, and left us to ourselves once more. We filled, touched our glasses, German fashion, drank, and resumed our converse.

“If any man could have told me, twenty-four hours ago, that I should be sitting where I now find myself, and with *you* for my companion, I’d have told him to his face he was a calumniator and a scoundrel! This time yesterday, Dodd, I’d have put a bullet through you, myself.”

“You don’t say that, my Lord?”

“I do say, and repeat it, I believed you to be the greatest villain the Universe contained. I thought you a monster of the foulest depravity.”

“Well, I’m delighted to have undeceived you, my Lord.”

“You *have* undeceived me!—I own to it. I believe, if I know anything, it is Human Nature. I have not been a deep student in other things, but in the heart of man I have read deeply. I know your whole history in this affair, as well as if I was present at the events. You never intended seduction here.”

“Nothing of the kind, my Lord—never dreamed of it!”

“I know it, I know it. She got an influence over you—she fascinated you—she held you captive, Dodd. She mingled in all your thoughts—she became part of all your most secret cogitations. With that warm, impulsive nature of your country, you made no resistance—you could make none. You fell into the net at once—don’t deny it. I like you the better for it—upon my life I do. Don’t suppose that I’m Archbishop of Canterbury or Dean of Durham, man.”

“I don’t suspect it in the least,” said I.

“I’m no humbug of that kind,” said he, resolutely. “I’m a Man of the World, that just takes Life as he finds it, and neither fancies

that Human Nature is one jot better or worse than it is. Hampton goes and marries a girl of sixteen; she is very beautiful and very rich. What of that? She leaves him—and what becomes of the wealth and beauty? She is ruined—utterly ruined! He has his action at Law, and gets swinging damages, of course. What's the use of that? Will twenty thousand—will forty—would a hundred thousand pounds serve to compensate him for a lost position in life, and the affection of that charming creature? You know it would not, Sir. Don't affect hesitation nor doubt about it. You know it would not."

"That wasn't what I was thinking of at all, my Lord. I was only speculating on the mighty small chance your friend would have of the money."

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that a Jury wouldn't give it?"

"The *Jury* might, but Kenny Dodd wouldn't," said I.

"The Queen's Bench, Sir, or the Court of Exchequer, would take care of that. They'd issue a 'Mandamus'—the strongest weapon of our Law; they'd sell to the last stick of your property; they'd take your wife's jewels—the coat off your back——"

"As to the jewels of Mrs. D.," says I, "and my own wardrobe, I'm afraid they'd not go far towards the liquidation."

"They'd attach every acre of your estate."

"Much good it would do them," said I. "We're in the Encumbered Court already!"

"Whatever your income may be derived from, they're sure to discover it."

"Faith!" said I, "I'd be grateful to them for the information; for it's two months now since I heard from Tom Purcell, and I don't know where I'm to get a shilling!"

"But what are damages after all!" said he; "nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Nothing, indeed!" said I.

"And look at the misery through which a man must wade ere he attain to them. A public trial, a rule to show cause, a motion—three or four hundred gone for that. The case heard at Westminster Hall—forty-seven witnesses brought over special from different parts of the Continent, at from two guineas to ten per diem, and travelling expenses—what money could stand it; and see what it comes to; you ruin some poor devil, without benefiting yourself. That's the folly of it! Believe me, Dodd, the only people that get any enjoyment out of these cases are the Lawyers!"

"I can believe it well," my Lord.

“ I know it—I know it, Sir,” said he, fiercely. “ I have already told you that I’m no humbug. I don’t want to pretend to any nonsense about virtue, and all that. I was once in my life—I was young, it is true—in the same predicament you now stand in. It won’t do to speak of the parties, but I suspect our cases were very similar. The friend who acted for the husband happened to be one who knew all my family and connexions. He came frankly to me, and said :

“ ‘ Bruce, this affair will come to a trial—the damages will be laid at ten thousand—the costs will be about three more. Can you meet that ?’

“ ‘ No,’ said I, ‘ I’m a younger son—I’ve got my commission in the Guards, and eight thousand in the ‘ Three-and-a-Half’ s’ to live on, so that I can’t.’

“ ‘ What *can* you pay ?’ said he.

“ ‘ I can stand two thousand,’ said I, boldly.

“ ‘ Say three,’ said he—‘ say three.’

“ And I said, ‘ Three be it,’ and the affair was settled—an exposure escaped—a reputation rescued—and a clear saving of something like ten thousand pounds : and this just because we chanced both of us to be ‘ Men of the World.’ For look at the thing calmly ; how should any of us have been bettered by a three days’ publicity at Nisi Prius—one’s little tendernesses ridiculed by Thesiger, and their soft speeches slanged by Serjeant Wilkins. Turn it over in your mind how you may, and the same conclusion always meet you. The husband, it is true, gets less money ; but then he has no obloquy. The wife escapes exposure ; and the ‘ other party’ is only mulct to one-fourth of his liability, and at the same time is exempt from all the ruffianism of the long robe ! A vulgarly-minded fellow might have said, ‘ What’s the woman’s reputation to *me* ? I’ll defend the action—I’ll prove this, that, and t’other. I’ll engage the first Counsel at the Bar, and fight the battle out. I don’t care a jot about being blackguarded before a Jury, lampooned in the papers, and caricatured in the windows,’ he might say ; ‘ what signifies to *me* what character I hold before the world—I have neither sons nor daughters to suffer from my disgrace.’ I know that all these and similar reasons might prompt a man of a certain stamp to regret this course, and say, ‘ Be it so. Let there be a trial !’ But neither *you*, nor *I*, Dodd, could see the matter in this light. There is this peculiarity about a Man of the World, that not alone he sees rightly, but he sees quickly ; he judges passing events with a kind of instinctive appreciation of what will be the tone of society generally, and he says to himself, ‘ There are doubtless elements in this question, that I would wish otherwise. I would,



perhaps, say *this* is not exactly to my taste ; I don't like *that*, but who ever yet found that he broke his leg exactly in the right place ? What man ever discovered that the toothache ever attacked the very tooth he wanted ? I take it, Dodd, that you are a man who has seen a good deal of life ; now did your heart ever bound with delight on seeing the outside of a bill of costs ? or on hearing the well-known knock of a better known dun at your hall-door ? True philosophy consists in diminishing, so far as may be, the inevitable ills of life. Don't you agree with me ?”

“ With the general proposition I do, my Lord ; the question here is, how far the present case may be considered as coming within your theory. Suppose now, just for argument sake, I was to observe that there was no similarity between our situations ; that while *you* openly avow culpability, *I*, as distinctly, deny it.”

“ You prefer to die innocent, Dodd ?” said he, puffing his cigar coolly as he spoke.

“ I prefer, my Lord, to maintain the 'vantage ground that I feel under my feet. Had you been patient enough to hear me out, I could have explained to your perfect satisfaction how I came here, and why. I could have shown you a reason for everything that may possibly seem strange or mysterious——”

“ As, for instance, the assumption of a name and title that did not belong to you—a fortnight's close seclusion to avoid discovery—the sudden departure for Ems, and headlong haste of your journey here—and, finally, the attitude of more than persuasive eloquence in which I myself saw you. Of course, to a man of an ingenious and inventive turn, all these things are capable of at least some approach to explanation. Lawyers do the thing every day, some, with tears in their eyes, some, with very affecting appeals to Heaven, according to the sums marked on the outside of the briefs. If your case had been one of murder, I could have got you a very clever fellow who would have invoked divine vengeance on his own head in open court if he were not in heart and soul assured of your spotless innocence ! But now please to bear in mind that we are not in Westminster Hall. We are here talking frankly and honestly, man to man—sophistry and special pleading avail nothing ; and here I candidly tell you, that, turn the matter how you will, the advice I have given is the only feasible and practicable mode of escaping from this difficulty.”

If you think me prolix, my dear Purcell, in narrating so circumstantially every part of this curious interview, just remember that I am naturally anxious to bring to bear upon *your* mind the force of argument to which *mine* at last yielded. It is very possible I may

not be able to present these reasonings with all the strength and vigour with which they appealed to myself. I may—like a man who plays chess with himself—favour one side a little more than the other, or it is possible that I may seem weaker in my self-defence than I ought to have been. However you interpret my conduct on this trying occasion, give me the benefit of never having for a moment forgotten the fame and fortune of that lovely creature whose fate was in my hands, and whom I have rescued at a heavy price.

I do not wish to impose upon you the wearisome task of reading all that passed between my Lord and myself. The whole correspondence would fill a Blue Book, and be about as amusing as such folios usually are. I'll spare you, therefore, the steps of the negotiation, and merely give you the heads of the treaty:

“Firstly, Mr. G. H., by reason, and in virtue of certain compensations to be hereafter stated, binds himself to consider Mrs. G. H. in all respects as before her meeting K. I. D., regarding her with the same feelings of esteem, love, and affection as before that event, and treating her with the same ‘distinguished consideration.’

“Secondly, K. I. D., on his part, agrees to give acceptances for two thousand pounds sterling, with interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on same till the time of payment. The dates to be at the convenience of K. I. D. always provided that the entire payment be completed within the term of five years from the present day.

“Thirdly, K. I. D. pledges his word of honour never to dispute or contest his liability to the above debt, by any unworthy subterfuge, such as ‘no value,’ ‘intimidation used,’ or any like artifice, legal or otherwise, but accepts these conditions in all the frankness of a gentleman.”

Here follow the signatures and seals of the high contracting parties, with those of a host of witnesses on both sides. Brief as the articles read, they occupied several days in the discussion of them, during which Hampton retired to a village in the neighbourhood, it not being deemed “etiquette” for us to inhabit the same town until the terms of a treaty had laid down our respective positions. These were my Lord’s ideas, and you can infer from them the punctilious character of the whole negotiation. Lord Harvey dined and supped with me every day, breakfasting at Schweinstock with his principal. I thought, indeed, when all was finally settled between us, that G. H. and I might have met and dined together as friends; but my Lord negatived the notion strongly. “Come, come, Dodd, you mustn’t be too hard upon poor Gore; it is not generous.” And although, Tom,

I cannot see the force of the observation, I felt bound to yield to it, rather than appear in any invidious or unamiable light. I, consequently, never met him during his stay in the neighbourhood.

Lord Harvey left this about ten days ago, for Dresden. We parted the very best of friends, for with all his zeal for G. H., I must say that he behaved handsomely to me throughout; and in the matter of the bills, he at once yielded to my making the first for 500*l.*, at nine months, though he assured me it would be a great convenience to his friend if I could have said "six." I should have quitted this to join the family on the same day; but when I came to pay the Hotel bill, I found that the dinners and champagne during the week of diplomacy had not left me five dollars remaining, so that I have been detained by sheer necessity, and partly by my own will, and partly by my host's sense of caution, my daily life has been gradually despoiled of its little enjoyments, till I find myself in the narrow circumstances of which this letter makes mention at the opening.

From beginning to end, it would be difficult to imagine a more unlucky incident; nor do I believe that any man ever got less for two thousand pounds since the world began. You cannot say a severe thing to me that I have not said to myself; you cannot appeal to my age, and my habits, with a more sneering insolence than I am daily in the habit of doing; your very bitterest vituperations would be mild in comparison to one of my own soliloquies, so that, as a matter of "surplusage," spare me all abuse, and rather devote your loose ingenuities to assisting me out of my great embarrassments.

I know, well, that if we don't discover a gold mine at Dodsborough, or fall upon a coal shaft near Bruff, that I have no possible prospect to pay these bills; but as the first of them is nine months off, there is no such pressing emergency. The immediate necessity is, to send me enough to leave this place, and join Mrs. D. and the family. Write to me, therefore, at once, with a remittance, and mention where they are—if still at Bonn, where I left them.

You had also better write to Mrs. D.; in what strain, and to what purport, I must leave to your own ingenuity. As for myself, I know no more how to meet her, nor what mood to assume, than if I were about to enter the cage of one of Van Amburgh's lions. Now, I fancy, that maybe a contrite, broken-hearted look, would be best; and now, I rather lean to the bold, courageous, overbearing tone! Heaven direct me to what is best, for I never felt myself so much in want of guidance!

When you write to me, be brief; don't worry me with details of

home, and inflict me with one of your national epistles about famine, and fever, and faction fights. I have no pity for anybody but myself just now, and I care no more for what's doing in Tipperary than if it was Canton. It will be time enough when I join the others to speculate upon whither we shall turn our steps, but my present thoughts tend to going back to Dodsborough. I wish from my soul that we had never left it, nor embarked in this infernal crusade after high society, education, and grandeur—the vain pursuit of which leaves me to write myself, as I now do, your most miserable and melancholy friend,

KENNY DODD.

P.S. I have a gold watch, made by Gaskin of Dublin about fifty years back; but it's so big and unwieldy that nobody would buy it, except for a town clock. The case of it alone wouldn't make a bad-sized covered dish, and I'm sure the works are as strong as a French steam-engine; but what's the use of it all if I can't find a purchaser? I have already parted with my tortoiseshell snuff-box, that my grandmother swore belonged to Quintius Curtius; and the only family relic remaining to me is a bamboo sword-cane, the being possessed of which, if it became known, would subject me to three months' imprisonment in a fortress, with hard labour! If I were in Austria the penalty is death—and maybe that same would be a mercy in my misfortunes.

The only walk where I don't meet my duns is down by a canal—a lonely path, with dwarf willows along it. I almost think I'd have jumped in yesterday, if it wasn't for the bull-frogs—the noise they made drove me away from the place. Depend upon it, Tom, the Humane Society ought to get the breed for the Serpentine. It's only a most “determined suicide” could venture into their company! The chorus in “Robert le Diable” is a love ditty compared to them!

## LETTER XXVI.

MRS. DODD TO MR. PURCELL, OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Baden-Baden.

DEAR MR. PURCELL,

YOUR letter is now before me, and if I didn't know the mark of your hand before, I'd scarce believe that the sentiments was yours. It well becomes you; one that but *one* woman would ever accept of, to lecture the likes of me on the way I ought to treat my husband. A stinging old creature that sits croaking over an extra sod of turf on the fire, and counts out the potatoes to the kitchen, is not exactly the kind of authority to dictate laws to the respectable head of a family! I often suspected the nature of the advice you gave K. I., but I didn't think you'd have the hardihood to come out with it *yourself*, and to *me*! How much you must have forgotten both of us, it's mighty clear!

Where did you get all the elegant expressions about K. I.'s "unavoidably prolonged absence"—"the sacrifices exacted from friendship"—"the generous ardour of a chivalrous nature," and the other fine balderdash you bestow upon your friend's disgraceful behaviour? Do you know what you are talking about? Have you a notion about the affair at all? Answer me that. Are you aware that he is now two months and four days away without as much as a letter, except a bit of an impertinent note, once, to ask are we alive or dead, not a sixpence in cash, not a cheque, nor even a Bill that we might try to get protested, or whatever they call it. I don't make any illusions to why he went, and what he went for. I wouldn't disgrace my pen with the subject, nor myself by noticing it; but, except yourself, in the brown wig and the black satin small clothes, I don't know one less suited to perform the "Lutherian." You are a nice pair, and I expect nothing less than to hear of yourself next! And you have the impudence to tell me that these are some of the "innocent freedoms of Continental life!" What do *you* know about them, I'd beg to ask—*you*, that never was nearer the Continent than Malahide? As to the innocent freedoms of the Continent, there's nobody can teach me anything; I see them before me in the day when I drive out, at the table d'hôte where I dine, and at every ball where they dance. Sweet innocence it is, indeed! and particularly when practised by the father of a grown-up family—fifty-seven, he says, in June, but more likely sixty

odd, for I know many of his co-trumperies, and nice young gentlemen they are, too!

You assure me that you sympathise sincerely with K. I. I've no objection to that; he'll need all the comfort it can give him when he comes home again, or I'm much mistaken. With the help of the Saints, I'll teach him the differ between going off with a lady and living with his lawful wife. If he didn't know the distinction, before, he shall, now! And then you think to terrify me about the state of his health. It won't do, Mr. Tom Purcell. He'll live to disgrace us this many a year. I know well what his constitution can bear, and what he calls the gout is neither more nor less than the outbreaks of his violent and furious temper! Never flatter yourself, therefore, that you can make any of us uneasy on that score; and if he comes back on a litter it won't save him.

Your "sincere regrets that we ever came abroad," are very elegantly expressed, and require all my acknowledgments. Isn't there anything else you are sorry for? Isn't it grief to you that we never caught the small-pox, or that James wasn't transported for a forgery? We ought to have stayed at Bruff; and, judging from the charms of your style, I have no doubt that we might have derived great benefit from your vicinity.

You are eloquent, too, about expense; and add, that you always believed that there was no economy in living abroad. Perhaps not, Sir, if one unites foreign vices with home ones; but I beg to say, when we left Dodsborough, I, for one, never contemplated the cost of *two* establishments—take that, Mr. Tom Purcell!

I wonder at myself how I keep my temper, and condescend to argue with you about points on which an old bachelor, or widower (for it's the same), must necessarily be ignorant. Don't you perceive, that for you to discourse on family matters, is like a deaf man describing music?

And you wind up about the privileges of old friendship, and so on! It's a new notion of friendship that makes a man impudent! Where did you ever hear, that knowing people a long time was a reason for insulting them? As to your kind inquiries for the girls, I'd have liked them as well if not coupled with those "natural fears" for the consequences of foreign contamination. Mary Anne and myself got a hearty laugh out of your terrors; and so I forgive your mention of them.

James is quite well; and would, he says, be better, if that remittance you spoke of had arrived.

You tell me that the M'Carthy legacy is paid, and the money

lodged at Latouche's. But what's the use of that? It's here I want it. Find out a safe hand, if you can, to send it over to me; for I'm resolved to have nothing to do with Bills as long as I live.

And now I believe I have gone through the principal matters in your last, and I hope given you my ideas as clearly as your own. It may save you some time and stationery, if I say, that my mind is made up about K. I.; and if it was Queen Victoria was interceding for him, I'd not alter my sentiments. It's no use appealing "to the goodness of my heart, and the feminine sweetness of my nature;" all that you say on that head is only a warning to me not to let my weaknesses get the upper hand of me: a lesson I will endeavour to profit by, so long as I write myself,

Your very obedient to command,

JEMIMA DODD.

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### LETTER XXVII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, HOUSEKEEPER, DODSBOROUGH.

DEAR MOLLY,

I SEND you herewith a letter for Tom Purcell, which you'll take care to deliver with your own hands. If you are by, when he reads it, you'll, maybe, perceive that it's not the "compliments of the season" I was sending him. He says he likes plain speaking, and I trust he is satisfied now.

You are already aware of the barbarous manner K. I. has behaved. I've told you how he deserted me and the family, and the disgrace that he has brought down upon us in the face of Europe; for I must observe to you, Molly, that whatever is talked of here goes flying over the whole world, and is the common talk of every Court on the Continent. I could fill chapters if I was to describe his wickedness and inhumanity. Well, my dear, what do you think! but in the face of all this Mr. Tom Purcell takes the opportunity to read me a long lecture on my "congenial" duties, and to instruct me in what manner I am to treat K. I. on his return.

Considering what he knows of my character, Molly, I almost suspect that he might have spared himself this trouble. Did he, or did any one else, ever see me posed by a difficulty? When did any event take me unawares? Am I by nature one of those terrified

creatures that get flurried by misfortune? or am I, by the blessing of Providence, gifted in a remarkable manner with great powers of judgment, matured by a deep knowledge of life, and a thorough acquaintance with the wickedness of the human heart? That's the whole question—which am I? Is it after twenty-six years studying his disposition and pondering over all his badness, that any one can come and teach me how to manage him? I know K. I. as I know my old slipper; and, indeed, one is worth about as much as the other! I haven't the patience, it would be too much to expect from any one, to tell you how beautifully Mister Tom discourses to me about the innocent freedoms of the Continent, and the harmless fragilities of female life abroad! Does the old sinner believe in his heart that black is white abroad; and would he have me think that what's murder in Bruff was only a justifiable hom'-a-side at Brussels? If he doesn't mean that, what does he mean? Maybe, to be sure, he's one of the fashionable set that make out that the husband is always driven to some kind of vice or other by his wife's conduct! For, I must remark to you, Molly, there's a set of people now in the world—they call themselves "The Peace Congress," I think—that say there must be no more wars, no fighting domestically or nationally!

Their notion is this: everybody is right, and nobody need quarrel with his neighbour; but settle any trifling disagreement by means of arbitration. Mister Tom is, perhaps, an arbitrator. Well, I hope he likes the office! Since I knew anything of life myself, I always found that, if there was three people mixed up in a shindy, there was no hope of settling it, on any terms.

He says, K. I. is coming home. Let him come, says I. Let him surrender himself, Molly, and justice will take its course. That's all the satisfaction I'll give either of them.

"Don't be vindictive," says Mister Tom. Isn't that pretty language to use to me? I ask. Is the Chief Justice "vindictive," Molly, when he says "Stand forward, and hear your sentence?" Is he behaving "unlike a Christian" when he says, "Use the little time that's left you in making your peace?"

The old creature then goes on to quote Scripture to me, and talks about the Prodigal Son. "Very well," says I, "be it so. K. I. may be that if he likes, but I'll not be the fatted calf—that's all!" The fact is, Molly, I'm immutable as the Maids and Prussians—They may talk till they're black in the face, but I'll never forgive him!

Wouldn't it be a nice example, I ask, to the girls, if I was to



overlook K. I.'s conduct, and call it a "venal" offence? And this, too, when the eyes of all Europe is staring at us. "How will Mrs. D. take it?" says the Prince of This. "What will Mrs. D. say to him?" says the Duke of That. "Does *she* know it yet?" asks the Archduke of Moravia. That's the way they go on from morning till night; so that, in fact, Molly—as Lord George observes—"he is less of a private culprit than a great public malefactor."

There's the way I am forced to look on the case; and think more of the good of society than of my family feelings.

Such are my sentiments, Molly, after giving to the case a most patient and careful consideration; and its little good in Tom Purcell's trying to oppose and obstruct me.

If it were not for this unhappy event, I must own to you, Molly, that we never enjoyed ourselves anywhere more than we do here. It's a scene of pleasure and gaiety all day—and, indeed, all night long; and nothing but the anticipation of K. I.'s return could damp the ardour of our happiness. However it's managed, I can't tell; but the most elegant Balls and entertainments are given here free and for nothing! Who keep up the rooms, pays for the lighting, the servants, and the refreshments, is more than I can say. All I know is, that your humble servant never contributed a sixpence to one of them. Lord George says that the Grand Duke is never happy except when the place is crammed; and that he'd spend his last shilling rather than not see people amuse themselves. And there's a Frenchman, too—a Mr. Begasset, or Benasset, or something like that—who is so wild about amusement, that he goes to any expense about the place, and even keeps a pack of hounds for the public.

Contrast this, my dear Molly, with one of our little miserable Subscription Balls at home, where Dan Cassidy, the dancing-master, is driving about the country, for maybe three weeks, in his old gig, before he can scrape together a matter of six or seven pounds, to pay for mutton lights, two fiddles, and a dulcimer; and, after all, it's perhaps over the Bridewell we'd be dancing, and the shouts of the dirty creatures below would be coming up at every pause of the music. Now, here, it's like a royal palace—elegant lustres, with two hundred wax lights in each of them; a floor like glass. Ask Mary Anne if it isn't as slippery! The dress of the company actually magnificent! none of your little shabby-coloured muslins, or Limerick lace; none of your gauze petticoats, worn over glazed calico, to look like satin, but everything real, Molly—the lace, the silk, the satin, the jewels, the gold trimmings, the feathers—all the best of the kind, and fresh as they came out of the shop. You don't see the white

satin shoes with the mark of a man's foot on them, nor the satin body with four fingers and a thumb on the back of it, as you would at a Patrick's Ball in Dublin! Everything is new for each night.

How Mary Anne laughs at the Irish notions of dress, of what they call in the *Evening Post* "a beautiful Lama petticoat over a white satin slip!" or "a train of elegant figured tabinet." Why, Molly, darling, you might as well wear a Mackintosh, or go out in a suit of glazed alpaca cloth. Mary Anne says that a Ball at the Castle of Dublin is like a Tournament, where all the company dance in armour; and, indeed, when I think of the rattling of bead bracelets, false pearls, and Berlin necklaces, it rather reminds me of a hornpipe in fetters!

I must confess to you, Molly, there's nothing as low anywhere as Dublin, and latterly, when anybody asks Mary Anne or me if it's pleasant, we always say, with a strong English accent, "Our military friends say vastly, but we really don't know ourselves." Isn't that a pretty pass to be reduced to? But I'm told that all the Irish, of any distinction, are obliged to do the same, and never confess to have seen more of Ireland than one does from the Welsh mountains. It's no want of Patriotism makes me say this. I wish, with all my heart, that Ireland was a perfect Paradise; and it's no fault of mine that Providence intended otherwise.

If I wasn't writing with my head so full of Tom Purcell and his late impudence, I'd have plenty to tell you about the girls and James. Mary Anne is more admired than any girl here, and so would Cary, if she'd only let herself be so; but she has got a short, snubby, tart kind of way with people, that never goes down abroad, where, as Lord G. says, "Every cat plays with his claws covered."

And as to Lord George himself, I wonder is it Mary Anne or Cary that he's after. I watch him day by day, and can make nothing of it; but sure and certain it is he means one of the two, and that is the reason why he left this suddenly the other morning for England, and saying,

"There's no use letter-writing; I'll just dash over and have a talk with my Governor."

I wouldn't ask him about what, but I saw the way the girls looked down when he spoke, and that was enough to show me in what quarter the wind was blowing.

I wish from my heart and soul the proposal would come before K. I. came back. I'd like to have to show the superior way I have always managed the family affairs; for I needn't tell you, Molly, that *he* never had an eye to the Peerage for one of his daughters! but if

he returns before it's settled, he'll say that he had his share in it all! As to James, he is everything that a fond and doting Mother could wish. Six feet two and a half—he grew the half since he came here—with dark eyes, and a pair of whiskers and moustachoes that there's not the like here, dressed in the very top of the fashion, with opal and diamond studs to his shirt and waistcoat, and a black velvet paletot with torquoise buttons for evening wear. The whole room turns to look at him wherever he goes, for he walks along just for all the world as if he owned the place. You may suppose, my dear Molly, how little he resembles K. I.; and, indeed, I have heard many make the same remark when we were at Bonn.

I made Mary Anne write me down a list of the great people here who have all called on us; but what's the use of sending it, after all? You couldn't pronounce them if they were before you! I send you, however, a bit I cut out of *Galignani's Messenger*, where you'll see that we are put down amongst the distinguished visitors as "Madame M'Carthy Dodd, family and suite!" James still thinks if K. I. would call himself "The O. Dodd," it would serve us greatly; and Mary Anne agrees with the opinion; and perhaps now, when he comes back under a cloud, as one may say, it may not be so difficult to make him give in. As James remarks, "Print it on your card, call out and shoot the first fellow that addresses you as Mr.—make it no laughing matter for anybody, before your face at least,—and the thing is done." Maybe we'll live to see this yet, Molly, but I fear it won't be till Providence sends for K. I.

I spoke rather sharply to Waters in my last; and I find now that the legacy is paid into Latouche's. Will you remind Purcell, that to be of any use to me, the money ought to be here. As to the Loan Fund, I wonder how you have the face to ask me for anything, knowing the way I'm in for ready cash, and that I'd rather borrow than lend any day. Tell Peter Belton, also, that I stop my subscription after this year to the Dispensary; as I am quite sure the old system of Physic is nothing but legalised poisoning. Looking to the facilities of the country, and the natural habits of the people, I'm convinced, Molly, that the water-cure is what you want in Ireland; and I've half a mind to write a letter to one of the papers about it. Cheapness is the first requisite in a poor country; and any one can vouch for it, water isn't a dear commodity with you.

Father Maher's remarks upon poor Jones M'Carthy is, I must say, very unfeeling; and I don't coincide with the conclusions he draws from them; for if he was half as bad as he says, Masses will do

him little good: and for a few thousand years, more or less, I can't afford to pay fifty pounds! Ask him, besides, is it reasonable, that when the price of everything is falling, with Free-trade, that the old Tarif of Purgatory is to be kept up still? That would be downright absurd! Priests, my dear Molly, must lower their rates, as the Protectionists do their rents: that's "one of the demands of the age, and can't be resisted." As Lord George says, "The Church, like the Railroad people, fell into the mistake of lavish expenditure! Purgatory was like a Station, and ought never to be made too costly. No one wants to live there: the most one requires is, to be decently comfortable, till you can 'go on.' What's the use of fine furniture, elegant chairs and carpets? they're clean thrown away in such a place." If Father Maher thinks that the remarks are not uttered in a respectful spirit, tell him he's wrong; for Lord G. and all his family are great Whigs, and intend to do more mischief to the Established Church than any party that ever was in power; and I must say, I never heard Father Maher abuse Protestants, Bigotry, and Intolerance, more bitterly than Lord G. It is so seldom that one ever hears really liberal sentiments, or anything like Justice to Ireland, I could listen to him for hours when he begins. If I'm right in my conjecture about the object of his journey to London, it will be the making of James; since, once that we are connected with the aristocracy, Molly, there's nothing we cannot have; for, you see, the way is this: if you belong to the middle classes, they expect that you ought to have some kind of fitness for the occupation you look for; and they say, "This wouldn't suit you at all;" "That's not your line in the least;" but when you are one of the "higher orders," there's, so to say, a general adaptiveness about you, and you can do anything they put before you, from ranging Windsor Forest to keeping a Lighthouse! When one reflects upon that, it's no wonder that one of our great Poets says: "Oh, bless," or "preserve"—I forget which—"our old nobility!"

Go into any of the great Public Offices—the Foreign, or the Colonial, for instance—and they tell me that such a set of incapable-looking creatures never was seen, with spy-glasses stuck in their eyes, airing themselves before a big fire, and reading the *Times*; and yet, Molly—confess it we must—the work is done somehow, and by somebody. It reminds me of a paper-mill I once saw, and no matter how dirty and squalid the rags that went in, they came out at the other "beautiful fine wove," or "Bath extra."

As to the questions in your last, I can't answer a tithe of them.

You go on, letter after letter, with the same tiresome demand—"Are we as much in love with the Continent as we were? Is it so cheap? Is the climate as fine as they say? Is there never any rain or wind at all? Is everybody polite and agreeable? Is there no such thing as backbiting or slandering? Are all the men handsome and brave, and all the women beautiful and virtuous?" This is but a specimen taken at random out of your late inquiries; and I'd like to know, that if, even you gave me "notice of a question," as they do in the House, how could I satisfy you on these points? The most I can do is to say, that there may be some slight exaggeration in one or two of these—the rain, for instance, and the virtue—but that, generally speaking, the rest is all true. I can be more explicit in regard to what you ask in your last postscript—"After living so long abroad, can we ever come back to reside in Ireland?" Never, Molly, never! I make neither reserve nor qualification in my answer. *That* would be clearly impossible! for it's not only that Ireland would be insupportable to us, but, as Mary Anne remarks, "we would be insupportable to the Irish." Our walk, our dress, our looks, our accent, our manner with men, and our way with women; the homage we're used to; the respect we feel our due; the topics we discuss with freedom, and the range of our views generally over Life, would shock the whole population from Cape Clear to the Causeway.

It's not easy for me to explain it to you, Molly; but, somehow, everything abroad is different from at home. Not only the things you talk of, but the way you talk of them, is quite distinct; and the whole world of men, morals, and manners, have quite another standard! It is the same with one's thoughts as with their diet; half the things we like best are only what is called acquired tastes. Trouble enough we often have to learn them; but when once we do so, who'd be fool enough to go back upon his old ignorance again? High society and genteel manners, Molly, however you may like them when you are used to them, are just like London Porter—mighty bitter when you first taste it. I know there are plenty of people will tell you the contrary, and that they took to it naturally like mother's milk; but, don't believe them, it's quite impossible it could be true.

Once for all, I beg to tell you that there's no earthly use in tormenting and teasing us about the state the house is in at Dodsborough; how the roof is broken here, and the walls given way there. I trust sincerely that it may soon become perfectly uninhabitable,

for I never wish to see it again! I often think it wouldn't be a bad plan for K. I. to go back and reside there. I'm sure if he collected his rents himself, instead of leaving all to Tom Purcell, it would be "telling him something." You say that the country is getting disturbed again, and that they're likely to have a "sharp winter for the Landlords;" but if it was the will of Providence anything should happen, I hope I have Christian feelings to support me! Indeed, I'm well used to trials now! It's a mistake, besides, Molly, to suppose that these—I hate to call them "outrages," as the newspapers do—these little outbreaks of the boys have any deep root in the country. The Orangemen, I know, would make them out as a regular system, and say that it's an organised society for murder; but it's no such thing. Father Maher himself told me that he spoke against it from the Altar, and said: "What a pass the country is come to," says he, "that the poor labouring, hard-working man has no justice to right him, except his own stout heart and strong arm." What could he say more than that, Molly? but even these beautiful expressions didn't save him from the *Evening Mail*!

The English are always boasting about their bravery and their courage, and so on; and when any one says, "Why don't you buy property in Ireland?" the answer is, "We're afraid." I have heard it myself, Molly, with my own ears. But their ignorance is even worse than their cowardice, for if they only knew the people, they'd see there was nothing to be frightened at. Sure, I remember myself, when we lived at Cloughmanus, Sam Gill came up to the house one morning, to say that there was two men come from below Lahinch to shoot K. I.

"They have the pass words," says he, "and all the tokens, and though I'm your honour's man, I was obliged to take them into my house and feed them."

"It's a bad business, Sam," says he. "What are they to get for it?"

"Five pound between them, Sir—if it's done complete."

"Would they take three," says K. I., "and let me live?"

"I don't know, Sir; but, if you like, I'll ask them."

"I would like it indeed," says K. I.

And down went Sam to the Gate-House, and spoke to them. They were both decent, reasonable men, and agreed at once to the offer. The money was paid, and the two came up and ate a hearty breakfast at the House, and K. I. walked more than a mile of the road with them afterwards—talking about the crops and the state of the

country down westward—and shook hands with them cordially at parting.

Now, Molly, this is as true as the Bible, and yet there's people and there's newspapers call the Irish "irreclaimable savages." It is as big a lie as ever was written! The real truth is, they don't know how, if they really wished, to reclaim them! And, after all, how little reclaiming they need! To hear English people discuss Ireland, you'd suppose that it was the worst part of Arabia Felix they were describing. But I haven't patience to go on; I fly out the moment I hear them, and, faith, they're not proud of themselves when I'm done.

"I wish you were in the House, Mrs. Dodd," says one of them to me the other night.

"I wish I was," says I; "if I wouldn't make it too hot for Slow-buck, my name isn't Jemima! for he's the one that abuses us most of all!" Well, I must say, we are well repaid for all the cruel treatment we receive, at home, by the kindness and "consideration," as they call it, we meet with abroad! The minute a foreigner hears we're Irish, he says, "Oh, dear, how sorry we are for your sufferings; we never cease deploring your hard lot;" and to be sure, Molly, "wicked Old England," and "the Harlequin Flag," as Dan called it, come in for their share of abuse. Besides these advantages, I must remark that Catholics is greatly thought of on the Continent; for it isn't as in Ireland, where it's only the common people go to Mass. Here you may see Royalty at their devotions. They sit in little galleries with glass windows, which they open every now and then, to take part in the prayers; and indeed, whatever rank and fashion is in the place, you're sure to see it "at Church;" mind, Molly, at Church, for no educated Catholic ever says "at Mass."

You want to hear "all about the converts to our Holy Faith," you say, but this isn't the place to get you the best information; but as I hope we'll pass the winter in Italy, I'll, maybe, be able to give you some account of them. Lord George tells me that the Pope makes Rome delightful to strangers; but whether it's "dinners," or "receptions," I don't know. At any rate, I conclude he doesn't give "balls."

What a fuss they're making all over the world about these "rapparees," or refugees, or whatever they call them. My notion is, Molly, that we who harbour them have the worst of the bargain; and as to our fighting for them, it would be about as sensible as to take up arms in defence of a flea that got into your bed! Considering how plenty

blackguards are at home, I think it's nothing but greediness in us to want to take Russian and Austrian ones! We have our own villains; and any one, of moderate desires, might be satisfied with them! These are Lord G.'s sentiments, but I'm sure you'd like to hear the opinions of the aristocracy on all matters.

What you say about Bony's marriage was the very thought that occurred to myself, and it was just the turn of a pin whether Mary Anne wasn't at this moment Empress of France! Well, who knows what's coming, Molly! There's many a one, now in a private station, and mighty hard up for means, that will, maybe, turn out a King or a Grand Duke before long. At any rate, no elevation to rank or dignity will ever make me forget my old friends, and yourself, the first of them. And with this, I subscribe myself,

Yours ever affectionately,

JEMIMA DODD M'CARTHY.

P.S. I'll make one of the girls write to you next week, for I know I'll be so much overcome by my feelings when K. I. arrives, that I'll be quite incapable to take up my pen.

I sometimes think that I'll take to my bed, and be "given over," against the day of his coming; for you see there's nothing gives such solemnity and weight to one's reproaches, as they're being last words. You can say such bitter things, Molly, when you are supposed to be too weak to bear a reply! But I've done this once or twice before, and K. I. is a hardened creature!

Lord G. says: "Treat him as if it were nothing at all—as if you saw him yesterday; don't give him the importance of having irritated you. Be a regular Woman of Fashion." If my temper would permit, perhaps this would be best of all; but have I a right to acquit a "great public malefactor?" That's a "case of conscience," Molly, that perhaps only the Church could resolve! The saints direct me!



## LETTER XXVIII.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

MY DEAR BOB,

It is quite true, I am a shameful correspondent, and your last three letters now before me, unanswered, comprise a tremendous indictment against me; but reflect for a moment, and you will see that in all complaints of this kind there is a certain amount of injustice, since it is hardly possible ever to find two people whose tastes, habits, and present circumstances place them on such terms of perfect equality that the interchange of letters is as easy for one as the other. Think over this for a moment, and you will perceive that sitting down at your quiet desk, in "No. 2, Old-square," is a different process from snatching a hurried moment amidst the din, the crash, and the conflict of life at Baden; and if *your* thoughts flow on calmly, tinctured with the solemn influences around you, *mine* as necessarily reflect an existence chequered by every rainbow hue of good or evil fortune.

Be therefore tolerant of my silence and indulgent to my stupidity, since to transmit one's thoughts requires previously that you should think; and who can, or ever could, in a place like this! Imagine a winding valley, with wooded hills rising in some places to the height of mountains, in the midst of which stands a little village—for it is no more—nearly every house of which is a palace, some splendid hotel of France, Russia, or England. You pass from these by a shady alley, to a little rustic bridge, over what might be, and very possibly is, an excellent trout-stream, and come at once in front of a magnificent structure, frescoed without and gilded and stuccoed within. "The Rooms," the Temple of Fortune, the ordeal of destiny, Bob, is held here; and the rake of the Croupier is the distaff of the Fate. Hither come flocking the representatives of every nation of the world, and of almost every class in each. Royalty, princely houses, and nobility with twenty quarterings, are jostled in the indiscriminate crowd with houseless adventurers, beggared spend-thrifts, and ruined debauchees. All who can contribute the clink of their Louis-d'ors to the music are welcome to this orchestra! And women, too, fair, delicate, and lovely, the tenderest flowers that ever were nursed within domestic care, mixed up with others, not less

handsome perhaps, but whose syren beauty is almost diabolic by comparison. What a Babel of tongues, and what confusion of characters. The Grandee of Spain, the escaped Galley Slave, the Hungarian magnate, the London "Swell," the old and hoary gambler with snow-white moustachios, and the unfledged minor, anticipating manhood by ruining himself in his "teens." All these are blended and commingled by the influence of play; and, differing as they do in birth, in blood, in lineage, and condition, yet are they members of one guild, associates of one society—the gambling-table. And what a leveller is play! He who whispers in the ear of the Crown Prince yonder is a branded felon from the Bagnes de Brest; the dark-whiskered man yonder, who leans over the lady's chair, is an escaped forger; the Carlist noble is asking friendly counsel of a Christino spy; the London pickpocket offers his jewelled snuff-box to an Archduke of Austria. "How goes the game to day?" cries a Neapolitan Prince of the Blood, and the question is addressed to a red-bearded Corsican, whose livelihood is a stiletto. "Is that the beautiful Countess of Hapsburg?" asks a fresh-looking Oxford man; and his friend laughingly answers: "Not exactly; it is Mademoiselle Varenne of the Odéon." The fine-looking man yonder is a Mexican General, who carried off the military chest from "Guanaquato;" the pompous little fellow beside him is a Lucchese Count, who stole part of the Crown jewels of his sovereign; the long-haired, broad-foreheaded man, with open shirt-collar, so violently denouncing the wrongs of injured Italy, is a Russian spy; and the dark Arab behind him is a Swiss valet, more than suspected of having murdered his master in the Mediterranean. Our English contingent embraces Lords of the Bedchamber, Members of Parliament, Railroad magnates, money-lending Attorneys, Legs, Swells, and Swindlers, and a small sprinkling of University men, out to read and be ruined—the fair sex, comprising women of a certain fast set in London, divorced countesses, a long category of the widow class, some with daughters, some without. There is an abundance of good looks, splendid dress, and money without limit! The most striking feature of all, however, is the reckless helter-skelter pace at which every one is going, whether his pursuit be play, love, or mere extravagance. There is no such thing as calculation—no counting the cost of anything. Life takes its tone from the tables, and where, as wealth and beggary succeed each other, so do every possible extreme of joy and misery; and one wagers their passions and their emotions exactly as they do their bank-notes and their gold pieces. Chance, my dear Bob—Chance is ten times a more intoxicating liquor than Champagne, and once take

to "dramming" with fortune, and you may bid a long adieu to sobriety! I do not speak here of the terrible infatuation of play, and the almost utter impossibility of resisting it, but I allude to what is infinitely worse, the certainty of your applying play theories and play tactics to every event and circumstance of real life.

The whole world becomes to you but one great green cloth, and everything in it a question of Luck! Will the bad run continue here? Will good fortune stand much longer to you? These are the questions ever rising to your mind. You grow to regard yourself as utterly powerless and impassive; a football at the toe of destiny! I think I see your eyebrows upraised in astonishment at these profound reflections of mine. You never suspected me of moralising, nor, shall I own it, was I aware myself that I had any genius that way. Shall I tell you the secret, Bob—shall I unlock the mysterious drawer of hidden motives for you? It is this, then: I have been a tremendously heavy loser at Rouge-et-Noir! As long as luck lasted, which it did for three weeks or more, I enjoyed this place with a zest I cannot describe to you. The moralists tell us that prosperity hardens the heart; I cannot believe it. I know, at least, that in my brief experience I never felt such a universal tenderness for everything and everybody. I seemed to live in an atmosphere of beauty, luxury, and splendour; every one was courteous; all were amiable! It was not alone that Fortune favoured me, but I appeared to have the good wishes of all beholders; words of encouragement murmured around me, as I won; soft bewitching glances beamed over at me, as I raked up my gold. The very Banker seemed to shovel out the shining pieces to me with a sense of satisfaction! Old veterans of the tables peeped over me to watch my game, and exclamations of wonder and admiration broke forth at each new moment of my triumphs! I don't care what it may be that constitutes the subject of display: a great Speech in the House, a splendid Picture at the Gallery, a Novel, a Song, a spirited Lecture, a wonderful feat of strength or horsemanship; but there is an inward sense of intoxication in being the "cynosure of all eyes"—the "one in a thousand"—that comes very nigh to madness! Many a time have I screwed up my hunter to a fence—a regular yawner—that I knew in my heart was touch and go with both of us, simply because some one in the crowd said, "Look how young Dodd will do it." I made some smashing ventures at the "tables," under pretty similar promptings, and, I must say, with splendid success.

"Are you always so fortunate?" asks a Royal Personage, with a courteous smile towards me.

"And in everything?" sighs a gentle voice, with a look of such bewitching softness that I forget to take up my stake, and see it remain on the board to double itself the next deal.

Besides all this, there is a grand magnificence in all your notions under the access of sudden wealth!

You give orders to your tradespeople with a Jove-like omnipotence. You revel in the unbounded realms of "I will." What signifies the cost of anything—the most gorgeous entertainment! It is only adding twenty Naps. to your next bet! That rich bracelet of rubies—pshaw!—it is to be had for the turn of a card! In a word, Bob, I felt that I had fallen upon the "Bendigo Diggins," without even the trouble of the search! I wanted fifty Naps. for a caprice, and strolled in to win them, as coolly as though I were changing a cheque at my Banker's!

"Come, Jim; be a good fellow and back me this time. I'm certain to win if you do," whispers a young Lord, with fifteen thousand a year.

"Which side is Dodd on?" asks an old Peer, with his purse in his hand.

"How I should like to win eighty Louis, and buy that roan Arab," whispers Lady Mary, to her sister.

"I'd rather spend the money on that opal Brooch," murmurs the other.

"Egad! if I win this time, I'll start for my regiment to-night," mutters a pale-looking sub., with a red spot in one cheek, and eyes lustrous as if on fire.

Fancy the power of him who can accomplish these, and a hundred like longings, without a particle of sacrifice on his own part! Imagine, my dear Bob, the conscious rule and sway thus suggested, and ask yourself what ecstasy ever equalled it! I possessed all that Peter Schlemil did, and hadn't to give even my "Shadow" in return. During these three glorious weeks, I gave dinners, concerts, and suppers, commanded plays, bespoke operas, patronised humbugs of all kinds, and headed charities without number. As to presents of jewellery, I almost fancied myself a kind of distributing agent for Storr and Mortimer.

The Hotel stables were filled with animals of all kinds belonging to me—Dogs, Donkeys, Horses, Spanish Mules, and a Bear; while every shape and description of equipage crammed the coach-houses and the court-yard. One of these, with a single wheel in front, and great facilities for upsetting behind, was invented by a Baden

artist, and most flatteringly and felicitously called "Le Dod." Wasn't that fame for you, my boy? Think of going down to posterity on noiseless wheels and patent axles! fancy being transmitted to remote ages on C springs and elastic cushions! Such was the rage for my patronage, that an ingenious cutler had dubbed a newly-invented forceps by my name, and I was introduced into the world of surgery as a torture.

Now for the obverse of the medal. It was on that unluckiest of all days—a Friday—that Fortune changed with me. I had lain all the morning a-bed, after being up the whole night previous, and only went down to the Rooms in the evening. As usual, I was accompanied by my train of followers, Lords, Baronets, M.P.'s, foreign Counts, and Chevaliers—for I went to the field like a General, with his full staff around him! You'll scarcely believe me when I tell you, Bob, but I say it in all truth and seriousness, that so long as my star was in the ascendant—so long as my counsels were what Homer would call "Wealth bestowing words," there was not an opinion of mine upon any subject, no matter how great my ignorance of it might have been, that was not listened to with deference and repeated with approval. "Dodd said so yesterday"—"I hear Dodd thinks highly of it"—"Dodd's opinion is unfavourable;" and so on, were phrases that rung around me, from every group I passed, and from the "odds on the Derby" to the "division on the Budget," there was a profound impression that my sentiments were worth hearing.

The pleasantest talkers in Europe, the wittiest conversers that ever convulsed a dinner-party with laughter, would have been deserted and forsaken to hear *me* hold forth, whether the theme was art, literature, law, and politics, or the drama, or any other you please to mention, and of which my ignorance was profound. My luck was unfailing. "Dodd never loses,"—"Dodd has only to back it;" these, were the gifts which all could acknowledge and profit by, and these, no man undervalued or denied.

"Benasset"—this was the proprietor of the tables—"has been employing his time profitably, Dodd, during your absence. He has made a great morning of it—cleared out the old Elector, and sent the Margraf of Ragatz penniless to his dominions." This was the speech that met me as I entered the door, and a general all hail followed it.

"Now, you'll see some smart play," whispered one to his newly-come friend. "Here's young Dodd; we shall have some fun presently." Amid these and similar murmurings I approached the

tables, at which a place for me was speedily made, for my coming was regarded by the company as a good augury.

I could dwell long upon the sensations that then thronged my brain; they were certainly upon the whole highly pleasurable, but not unmixed with some sadness; for I already was beginning to feel a kind of contempt for my worshippers, and for myself, too, as the unworthy object of their devotion. This scorn had not much leisure granted for its indulgence, for the cards were now presented to me for "the cut," and the game began.

As usual my luck was unbroken. If I doubled my stake, or by caprice withdrew it altogether, it was the same. Fortune seemed to wait upon my orders. Revelling in a kind of absolutism over fate, I played a thousand pranks with luck, and won—won on, as if to lose was an impossibility. What strange fancies crossed my mind as I sat there; vague fears, shadowy terrors of the oddest kind, wild, dreamy, and undefined! Visions of joy and misery; orgies, mad and furious with mirth, and agonising sights of misery, thoughts of men who had made compacts with the Fiend, and the terrors that beset them in the midst of their voluptuous abandonment; Belshazzar at his feast; Faust on the Brocken, rose to my mind, and I almost started up and fled from the table at one moment, so impressed was I by these images! Would that I had! Would that I had listened to that warning whisper of my good genius that was then admonishing me!

My reverie had become such at last, that I really never saw nor heard what went on about me. You can picture my condition to yourself, when I say, that I was only recalled to self-possession by loud and incessant laughter, that rung out on every side of me. "What's the matter—what has happened?" cried I, in amazement. "Don't you perceive, Sir," said a bystander, "that you have broken the Bank, and they are waiting for a remittance to continue the play?"

So it was, Bob; I had actually won their last Napoleon, and there I sat, pushing my stake mechanically into the middle of the table, and raking it up again, playing an imaginary game, to the amusement of that motley crowd, who looked on at me with screams of laughter. I laughed, too, when I came to myself. It was such a relief to me to join, even for a moment, in any feeling that others experienced!

The money came at last. Two strongly-clasped, heavily-ironed coffers were borne into the room by four powerful men. I watched them with interest as they unlocked and poured forth their shining stores; for in imagination they were already my own. I believe at



*James Dodd breaks the bank.*





that moment, if any one had offered to assure me the winning of them "for fifty Naps.," that I should have rejected the proposal with disdain, so impossible did it seem to me that luck could desert me! Do you know, Bob, that what most interested me at the time, was the varied expressions displayed by the company at sight of the gorgeous treasure before them. It was strange to mark how little all their good breeding and fine manners availed to repress vulgarity of thought and feeling, for there was greed, or envy, or hatred, or some inordinate passion or other, on every face around; looks of mild and gentle meaning became dashed with a half ferocity; venerable old age grew fretful and impatient; youth lost its frank and careless bearing; and, in fact, Gain, and the lust of Gain, was the predominant and overbearing thought of every mind, and wish of every heart! I pledge you my word, there was more animal savagery in the expressions on all sides than ever I saw on a pack of yelping fox-hounds when the huntsman held up the fox in the midst of them. It was the comparison that came to my mind at the moment, and I repeat it, with the reservation, that the dogs behaved best.

There was an old careworn, meanly-dressed man, with a faded blue ribbon in his button-hole, seated in the place I usually occupied, and he arose to give it to me with that mingled air of reluctance and respect which it is so hard to resist. His manner seemed to say, "I am too poor and too humble to contest the matter, but I'd remain here if I could." "So you shall, then," said I to myself, and pushed him gently down upon the seat again.

"By Jove! the old fellow has got the lucky place," cried one in the crowd behind me.

"Hang *me*, if Dodd hasn't given up his old chair!" said another.

"I'd rather have had *that* seat," exclaimed a third, "than one at the India Board!"

But I only laughed at these absurd superstitions—as though it were the spot, and not myself, that Fortune loved to caress! As if to resent the foolish credulity, I threw a heavy bet on the table, and lost it! Again and again I did the same, with the like result; and now a murmur ran through the room, that luck had turned with me. I had given up my winning seat, and was losing at every turn of the cards.

"Let *me* have a peep at him," I heard one whisper to his friend behind. "I'd like to see how he bears it!"

"He loses remarkably well," muttered the other.

"Admirably!" said another. "He seems neither confident nor impatient. I like the way he stands it."

"Egad, his hand trembles though! He tore that bank-note in trying to get it out of his fingers!"

"His hand is hot too—see how the Louis stick to it!"

"They'll not do so very long, depend on't," said a close-shaved, well-whiskered fellow, with a knowing eye; and the remark met an approving smile from the bystanders.

"I have just added up his last fifteen bets," said a young man to a lady on his arm, "and what do you think he has lost? Forty-eight thousand francs—close on two thousand pounds!"

"Quite enough for one evening!" said I, with a smile towards him, which made both himself and his friend blush deeply at being overheard; and with this, I shut up my pocket-book, and strolled away from the tables into another room, where there were chess and whist-players. I took a chair, and affected to watch the game with interest, my heart at the moment throbbing as though it would burst through my chest. Don't mistake, Bob, and fancy that it was the accursed thirst for gold that enthralled me. I swear to you, that mere gain, mere wealth, never entered into my thought at the moment. It was the gambler's lust—to be the victor, not to be beaten—that was the terrible passion that now struggled and stormed within me! I'd like to have staked a limb—honour—happiness—life itself—on the issue of a chance; for I felt as though it were a duel with Destiny, and I could not quit the ground till one of us should succumb!

How poor and unsatisfying seemed the slow combinations of skill, as I watched the chess-players! What miserable minuteness! what petty plottings for small results!—nothing grand, great, or decisive! It was like being bled to death from some wretched trickling vessel, instead of meeting one's fate gloriously, amidst the roar of artillery and the crash of squadrons!

I lounged into the *salons* where they dance; it was a very brilliant and a very beautiful assembly. There were faces and figures there that might have proved attractive to eyes more critical than my own. My sudden appearance amongst them, too, was rapturously welcomed. I was already a celebrity; and I felt that amidst the soft glances and beaming smiles around me, I had but to choose out her whom I would distinguish by my attentions. My mother and the girls came to me with pressing entreaties to take out the beautiful Countess de B., or to be presented to the charming Marchioness of N. There was a Dowager Archduchess, who vouchsafed to know me. Miss Somebody, with I forget how many millions in the funds, told Mary Anne she might introduce me. Already the Master





*Done up*

of the Ceremonies came to know if I preferred a Mazurka or a Waltz. The world was, so to say, at my feet; and, as is usual at such moments, I kicked it for being there. In plain English, Bob, I saw nothing in all that bright and brilliant crowd but scheming Mammias and designing Daughters—a universal distrust—an utter disbelief in everything and everybody had got hold of me. Whatever I couldn't explain, I discredited. The ringlets might be false; the carnation might be rouge; the gentle timidity of manner might be the cat-like slyness of the tiger; the artless gaiety of heart, the practised coquetry of a flirt—aye, the very symmetry that seemed perfection, might it not be the staymaker's! Play had utterly corrupted me, and there was not one healthy feeling, one manly thought, or one generous impulse left within me! I left the room a few minutes after I entered it. I neither danced nor got presented to any one; but after one lounging stroll through the *salons*, I quitted the place, as though there was not one to know, not one to speak to! I have more than once witnessed the performance of this polite process by another. I have watched a fellow making the tour of a company, with a glass stuck in his eye, and his hand thrust in his pocket. I have tracked him as he passed on from group to group, examining the guests with the same coolness he bestowed on the china, and smiling his little sardonic appreciation of whatever struck him as droll or ridiculous; and when he has retired, it has been all I could do, not to follow him out, and kick him down the stairs at his departure. I have no doubt that my conduct on this occasion must have inspired similar sentiments; nor have I any hesitation in avowing that they were well merited.

When I reached the open air, I felt a delicious sense of relief. It was so still, so calm, so tranquil. A bright starlit summer's night, with here and there a murmuring of low voices—a gentle laugh, heard amongst the trees, and the rustling sounds of silk drapery, brushing through the alleys. All those little suggestive tokens that bring up one's reminiscences of

Those odorous hours  
In jasmine bowers,  
Or under the Linden tree!

But they came only for a second, Bob, and they left not a trace behind them. The monotonous rubric of the Croupier rang ever through my brain—"Faites votre jeu, Messieurs,"—"Messieurs, faites votre jeu." The table, the lights, the glittering gold, the clank of the rake, were all before me, and I set off at full speed to the Hotel, to fetch more money, and resume my play.

I'll not weary you with a detail, at every step of which I know that your condemnation tracks me. I re-entered the play-room, secretly and cautiously; I approached the table stealthily; I hoped to escape all observation—at least, for a time; and with this object I betted small sums, and attracted no notice. My luck varied: now, inclining to this side; now, to that. Fortune seemed as though in a half capricious mood, and, as it were, undetermined how to treat me. "This comes of my own miserable timidity," thought I; "when I was bold and courageous, she favoured me. It is the same in everything. To win, one must venture."

There was a vacant place in front of me; a young Hungarian had just quitted it, having lost his last "Louis." I immediately took it. The card on which he had been marking the chances of the game still lay there. I took it up, and saw that he had been playing most rashly; that no luck could possibly have carried a man safely through such a system as he had followed.

I must let you into a little secret of this game, Bob, and do not be incredulous of my theory, because my own case is a sorry illustration of it. Where all men fail at Rouge-et-Noir, is from temper. The loser makes tremendous efforts to repair his losses; the winner grows cautious with success, and diminishes his stake. Now the wise course is, play low, when you see Fate against you, and back your luck to the very limit of the bank. You ask, perhaps, "How are you to ascertain either of these facts? What evidence have you that Fortune is with or against you?" As you are not a Gambler, I cannot explain this to you. It is part of the Masonry of the play-table, and every one who risks heavily on a chance, knows well what are the instincts that guide him.

I own to you, that though well aware of these facts, and thoroughly convinced that they form the only rules of play, I soon forgot them in the excitement of the game, and betted on, as caprice, or rather as passion, dictated. We Irish are bad stuff for gamblers. We have the bull-dog resistance of the Englishman—his stern resolve not to be beaten—but we have none of his caution nor reserve. We are as impassioned as the men of the South, but we are destitute of that intense selfishness that never suffers an Italian to peril his all. In fact, as an old Belgian said to me one night, we make bad winners, and worse losers; too lavish in one case, too reckless in the other.

I am not seeking excuses for my failure in my nationality. I accept the whole blame on my own shoulders. With common prudence I might have arisen that night a large winner; as it was, I left the table with a loss of nigh three thousand pounds. Just fancy it,

Bob—five thousands pounds poorer than when I strolled out after luncheon! A sum sufficient to have started me splendidly in some career—the Army, for instance—gone without enjoyment, even without credit; for already the critics were busily employed in analysing my “play,” which they unanimously pronounced “badly reasoned and contemptible.” There remained to me still—at home in the Hotel fortunately—about eight hundred pounds of my former winnings, and I passed the night canvassing with myself what I should do with these. Three or four weeks back I had never given a second thought to the matter; indeed, it would never have entered my head to risk such a sum at play; but now, the habit of winning and losing heavy wagers, the alternations of affluence and want, had totally mastered all the calmer properties of reason, and I could entertain the notion without an effort. I’ll not tire you with my reasonings on this subject. Probably you would scarcely dignify them with the name. They all resolved themselves into this:—“If I did not play, I’d never win back what I lost; if I did, I *might*.” My mind once made up to this, I began to plot how I should proceed to execute it. I resolved to enter the room the next day just as the table opened, at twelve o’clock. The players who frequented the room at that hour were a few straggling, poor-looking people, who usually combined together to make up the solitary crown-piece they wished to venture. Of course I had no acquaintances amongst them, and, therefore, should be free from all the embarrassing restraints of observation by my intimates. My judgment would be calmer, my head cooler, and, in fact, I could devote myself to the game with all my energies uncramped and unimpeded.

Sharp to the moment of the clock striking twelve, I entered the room. One of the Croupiers was talking to a peasant-girl at the window. The other, seated on the table, was reading the newspaper. They both looked astonished at seeing me, but bowed respectfully, not, however, making any motion to assume their accustomed places, since it never occurred to them that I could have come to play at such an hour of the morning. A little group, of the very “seediest” exterior, was waiting respectfully for when it might be the Croupiers’ pleasure to begin, but the functionaries never deigned to notice them.

“At what hour are the tables opened?” asked I, as if for information.

“At noon, Monsieur le Comte,” said one of the Croupiers, folding up his paper, and producing the keys of the strong box; “but, except these worthy people”—this he said with a most contemptuous

air of compassion—"we have no players till four, or even five, of the afternoon."

"Come, then," said I, taking a seat, "I'll set the virtuous fashion of early hours. There go twenty Naps. for a beginning."

The dealer shuffled the cards. I cut them, and we begun. *We*, I say; because I was the only player, the little knot of humble folk gathering around me in mute astonishment, and wondering what Millionnaire they had before them. If I had not been too deeply immersed in the interest of the game, I should have experienced the very highest degree of entertainment from the remarks and comments of the bystanders, who all sympathised with me, and made common cause against the Bank.

Some of them were peasants, some, were small shopkeepers from distant towns—the Police regulations exclude all natives of Baden, it being the Grand Ducal policy only to pillage the foreigner—and one, a half-starved, decrepit old fellow, had been a Professor of something somewhere, and turned out of his University to starve for having broached some liberal doctrines in a lecture. He it was who watched me with most eager intensity, following every alternation of my game with a card and a pin. At the end of about an hour I was winner of something more than two hundred pounds, and I sat betting on, my habitual stake of five, or sometimes ten, "Naps." each time.

"Get up and go away now," whispered the old man in my ear. "You have done enough for once—gained more in this brief hour than ever I did in any two years of hard labour."

"At what trade did you work?" asked I, without raising my head from my game.

"My faculty was the 'Pandects,'" replied he, gravely; "but I lectured in private, on History, Philology, and Chemistry."

Shocked at the rudeness of my question to one in his station, I muttered some half-intelligible excuse; but he did not seem to suspect any occasion for apology—never recognising that he who laboured with head could arrogate over him who toiled with his hands.

"There, I told you so," broke he in suddenly. "You will lose all back again. You play rashly. The runs of the game have been 'triplets,' and *you* bet on, to the fourth time of passing."

"So, then, you understand it!" said I, smiling, and still making my stake as before.

"Let the deal pass—don't bet now," whispered he, eagerly.

"Herr Ephraim, I have warned you already," cried the Croupier, "that if you persist in disturbing the gentlemen who play here, you will be removed by the Police."



The word Police—so dreadful to all German ears—made the old man tremble from head to foot; and he bowed twice or thrice in hurried submission, and protested that he would be more cautious in future.

“You certainly do not exhibit such signs of good fortune on your own person,” said the Croupier, “that should entitle you to advise and counsel others.”

“Quite true, Herr Croupier,” assented he, with an attempt to smile.

“Besides that, if you reckon upon the Count’s good-nature to give you a trifle when the game is over, you’ll certainly merit it better by silence and respect now.”

The old man’s face became deep scarlet, and then as suddenly pale. He made an effort to say something, but though his hands gesticulated, and his lips moved, no sounds were audible, and with a faint sigh he tottered back and leaned against the wall. I sprang up and placed him in a chair, and, seeing that he was overcome by weakness, I called for wine, and hastily poured a glassful down his throat. I could not induce him to take a second, and he seemed, while expressing his gratitude, to be impatient to get away and leave the place.

“Shall I see you home, Herr Ephraim?” said I; “will you allow me to accompany you?”

“On no account, Herr Graf,” said he, giving me the title he had heard the Croupier address me by. “I can go alone; I am quite able, and—I prefer it.”

“But you are too weak, far too weak to venture by yourself—is he not so?” said I, turning to the Croupier to corroborate my words. A strangely significant raising of the eyebrow—a sort of—I know not what—meaning—was all the reply he made me; and half ashamed of the possibility of being made the dupe of some practised impostor, I drew nigh the table for an explanation.

“What is it? what do you mean?” asked I, eagerly.

A shrug of the shoulders, and a look of pity, was his answer.

“Is he a hypocrite?—is he a cheat?” asked I.

“Perhaps not exactly *that*,” said he, shuffling the cards.

“A drunkard—does he drink?” then asked I.

“I have never heard so,” said he.

“Then what has he done?—what is he?” cried I, impatiently.

He made a sign for me to come close, and then whispered in my ear what I have just told you, only with a voice full of holy horror at the crime of a man who had dared to have an opinion not in accordance with that of a Police Prefect! That he—a man of hard study

and deep reading—should venture to draw other lessons from history than those taught at drum-heads by corporals and petty officers!

“Is that all?—is that all?” asked I, indignantly.

“All! all!” exclaimed he; “do you want more?”

“Why, these things may possibly interest Police spies, but they have no imaginable concern for me.”

“That is precisely what they have, Sir,” said he, hastily, and in a still more cautious tone. “You could not show that miserable man a kindness without its attracting the attention of the authorities. They never could be brought to believe mere humanity was the motive, and they would seek for some explanation more akin to their daily habits. As an Englishman, I know your custom is to treat these things haughtily, and make every personal insult of this kind a national question; but the inconvenience of this course will track you over the whole Continent. Your passport will be demanded, here—permission refused you to remain, there. At one town your luggage will be scrutinised—at another, your letters opened. I conclude you come abroad to enjoy yourself. Is this the way to do it? At all events he is gone now,” added he, looking down the room, “and let’s think no more of him. *Messieurs, faites votre jeu,*” and once more rung out the burden of that monotonous injunction to ruin and beggary!

I wasn’t exactly in the mood for high play at the moment; on the contrary, my thoughts were with poor Ephraim and his sorrows; but, for very pride sake, I was obliged to seem indifferent and at ease. For I must tell you, Bob, this cold, impassive bearing is the high breeding of the play-table, and to transgress it, even for an instant, is a gross breach of good manners. I have told you my mind was pre-occupied; the results were soon manifest in my play. Every “coup” was ill-timed. I was always on the wrong colour, and lost without intermission.

“This is not your ‘beau-moment,’ *Monsieur le Comte,*” said the Croupier to me, as he raked in a stake I had suffered to quadruple itself by remaining. “I should almost say, wait for another time!”

“Had you said so half an hour ago,” replied I, bitterly, “the counsel might have been worth heeding. There goes the last of twenty thousand francs.” And there it did go, Bob! swept in by the same remorseless hand that gathered all I possessed.

I lingered for a few moments, half stunned. I felt like one that requires some seconds to recover from the effects of a severe blow, but who feels conscious that with time he shall rally and be himself again. After that I strolled out into the open air, lighted my cigar,

and turned off into a steep path that led up the mountain side, under the cover of a dense pine forest. I walked for hours, without noticing the way at either side of me, and it was only when, overcome with thirst, I stooped to drink at a little fountain, that I perceived I had crossed over the crest of the mountain, and gained a little glen at its foot, watered by what I guessed must be a capital fishing-stream. Indeed, I had not long to speculate on this point, for, a few hundred yards off, I beheld a man standing knee-deep in the water, over which he threw his line, with that easy motion of the wrist that bespeaks the angler.

I must tell you that the sight of a fly-fisher is so far interesting abroad, that it is only practised by the English; and although, Heaven knows, there is no scarcity of them in town and cities, the moment you wander in the least out of the beaten, frequented track of travel, you rejoice to see your countryman. I made towards him, therefore, at once, to ask what sport he had, and came up just as he had landed a good sized fish.

"I see, Sir," said I, "that the fish are not so strong as in our waters. You'd have given that fellow twenty minutes more play, had he been in a Highland tarn."

"Or in that brisk little river at Dodsborough," replied he, laughing; and turning round at the same time to salute me, I perceived that it was Captain Morris. You may remember him being quartered at Bruff, about two years ago, and having had some altercation with my Governor on some magisterial topics. He was never much to my taste. I thought him somewhat of a military prig, very stiff and stand off, but whether it was the shooting-jacket *vice* the red coat, or change of place and scene, I know not, but now, he seemed far more companionable than I could have thought him. He was a capital angler too, and spoke of shooting and deer-stalking like one passionately fond of them. I felt half ashamed at first, when he asked me my opinion of the trout streams in the neighbourhood, and it was only as we warmed up, that I owned to the kind of life I had been leading at Baden, and the consequences it had entailed.

"Fortunately for me, in one sense," said he, laughing, "I have always been too poor a man to play at anything; and Chess, which excludes all idea of money, is the only game I know. But of this I am quite sure, that the worst of gambling is neither the time nor the money lost upon it; it is the simple fact that, if you ever win, from that moment forth you are unfitted to the pursuits by which men earn their livelihood. The slow, careworn paths of daily industry become insufferable to him who can compass a year's labour

by the turn of a die. Enrich yourself but once—only once—at the play-table, and try then what it is to follow any career of patient toil.”

He had seen, he said, many examples of this in his own regiment; some of the very finest fellows had been ruined by play, for, as he remarked, “It is strange enough, there are few vices so debasing, and yet the natures and temperaments most open to the seduction of the gaming-table, are very far from being those originally degraded.” I suppose that his tone of conversation chimed in well with my thoughts at the moment, for I listened to all he said with deep interest, and willingly accepted his invitation to eat some of his morning’s sport at a little cottage, where he lived, hard by. He had taken it for the season, and was staying there with his mother, a charming old lady, who welcomed me with great cordiality.

I dined and passed the evening with them. I don’t remember when I spent one so much to my satisfaction, for there was something more than courtesy—something beyond mere politeness in their manner towards me; and I could observe in any chance allusion to the girls, there was a degree of real interest that almost savoured of friendship. There was but one point on which I did not thoroughly go with Morris, and that was about Tiverton. On that I found him full of the commonest and most vulgar prejudices. He owned that there was no acquaintanceship between them, and therefore I was able to attribute much, if not all, of his impressions to erroneous information. Now I know George intimately—nobody can know him better. He is what they call in the world “a Loose-fish.” He’s not overburdened with strict notions, or rigid principles; he’d tell you himself, that to be encumbered with either would be like entering for a rowing-match in a strait waistcoat; but he is a fellow to share his last shilling with a friend—thoroughly generous and free-hearted. These are qualities, however, that men like Morris hold cheap. They seem to argue that nobody stands in need of such attributes. I differ with them there, totally. My notion is, that shipwreck is so common a thing in life, it is always pleasant to think that a friend can throw you a spare hen-coop when you’re sinking.

We chatted till the night closed in, and then, as the moon got up, Morris strolled with me to within a mile of Baden.

“There!” said he, pointing to the little village, now all spangled with its starry lights—“there lies the fatal spot that has blighted many a hope, and made many a heart a ruin! I wish you were miles away from it!”

“It cannot injure me much now,” said I, laughing; “I am as re-

gularly 'cleaned out' as a poor old Professor I met there this morning, Herr Ephraim."

"Not Ephraim Gauss?" asked he; "did you meet *him*?"

"If that be his name, a small, mean-looking man, with a white beard——"

"One of the first men in Germany—the greatest Civilian—the most learned Orientalist—and a man of almost universal attainment in science—tell me of him."

I told him the little incident I have already related to you, and mentioned the caution given me by the Croupier.

"Which is not the less valuable," broke he in, "because he who gave it is himself a paid Spy of the Police."

I started, and he went on.

"Yes, it is perfectly true; and the advice he gave you was both good and well intended. These men who act as the Croupiers are always in the pay of the Police. Their position affords them the very best and safest means of obtaining information; they see everybody, and they hear an immensity of gossip. Still, it is not their interest that the English, who form the great majority of play-victims, should be excluded from places of gambling resort. With them, they should lose a great part of their income; for this reason he gave you that warning, and it is by no means to be despised or undervalued."

At length we parted, he, to return over the mountain to his cottage, and I, to continue my way to the Hotel.

"At least promise me one thing," said he, as he shook my hand; "you'll not venture down yonder to-night;" and he pointed to the great building where the play went forward, now brilliant in all its illumination.

"That's easily done," said I, laughing, "if you mean as regards play."

"It is as regards play, I say it," replied he; "for the rest, I suppose you'll not incur much hazard."

"I say that the pledge costs little sacrifice; I have no money to wager."

"All the better, at least for the present. My advice to you would be, take your rod, or, if you haven't one, take one of mine, and set out for a week or ten days up the valley of the 'Moorg.' You'll have plenty of fishing, pretty scenery, and, above all, quiet and tranquillity to compose your mind and recover your faculties after all this fevered excitement."

He continued to urge this plan upon me with considerable show of reason, and such success, that as I shook his hand for the last time

it was in a promise to carry out the scheme. He'd have gone with me himself, he said, but that he could not leave his mother, even for a few days; and, indeed, this I scarcely regretted, because, to own the honest fact, my dear Bob, I felt that there was a terrible gulf between us in fifty matters of thought and opinion; and, what was worse, I saw that he was more often in the right than myself. Now, wise notions of life, prudent resolves, and sage aphorisms, are certain to come some time or other to everybody; but I'd as soon think of "getting up" wrinkles and crows' feet as of assuming them, at one-and-twenty. I know at least that's Tiverton's theory, and he, it can't be denied, does understand the world as well as most men. Not that I do not like Morris; on the contrary, I am sure he is an excellent fellow, and worthy of all respect, but somehow he doesn't "go along," Bob; he's—as we used to say of a clumsy horse in heavy ground—"he's sticky." But I'm not going to abuse him, and particularly at the moment when I am indebted to his friendship.

When I reached the Hotel I was so full of my plan that I sent for the landlord, and asked him to convert all my goods and chattels, live and dead, into ready cash. After a brief and rather hot discussion the scoundrel agreed to give me two hundred "Naps." for what would have been cheap at twelve. No matter, thought I, I'll make an end of Baden, and if I ever set foot in it again—

"Come, out with the cash, Master Müller," cried I, impatient to be off; "I'm sick of this place, and hope never to set eyes on't more!"

"Ah, the 'Herr Graf' is going away then?" said he, in some surprise. "And the ladies, are they, too, about to leave?"

"I know nothing about their intentions, nor have you any business to make the inquiry," replied I; "pay this money, and make an end of it."

He muttered something about doing the thing regularly, not having "so much gold by him," and so on, ending with a promise that in half an hour I should have the cash sent to my room.

I accordingly hurried up-stairs to put away my traps. My mother and the girls had already gone out for the evening, so that I wrote a few lines to say that I was off for a week's fishing, but would be back by Wednesday. I had just finished my short despatch, when the landlord entered with a slip of paper in one hand and a canvas bag of money in the other.

"This is the inventory of the goods, Herr Graf, which you will please assign over to me, by affixing your signature."

I wrote it at once.

"This is my little account for your expenses at the Hotel," said he, presenting a hateful-looking strip of a foot and a half long.

"Another time—no leisure for looking over that now!" said I, angrily.

"Whenever you please, Herr Graf," said he, with the same imperturbable manner. "You will find it all correct, I'm sure. This is the balance!" And opening the bag he poured forth some gold and silver, which, when counted, made up twenty-seven Napoleons, fourteen francs.

"And what's this?" cried I, almost boiling over with rage.

"Your balance, Herr Graf. All that is coming to you. If you will please to look here——"

"Give me up that inventory—that bill of sale," cried I, perfectly wild with passion.

He only gave a grim smile, while, by a significant gesture, he showed that the paper in question was in his breeches pocket. For a second, Bob, I was so thoroughly beside myself with passion, that I determined to regain possession of it by force. To this end I went to the door, and locked it; but by the time I returned to him, I found that he had thrown up the window and addressed some words to the people in the court-yard. This brought me to my senses, so I counted over my twenty-seven Naps., placed the bill on the chimney-piece, unlocked the door, and told him to go; an injunction which, I assure you, he obeyed with such alacrity, that had I been disposed to assist his exit I could not have been in time to do it.

For both our sakes I'll not recal the state of mind in which this scene left me. As to going an excursion with such a sum, or rather with what would have remained of it, after paying waiters, porters, and such like, it was too absurd to think of, so that I coolly put it in my pocket, walked over to the Rooms, threw it on the green cloth of the gaming-table—and—lost it! There ends the episode of my last fortnight's existence—as dreary and disreputable a one as need be. As to how I have passed the last four days I'm not quite so clear! I have walked some twenty-five or thirty miles in each, dining at little wayside inns, and returning late at night to Baden.

Passing through picturesque glens, and along mountain ridges of boldest outline, I have marked little. I remember still less. Still, the Play-fever is abating. I can sleep without dreaming of the Croupier's chant, and I awake without starting at an imaginary loss! I feel as though great bodily exertion and fatigue would ultimately antagonise the excessive tension of nerves too long and too painfully on the stretch, and I am steadily pursuing this system for a cure.

When I come home—after midnight—I add some pages to this long epistle, which I sometimes doubt if I shall ever have courage to send you! for there is this poignant misery about one's play misfortunes, you never can expect a friend's sympathy, no matter how severe your sufferings be. The losses at play are thoroughly selfish ills—they appeal to nothing for consolation!

You will have remarked how I have avoided all mention of the family in this epistle. The truth is, I scarcely ever see my Mother or Mary Anne. Caroline occasionally comes to me before I'm up of a morning; but it is to sorrow over domestic griefs of one kind or other. My Father is still away, and, strangely too, we do not hear from him; and, in fact, we are a most ill-ordered, broken-up household, each going his own road, and that being—in almost every case, I fear—a bad one!

This recital—if it be ever destined to come to hand—may possibly tend to reconcile you to home life, and the want of those advantages which you are so thoroughly convinced 'pertain to foreign travel. I know that in my present mood I am very far from being an impartial witness, and I am also aware that I am open to the reproach of not having cultivated those arts which give to Continental residence its peculiar value; but let me tell you, Bob, the ignorance with which I left home—the utter neglect of education in youth—left me unable to derive profit from what lay so seemingly accessible. You do not plate over cast-iron, and the thin lacker of gold or silver would never even hide the base metal beneath. I haven't courage to go over and see Morris; and here I live, perfectly isolated and companionless.

Tiverton writes me word that he'll be back in a few days. He went over to speak on the Jew Bill. He says that his liberal speech on that measure "stood to him" very handsomely in Lombard-street. He has forwarded the report of his oration, but I haven't read it. His chief argument in favour of admitting them into Parliament is, "There are so few of them." It's very like the Lady's plea—of the child being a little one. However, I don't think it signifies much one way or t'other; but it seems strange to exclude men from legislation who claim for their ancestor the first Law-Giver.

I shall be all eagerness to hear what success you have had for the scholarship. You are a happy fellow to have heart and energy for an honourable ambition; and that you may have "Luck"—for that is requisite, too—is the sincere wish of your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.



## LETTER XXIX.

CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY, BLACK  
ROCK, IRELAND.

“The Moorg Thal.”

MY DEAR MISS COX,

How happy would you be if only seated in the spot where I now write these lines! I am at an open window, the sill of which is a great rock, all covered with red-brown moss, and beneath again, at some thirty feet lower, runs the clear stream of the Moorg river. Two gigantic mountains, clad in pine-forests to the summits, enclose the valley, the view of which, however, extends to full two miles, showing little peeps of farm-houses and mills along the river's bank, and high upon a great bold crag, the Ducal castle of Eberstein. The day is hot but not sultry, for a light summer breeze is playing over the water, and, high up, the clouds move slowly on, now casting broad masses of mellow shadow over the deep-tinted forest.

The stream here falls over some masses of rock with a pleasant gushing music, that harmonises well with the songs of the peasant-girls, who are what we should in Ireland call “beetling” their clothes in the water. On the opposite bank some mowers are seated at their dinner, under the shadow of a leafy horse-chestnut tree, and, far away in the distance, a waggon of the newly-cut hay is traversing the river; the horses stop to drink, and the merry children are screaming their laughter from the top of the load. I hear them even here!

That you may learn where I am, and how I have come hither, let me tell you that I am on a visit with Mrs. Morris, the mother of Captain M., at a little cottage they have taken for the season, about twelve miles from Baden, in a valley called the Moorg Thal. If its situation be the very perfection of picturesque choice, it contains within, quite enough of accommodation for those who occupy it. The furniture, too, most simple though it be, is of that nice old walnut-wood, so bright and mellow-looking; and our little drawing-room is even handsomely ornamented by a richly carved cabinet and a centre table, the support of which is a grotesque dwarf with four heads. Then we have a piano, a reasonably well-filled book-shelf, and a painter's easel, to which I turn at intervals, as I write, to give a passing touch of light to those trees now waving in the summer's wind, and which

I destine, when finished, for my dear, dear Governess. All the externals of rural life in Germany are highly picturesque—I might almost call them poetic. The cottages, the costume, the little phrases in use amongst the people, their devotional offices, and, above all, their music, make up an ideal of country life such as I scarcely conceived possible to exist.

There is, too, I am told—for my imperfect knowledge of the language does not permit me to state the fact of myself—an amount of information amongst the people seldom found in a similar class throughout the rest of Europe. I do not mean the peasantry here, but the dwellers in the small villages—those, for instance, who follow handicrafts and small trades, and who are usually great readers, and very acute thinkers. Denied almost entirely all access to that daily literature of newspapers on which our people feed, they fall back upon a very different class of writing, and are conversant with the works of their great prose and verse writers. Their thoughts are thus idealised to a degree; they themselves become assuredly less work-a-day and practical, but their hopes, their aspirations, and their ambitions, take a higher flight than we could ever think possible from such humble resting-places. Mrs. Morris, who knew Germany many years ago, tells me that those fatal years of '48 and '49 have done them great injury. Suddenly called upon to act, in events and contingencies of which they derived all their knowledge from some parallels in remote history, they rushed into the excesses of a mediæval period, as the natural consequences of the position; and all the atrocities of bygone centuries were re-enacted by a people who are unquestionably the most docile and law-obeying of the whole Continent. They are now calming down again, and there is every reason to think that if unshaken by troubles from without or within, that Germany will again be the happy land it used to be.

Forgive me, my dear Miss Cox, if I grow tiresome to you, by a theme which now fills all my thoughts, and occupies so much of our daily talking. Captain M. has gone to England on some important matter of business, and the old lady is my only companion.

Oh, how you would like her! and how capable you would be of appreciating traits and features of her mind, of which I, in my insufficiency, can but dimly catch the meaning. She is within a year or two of eighty, and yet with a freshness of heart and a brightness of intellect that would shame one of *my* age!

The mellow gaiety of heart that, surviving all the trials of life, lives on to remote age, hopeful in the midst of disappointments, trusting even when betrayed, is the most captivating trait that can

adorn our poor nature. The spirit that can extract its pleasant memories from the past, forgetting all their bitterness, is truly a happy one. This she seems to do, in all gratitude for what blessings remain to her, after a life not devoid of misfortune. She is devotedly attached to her son, who, in return, adores her. Probably no picture of domestic affection is more touching than that subsisting between a man already past youth and his aged and widowed mother. The little tender attentions—the watchful kindnesses on both sides—those graceful concessions which each knows how and when to make of their own comfort—and, above all, that blending of tastes by which at last each learns to adopt some of the other's likings, and, even in prejudices, to become more companionable.

To me, the happiness of my present life is greater than I can describe to you. The peaceful quietude of an existence on which no shocks obtrude is unspeakably delightful. If the weather forbid us to venture abroad, which on fine days we do for hours together, our home resources are numerous. The little cares of a household, amusing as they are, associated with so many little peculiar traits of nationality, help the morning to pass; after which I draw, or write, or play, or read aloud, mostly German, to the old lady. Whatever my occupation, be it at the easel, the desk, or the pianoforte, her criticisms are always good and just; for, strange to say, even on subjects of which she professes to know nothing, there is an instinctive appreciation of the right; and this would seem to result from an intense study, and deep love of nature. She herself was the first to show me, that this was a charm which the Bible possessed in the most remarkable manner, and which even, as literature, gave it the most uncommon value in the eyes of the humblest classes, who are from the very accidents of fortune the deep students of nature. The language whose illustrations are taken from objects and incidents that every peasant can confirm, has a direct appeal to a lowly heart; and there is a species of flattery to his intelligence in the fact, that inspiration could not typify more strongly its conception than by analogies open to the lowliest son of labour.

After this, she places Shakspeare, whose actual knowledge is miraculous, and whose immortality is based upon that very fact, since the true will be true to all ages and people; and, however men's minds may differ about the forms of expression, the Fact will remain imperishable. According to her theory, Shakspeare understood human nature as learned men do an exact science—where certain results must follow certain premises and combinations inevitably and of necessity. How otherwise explain that intimate acquaintance with the habits and modes

of thought of classes of which he never made one? How account for the delineation of kingly feelings by him who scarcely saw the steps of a throne? "And yet," said Mrs. M., "Louis Philippe himself told me, that Shakspeare's Kings were as true as his Lovers. His Majesty once amused me much," said she, "by alluding to a passage in 'Hamlet,' which assuredly would never have occurred to me to notice. It is where the King and Queen are dismissing their attendants from further waiting. His Majesty says, 'Thanks Rozenkrantz and gentle Guildenstern;' on which the Queen adds, 'Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rozenkrantz.' 'Now,' said Louis Philippe, 'one almost should have been a Queen to know that it was needful to balance the seeming preference of the Royal epithet, by inverting the phrase.'"

While I ramble on thus, I may seem to be forgetting the subjects on which more properly I ought to dwell—home and family. Our pursuit of greatness still continues, my dear Miss Cox. We are determined to be fine people; and, I suppose, after all, that our shortcomings and disappointments are not greater than usually fall to the lot of those who aspire to what is beyond or above them. In England the gradations of rank are as fixed as the degrees of a service; and we, being who and what we are, could no more pretend to something else than could a Subaltern pass off for a Colonel to his own regiment. Here, however, there is a general scramble for position, and each seems to have the same privilege to call himself what he likes, that he exercises over the mere spelling of his name. I judge this to be the case from the anecdotes I have heard in society about the Count this, and the Baron that. Since Papa's absence in the interior of Germany, whither he accompanied Mrs. Gore Hampton, to visit, I believe, some crowned head of her acquaintance, Mamma has pursued a kind of royal progress towards greatness. Our style of living has been most expensive—I might almost call it splendid. We have servants, horses, equipage—everything, in fact, that appertains to a certain station, but one, and that one thing unfortunately is the grand requisite of all—the air that belongs to it. The truth is, Miss Cox, as the old Lawyer one day said at dinner to Papa, "You prove too much, Mr. Dodd." That is exactly what Mamma is doing. She dresses magnificently for small occasions; she insists too eagerly upon what she deems her due; and she is far too exclusive with respect to those who seek her acquaintanceship. Would you believe it, that though I am permitted to accept the kind hospitality which I at this moment enjoy, it is upon the condition that neither Mamma nor Mary Anne are to "be

dragged into the mire of low intimacies ;" that Mrs. Morris is to be "Cary's friend." Proud am I, indeed, if she will deign to consider me such!

I must acknowledge that Mamma's "Wednesdays" collected all that was high and distinguished at Baden. We had the old Kurfürst of something, with a long white moustache, and thirty orders; an Arch-Duchess with a hump-back, and a mediatised Prince with one eye. There were Generals, Marshals, Ministers, Envoys, and Plenipos without end—"your Highness" and "your Excellency" were household words round our tea-table. But I often asked myself, "Are not these great folk paying off in falsehood the imposition we are practising upon *them*? Are they not laughing at the 'Dodds,' and their thousand solecisms in good breeding?" These would be very unworthy suspicions of mine if I did not feel convinced they were well-founded; but more than once have I overheard chance words and phrases that have suffused my cheeks with "shame-red," as the Germans call it, for an hour after. Is it not an indignity to accept hospitality, and requite it by ridicule? Is it not base to receive attentions, and repay them in scorn?

Whether it is from feeling as I do on the subject or not, I cannot say, but James rarely or never appears at Mamma's receptions. He is among what is called "a fast set;" but I always incline to think that his nature is not corrupted, though doubtless sullied, by the tone of society around us.

You ask me about Mary Anne's appearance, and here I can speak without reserve or qualification. She is, indeed, the handsomest girl I ever saw; tall and well-proportioned, and with a carriage and a style about her that might grace a Princess. A critic, inclined to severity, might say there was perhaps a slight tendency to haughtiness in the expression of the features, especially the mouth; the head, too, is a little, a very little, too much thrown back; but somehow these might be defects in another, and yet, in her, they seem to give a peculiar stamp and character to her beauty. All her gestures are grace itself, and her curtsy, save that it is a little too low, perfect. She speaks French and German fluently, and knows the precise title of some hundred acquaintances, every one of whom would be distracted if defrauded in the smallest coin of his rank. I need not say how superior all these gifts make her to your humble and unlettered correspondent. Yes, my dear Miss Cox, the French "irregulars" are the same puzzle to me they used to be, and my mind will no more carry me on to the verb at the end of the German sentence than will my feet bear me over fifty miles a day. I am the stupid

Caroline of long ago, and what renders the case so hopeless is, with the best of dispositions to be otherwise!

I am, however, improved in my painting, particularly in my use of colour. I begin at last to recognise the merits of harmony in tint, and see how Nature herself always contrives to be correct. I hope you will like the little sketch that accompanies this; the rock in the foreground is the spot on which I sit at every sunset. Would that I had you beside me there, to counsel, to guide, and to correct me!

When Captain Morris returns, I shall leave this, as Mrs. M. will not require my companionship any longer, although she is already planning twenty things we are to do, then.

Pray, therefore, write to me, as before, to Baden; and with my most affectionate regards to all who may remember me, and my dearest love to yourself,

Believe me, yours ever,

CAROLINE DODD.

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### LETTER XXX.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Baden.

• MY DEAREST KITTY,

It was our name you saw in the *Morning Post*! We are "The Dodd M'Carthy's." It was no use deferring the decision for Papa's return; and, as I observed to Mamma, circumstances are often stronger than ourselves; for, in all likelihood, Louis Napoleon would not have declared the Empire so soon if it were not for the "Rouge," or the Orleanists, or the others. Events, in fact, pressed us from behind—go forward we must; and so, like the distinguished authority I have mentioned, we accepted greatness, in the shape of our present designation.

We took the great step on Monday evening last, and issued one hundred and thirty-eight cards for our Wednesday at home, as Madame Dodd M'Carthy. Of course, I conclude the new title was amply discussed and criticised; but, as James remarked, the "Coup d'état" succeeded perfectly. He sent me three different bulletins during the day from "the Rooms" where he was engaged at play. The first was briefly—"Great excitement, and much curiosity as to the reasons. Causes assigned—vague, various, and contradictory. Strict silence on my part." The second ran—"Funds rising rapidly

—confidence restored.” The third was — “Victory — opposition crushed, annihilated—Dynasty secure. Send a card at once to the Crown Prince of Dalmatia, at the ‘Lion.’ He is just come.”

Mamma’s nervous tremors during this eventful day were dreadful. Nothing sustained her but a high consciousness, and some excellent Curaçoa. Every cry in the street, every chance commotion, the slightest assemblage beneath our windows—she took for popular demonstrations. You know, my dearest Kitty, we live in really eventful times, and nobody can answer for how the mere populace will receive any attempts to recover ancient feudal privileges. I own to you frankly, the attempt was a bold one. We, so to say, stemmed the foamy torrent of Democracy at its highest flood; but the moment was also propitious. Now or never was the time for Nobility to raise its head again; and *we*, I am proud to say, have given the initiative to astonished Europe.

From the hour that we took the great step, Kitty, I felt my heart rise with the occasion. My spirit seemed to say, “Swell to the magnitude of those grand proportions around you;” and I really felt myself, as it were, disenthralled from the narrow limits of a mere Dodd, and expanding to the wide realms of a M’Carthy! If you only knew the sufferings and heartburnings that plebeian appellation has cost us! The hateful monosyllable seemed to drop down like a shell in the midst of a company; and often has it needed a fortnight’s dinners and evening parties, in a new place, to overcome the horrid impression caused by the name of Dodd!

Now, as it stands at present, it serves to give vigour and energy to the name. Dodd M’Carthy is like Gorman O’Moore, Grogan O’Dwyer, or any other of the great patronymics of ancient Ireland.

From the deep interest caused by this decisive step, I was obliged at once to turn to the details of our great reception to be held on the Wednesday following, for it was necessary that in splendour and distinction it should eclipse all that had preceded it. Happily for us, dearest, Caroline was absent as well as Papa; she had gone to spend a week with a tiresome old lady some miles away, and we were therefore relieved from the annoyance of that vexatious restraint imposed by the mere presence of those whose thoughts and ideas are never yours. I have already told you that she has taken up a completely mistaken line, and utterly destroyed any natural advantages she possessed. I told her so myself over and over; I reasoned and argued the question deliberately. “I see,” said I, “your tastes are not those of high and fashionable society. You do not feel the instinctive fascination that comes of being admired by the distinguished classes. Your ambitions

do not soar to those aristocratic regions whose atmosphere breathes of royalty. Be it so: there is another path open to you—the sentimental and the romantic. Your hair suits it, your complexion, your figure, your style generally, will easily adapt themselves to the character. If not a part that attracts general admiration, it is one which never fails, in every society, to secure some favourable notice; and elder sons, educated either ‘at home or in clergymen’s families,’ are constantly captured by its fascination.” This, I must remark to you, Kitty, is perfectly true, and it is of great consequence frequently to have a woman that suits shy men, and saves them the much-dreaded exhibition of themselves by talking aloud. I told her all this, and I even condescended to use arguments derived from her own narrow views of life, by showing that it is a style requiring little expense in the way of dress: ringlets and a white muslin “peignoir” of a morning, a broad-leaved straw hat for the promenade, something, in short, of the very simplest kind, and no ornaments. No! my dearest Kitty, it was of no use! She is one of those self-opinionated girls that reason never appeals to. She coolly replied to me, that all this would be unreal and unnatural—“a mere piece of acting,” as she said, and consequently unworthy of her, and unbecoming. I repeat the very words of her reply, to show you the great benefits she has derived from foreign travel! Why, dearest Kitty, nobody is real—nobody pretends to be real, abroad; if they were to do so, they’d be shunned like wild beasts. What is it, I ask, that constitutes the very essence of high breeding? Conventional usages, forms of expression, courtesies, attentions, flatteries, and observances—all simulated, all put on, to please and captivate. Reject this theory, and instead of society, you have a mob; instead of a *salon*, you have a wild beast “menagerie.” Caroline says she is Irish; she might as well say she was Cochinchinese. Nobody can recognise any trait in that nationality but its uniform “savagery,” for I must tell you, Kitty, that Ireland itself—though politically deplored, pitied, and wept over, abroad—is encumbered by geographical doubts and difficulties like the North-West Passage. Many suppose it to be a town in the West of England; others fancy it a barren tract along the coast; and a few, whose sympathies are more acute for suffering nations, fancy it to be a species of penal settlement in an unknown latitude.

If Caroline even developed the character—if she had, as the French say, *créé la rôle* of an Irish girl, what with eccentricities of dress, manner, and Moore’s melodies, something might be made of it. It admits of all those extravagancies that are occasionally admired, and any amount of liberty with the male sex. Cary’s reading of the part



was very different; it was neither poetic nor pictorial; in fact, it was a mere vulgar piece of commonplace devotion to home and its tiresome associations, and a clinging attachment to whatever recalled memories of our former obscurity—these “national traits” being eked out with a most insolent contempt for the foreigner, and a compassionate sorrow for the patience with which *we* endured him.

Pardon me, my dearest friend, if I weary you with this unpleasant theme, but I wish to satisfy your mind, that if my sisterly affection be strong, it still does not tyrannise over my reason, and that increased powers of judgment, if they elevate the understanding, are frequently exercised at the cost of our tenderest feelings.

To come back to the point whence I started, “our Wednesday”—and this, by the way, enables me to answer some of the questions in your last. You ask about my admirers; you shall have the catalogue as lately revised and corrected, though I scarcely flatter myself that the names will admit of vocal repetition. First, then, there is the Neapolitan Prince Sierra d’Aquila Nero, whom I already mentioned to you in one of my letters from Brussels. In my then innocence of the Continent I thought him charming, so impassioned, so poetical, and so perfumed. Now, Kitty, I find him an intolerable old bore; he is upwards of seventy, but so painted, patched, and plastered, as to pass off panoramically for five-and-forty. He affects all the habits and even the vices of young men. He keeps saddle-horses that he dare not ride, and hires a “chasse,” though he never fires a gun; and lastly, issues from his hairdresser’s shop at intervals with a wig of shortened proportions, coolly alleging that he has just had his hair cut! When he drives out of an evening the whole Allée reeks of “Bergamot,” and the flutter of his handkerchief is a tornado in the spice islands. Need I say that *his* chance is at zero? Count Rastuchewitsky, a Russian Pole, comes next—at least in order of seniority; a short, stern-looking man, of about fifty, with a snow-white beard and moustache, with abrupt manners, and an unpleasant voice. I believe that he only pays me any attention because he sees the Prince do so, for he hates all Italians, and tries to thwart them in everything. The Count’s great claim to distinction rests upon his father, or mother, I forget which, having helped to assassinate the Emperor Paul—a piece of chivalry that he dwells on unceasingly.

The Chevalier de Courcelles makes “No. Three,” and thirty years ago he might have been very presentable, but he belongs to a school even older than his time. He is of the Richelieu order, and seems to be always in a terrible fright about the effect of his own powers of

fascination: his constant effort being to show you that he really is not fond of making victims. There is a German Graf von Herrenshausen, a large, yellow-bearded, blear-eyed monster, with a frogged coat and a huge pipe stick projecting from the hind pocket, who kisses my hand whenever we meet, and leers at me from the whist-table—for, happily, he is past dancing—like a Ghoul in an Eastern tale. There are a vast number of others, one or two of whom I reserve for favourable mention hereafter; but these are the true “pretendants,” of which number, I believe, I might select that which pleases me best.

Amongst “home productions,” as you term them, I may mention the Honourable Sackville Cavendish—a thin, pale, white-eyebrowed babe of diplomacy, that smallest of Foreign-office infants yeleft an “unpaid Attaché.” He has just emerged from the “Nursery” at Downing-street, and is really not strong enough to go alone. I have supported him in an occasional polka, and “hustled him,” as James called it, through a waltz, and have in turn received the meed of his admiration as expressed in the most lacklustre eyes that ever glittered out of a doll’s head; and, lastly, there is Mister Milo Blake O’Dwyer, who formerly—O’Connell regnante—represented the town of Tralee in Parliament, and who now, with altered fortunes, performs the duty of Foreign Correspondent to that great newspaper “THE SLEDGE HAMMER OF FREEDOM.”

Perhaps I’m not strictly correct in enrolling him amongst the number of my worshippers; with more rigid justice, I believe he belongs to Mamma; at least he’s in constant attendance upon her, and continually assures me, with upturned eyes and a smack of the lip, that she is a “gorgeous woman,” and “wonderfully preserved!” This worthy individual is really a curiosity; since being in manner, exterior, knowledge, and fortune totally deficient of all those aids which achieve success in society, he has actually contrived, by the bare force of impudence, to move with, and be received by, persons in the very first ranks. Foreigners, I must tell you, Kitty, conceive the most ridiculous notions of England; one of the most popular of which is, that more than one-half of our government is carried on by newspaper writing, the Minister contributing his sentiments, one day, some individual of the public replying, the next. Now, the illustrious Milo takes every opportunity of propping up this fallacy, while he represents himself as the very bone and sinew of all English opinion on the Continent. To believe him, no foreign Prince or Potentate could raise a sixpence on loan till he subscribes the scheme. How many an appropriation of territory have his warnings arrested! From

what cruelties has he saved the Poles! What a crisis did his pen achieve in the fortunes of Hungary! And then the bushels of diamond snuff-boxes that he has thrown from him with disgust, the "heaps of orders that he has rejected with proud scorn." As he says himself, "Haven't I more power than them all? When I send off my article to the *Sledge*, don't I see them trembling and shaking for what's coming? Aye," says I to myself, "haughty enough you look to-day, but won't I expose your Majesty, won't I lay bare the cruelties of your prisons and the infamy of your spies! And your Eminence, too, how silky you are; but I know you well, and I've a copy of the last rescript you sent over to Ireland! Don't be afraid, my little darling; never mind the puppies that hissed you at Parma, I'll make your fortune in London. A word from me to Lumley, and it's as good as five thousands pounds in the Bank!"

It really gives me a great notion of the glut of genius that we possess in England, when you see a man whose qualifications are great in war and peace; whose knowledge ranges over the world of Politics, Religion, Literature, Fine Arts, and the Drama; who knows mankind to perfection, and understands statecraft to a miracle, with no higher nor prouder position than that of writing for the *Sledge*. It is but fair to own that he has been of great service to us, here. The hardest thing to find in the world is some person of pushing habits and impudent address, who will speak of you at all times and in all companies, doing for you, socially, what, in the world of trade, is accomplished by huge advertisements and red-lettered placards. Now, one really cannot stick up on the walls great announcements of "unrivalled attraction," the "positively last night but one" of Mrs. Dodd's great *soirées*, and so on, but you can come pretty nigh the same result by a little tact and management. A few insignificant commissions about camelias, a change of arrangement about the fiddles, entrusted to him, and Milo was prepared to go forth, trumpet in hand, for us, from day to dark. Woe to the luckless wight that hadn't got a card for our "Evening." The obligation Milo would place him under was a bond debt for life! Then he contrived to know everybody, and though he made sad hash of their names, they only smiled at his blunders.

I have heard that a great English Minister one day confessed that the only exaction of office he never could thoroughly reconcile himself to, was the nature of those persons he was occasionally obliged to employ as subordinates. I suppose that without being leader of a Cabinet, everybody must have experienced something or other of this kind in life.

I think I hear you ask, "Where is the Ritter von Wolfenshäfer all this time? What has become of *him*?" you say. You really are very tiresome, dearest Kitty, with your little poisonous allusions to "old loves," former attachments, and so on. As to the Ritter, however, I heard from him yesterday; he cannot, it seems, come to Baden; his father is not on terms with the Grand Duke, and he strictly charges me not to mention their names to any one. His letter repeats the invitation to us all to spend some weeks at the "Schloss"—an arrangement which might, very possibly, suit our plans well, since, when the season ends here, it is still too early to go into winter quarters; and one is sorely puzzled what to do with the late autumn, which is as wearisome as the time one passes in the drawing-room before dinner. Of course we must await Pa's return, to reply to this invitation; and I incline to say we shall accept it. Why will you be so silly as to remind me of the follies of my childhood? Are there no naughtinesses of the nursery you can rake up to record? You know as well, if not better than myself, that the attentions you allude to could never have been seriously meant! nor could Doctor B. believe them such, if not totally deficient in those qualities of good sense and judgment for which I always have given him credit. I will not say, that in the artless gaiety of infancy, I have not amused myself with the mock devotion he proffered; but you might as well reproach me with fickleness, for not taking a child's interest any longer in the nursery games that once delighted me, as for not sustaining my share in this absurd illusion!

I plainly perceive one thing, Kitty—the Gentleman in question has very little pride; but even *that*, in your eyes, may be an excellence, for you have discovered innumerable merits in his character under circumstances which, I am constrained to own, have failed to impress me with a suitable degree of interest. The subject is so very unpleasant, however, that I must beg it may never be re-opened between us; and if you really feel for him so acutely as you say, I can only suggest that you should hit upon some plan of consolation perfectly independent of any aid from your attached friend,

MARY ANNE.

## LETTER XXXI.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

ANOTHER delay, and more "last words!" I had thought that my poor epistle was already miles on the way towards you, wafted by the sighs of my heaving heart, but I, now, discover that Mr. Cavendish will not send off his bag to the Foreign Office before Saturday, as the Grand Duke wants to send over some Guinea-pigs to the Royal children, so that I shall detain this till that day, and perhaps be able to tell you of a great "Pic-nic" we are planning to the Castle of Eberstein for Thursday next. It is one of the things everybody does here, and of course we must not omit it. James talks of the expense as terrific, which really comes with an ill grace from one who wagers fifty, or even sixty, Napoleons on a card! Besides, a "Pic-nic" is an association, and the whole cost cannot fall to the share of an individual. The Great Milo begs that we will leave everything to him, and I feel assured that it is the wisest course we can adopt, not to speak of the advantage of seeing the whole festivity glowingly described in the columns of the *Sledge*. The Princess Sloboffsky has just driven to the door, so I must conclude for the present.

I come back to say that the Pic-nic is fixed for Thursday, the number to be, by special request of the Princess, limited to forty—the list to be made out this evening. "Mammas" to go in open carriages—young ladies horse-back, or ass-back—men indiscriminately; no more at present decided on. I am wild with delight at the pleasure before us. Would you were one of us, dearest Kitty!

Thursday Morning.

Oh, Kitty, what a day. It might be December in London! The rain is swooping down the mountain sides, and the wind howling fearfully. It is now seven o'clock, and my maid, Augustine, has called me to get up and dress. Mamma has had two notes already, which, being in French, she is waiting for me to read and reply to. I'll hasten to see what they mean.

One of the "billets" is from the Duchesse de Sargance, merely asking the question, "Que faire?" The other is from the Princess Sloboffsky, who, in consideration "for all the trouble Mamma has been put to," deems it better to go at all events, and that we can dine at the Grand Ducal Schloss, instead of on the grass. This reads ominously in one sense, Kitty, and seems to imply that *we* are giving

the entertainment ourselves ; but I must keep this suspicion to myself, or we should have a terrible exposure. When an evil becomes inevitable, patient submission is the true philosophy.

Ten o'Clock.

What an animated, I might almost call it a stormy, debate we have just had in the drawing-room. The assembled Lieges have been all discussing the proposed excursion ; if that can be called discussion, where everybody screamed out his own opinion, and nobody listened to his neighbour. The two parties for and against going divided themselves into the two sexes—the men, being all for staying where we are, the ladies, as clamorously declaring for the road. Of course the “Ayes” had it, and we are now putting the whole house in requisition for cloaks, mantles, and Mackintoshes. The half-dozen men for whom no places can be made in coach or “calèche” are furious at having to ride. I half suspect that some attachments, whose fidelity has hitherto defied time and years, will yield, to-day, before the influence of mere water. The truth is, Kitty, Foreigners dread it in every shape. They mix a little of it, now and then, with their wine, and they rather like to see it in fountains and “jets d'eau,” but there ends all the acquaintance they ever desire to maintain with the pure element.

I must confess that the aspect of the “outsiders” is suggestive of anything rather than amusement. They stand to be muffled and waterproofed like men who, having resigned themselves to an inevitable fate, have lost all interest in the preliminaries that conduct to it. They are, as it were, bound for the scaffold, and they have no care for the shape of the “hurdle” that is to draw them thither. The others, who have secured inside places, are overwhelmingly civil, and profuse in all the little attentions that cost nothing, nor exact any sacrifice. I have seen no small share of national character this morning, and if I had time could let you into some secrets about it.

The arrangement of the company, that is, who is to go with whom, is our next difficulty. There are such intricacies of family history, such subtle questions of propriety to be solved, we'd not get away under a year were we to enter upon half of them. As a general rule, however, ladies ought not to be packed up in the same coach with the husbands from whom they have been for years separated, nor people with deadly feuds between them to be placed *vis-à-vis*. As to the attractive principles—the cohesionary elements—Kitty, are more puzzling still, since none but the parties themselves know where the bonds are simulated and where real.

Milo has taken a great part of this arrangement upon his own hands,

and from what I can see, with his accustomed want of success in all matters of tact and delicacy. Of this, however, he is most beautifully unconscious, and goes about in the midst of muttered execrations with the implicit belief of being a benefactor of the human race. I wish you could see the self-satisfied chuckle of his greasy laugh, or could hear his mumbled, "Maybe I don't know what ye'r after, my old lady. Haven't I put the little Count with the green spectacles next you; don't I understand the cross looks ye'r giving me. Ah, Mademoiselle, never fear me, I have him in my eye for you—a wink is enough for Milo Blake any day. Yes, my darling, I'm looking for him this minute." These and such like mutterings will show you the spirit of his ministering, and when I repeat that he makes nothing but blunders, you may picture to yourself the man. He has appointed himself on Mamma's staff, and as I go with the Princess and the Count Boldourouki, I shall see no more of him for a while.

It is quite clear, Kitty, that we are the entertainers, though how it came to be so, I cannot even guess. Some blunder, I suspect, of this detestable Milo; and James will do nothing whatever. He is still in bed, and, to all my entreaties to get up, merely says that he'll be with us at dinner. The hampers of proggery will fill two carriages, and a charette with the Champagne in ice is already sent forward. Three cooks—for such, I am told, are three Gentlemen in black coats and white neckcloths—are to accompany us; and the whole preparations are evidently got up in the "very first style," and "totally regardless of expense."

Twelve o'Clock.

Another dilemma. There is only one "Bus" in the town; and as none of the Band will sit outside in this terrible weather, what is to be done? Milo proposes billeting them, singly, here and there, through the carriages; but the bare mention has excited a rebellion amongst the equestrians, who will not consent to be treated worse than the fiddlers! The Commissary of Police has just sent to know if we have obtained a Ministerial permission to "assemble in vast numbers and for objects unnamed." I have got one of the German Nobles to settle this difficulty, which, in Milo's hands—if he only heard of it—might become formidable.

Happily, he is now engaged "telling off" the Band, and selecting from the number such as we can find room to accommodate. The permission has been accorded, the carriages are drawing up, the guests are taking their seats, we are ready—we are off.

Saturday Morning.

DEAREST KITTY,

Mr. Cavendish has just sent me word that the Courier will start in half an hour, so that I have only time for a few lines. Gloomily as the day broke yesterday, its setting at evening was infinitely sadder and more sorrowful. Never did a prospect of pleasure prove more delusive; never did a scene of enjoyment terminate more miserably.

Tears of anguish, of passion, and of shame, blot my words as I write them. You must not ask me to describe the course of events, when my mind has but room for the sad catastrophe that closed them; but in a few brief lines I will endeavour to convey to you what occurred.

Our journey to Eberstein, from being all up hill and over roads terribly cut up by weather, was a slow process. The procession, some of the riders remarked, had a most funeral look, winding along up the zig-zags of the mountain, and on a day which assuredly suggested few thoughts of pleasure. I can only answer for my own companions; but they, I am bound to say, were in the very worst of tempers the whole way, discussing the whole plot of the excursion with—considering Mamma's share in it—a far greater degree of candour than politeness. They ridiculed Pic-nics in general; pronounced them vulgar, tiresome, and usually “failures.” They insinuated that they were the resources of people who felt more at ease in the semi-civilised scramble of a country party than amid the more correct courtesies of daily life! As to the “*diner sur l'herbe*” itself, it was a shocking travestie of a real dinner. Spiders and cockroaches settled in your soup, blackbeetles bathed in your Champagne, wasps contested your fruit with you, and you were lucky if you didn't carry back a scorpion or a spake in your pocket. Then the company came in for its share of comment. So many people crept in that nobody knew, nobody acknowledged, and apparently nobody had invited. You always, they said, found that all your objectionable acquaintances dated from these parties. Lastly, they were excursions which no weather suited, no toilette became! If it were hot, the sufferings of sun-scorching and mosquitoes were insufferable. If it proved bad and rainy, they were in the sad situation of that very moment! As to dress, who could fix upon a costume to be becoming in the morning, graceful in the afternoon, and fresh and radiant at night. In a word, Kitty, they said so much, and so forcibly, that nothing but great constraint upon my feelings saved me from asking, “Why, in Heaven's name, could they have consented to come upon an excursion, every detail of which was a sorrow, and every step a suffering?”



No other theme, however, divided attention with this calamitous one; and as we toiled languidly up the mountain side, you can fancy with what pleasant feelings the way was beguiled.

At last we reached the Castle; but fresh disappointment here awaited us. Although parties were admitted to see the Schloss and the grounds, they would not obtain leave to dine anywhere within the precincts. We begged hard for a room in the porter's lodge, the laundry, the stable, even the hayloft! but all without success. We at length capitulated for a moss-house, where the rain came filtered down through a network of foliage and birds' nests; but even this was refused. What was to be done? The army was now little short of mutiny; a violent debate was carried on from carriage windows; and strong partisans of particular opinions went slopping about, with tucked-up trousers and huge umbrellas, trying to enforce their own views! Some were for an equitable distribution of the eatables on the spot. "Food commissaries," as the Germans expressed it, being chosen, to allot the victuals to each coach, some were for a forcible entry into the Castle, and an occupation by dint of arms; others voted for a return to Baden; and lastly, a small section, which gradually grew in power and persuasiveness, suggested that, by descending the opposite side of the mountain, we should reach a little inn in the Moorg Thal, much frequented by fishermen, and where we were sure to find shelter at least, if not something more. The "Anglers' Rest" was now adopted as our goal; and thither we started, with some slight tinge of renewed hope and pleasure.

Our journey *down* was nearly as slow as that *up* the mountain; for the steep descent required the greatest caution, with heavily-laden and jaded horses. It was, therefore, already dark when we reached the Anglers' Rest. All that I could see of this "Hostel," from the rain-streaked glasses of the carriage, was a small, one-storied house, built over the stream of a small but rapid river. Mountains, half wrapped in mists, and seeming to smoke with the steam of hot rain, environed the spot on all sides, which probably, in fine weather, would have been picturesque, and even pretty.

"We are destined to be unlucky to-day, Princess," said a young French Marquis, approaching our carriage. "This miserable 'Ginguette,' it seems, is full of people, who are by no means disposed to yield the place to us."

"Who are they—what are they?" asked she, in haughty astonishment at their contumacy.

"They are, I believe, some young tradesfolk, on, what is called in Germany the 'Wander-Jahre'—that travelling probation that Municipal Law dictates to native handicraft."

“But, surely, when they hear who we are——”

“Graf Adelberger has been eloquently explaining that to them the last ten minutes, and the Baron von Badenschwill has told them of his eighteen quarterings; but though they have consented to drink his health, they will not abdicate the territory.”

Here was a pretty proof of what the years '48 and '49 had done for the Continent of Europe, and maybe Blum, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Co., didn't come in for their share! To think of creatures—shoemakers, who could assure us they were, might be tailors—daring to proclaim that they preferred their own ease and comfort to that of carriages full of unknown but titled individuals.

“It's impossible!” “Incredible!” “Fabulous!” “Infamous!” “Monstrous!” were expressions screamed from carriage to carriage, while telegraphic signs of horror and amazement were exchanged from window to window. “Did they know who *we* were?” “Do they know who *I* am?” were the questions incessantly pouring forth. Alas! they had heard it all. There was not a claim we could prefer to greatness that they had not before them, and, alas! they remained inexorable!

Deputations of various nations went in, and came back baffled and unsuccessful. The “Burschen,” as they were called, were at that very moment impatiently waiting for their own supper, and seemed to verify the adage of the ill-result of arguing with hungry men. Milder and more practicable counsels now began to prevail amongst us, and some even of the most conservative hinted at compromise and accommodation. What if we were to share with some of the vast abundance that we had with us? What if we tried bribery? The “Food Commissaries” assured us that, even after the most liberal allowance for our wants, we could feed a moderately-sized village.

The proposal was therefore framed, and two Germans of high rank persuaded—sorely against their prejudices and inclination—to convey it to “Das Folk”—the populace. It seemed as though the memorable years I have referred to, had taught some curious lessons in popular force; for the demands of the masses indicated strength and power. They stipulated, first, that they should hold the kitchen; secondly, that the meats assigned them should be set before them uncut; and lastly, that none of our servants were to be quartered on the table. Here was the “Monarchy of the Middle Classes” proudly enunciated; and, I assure you, many excellent things were said by all of us—not only upon the past and the present, but on “what we were coming to!”

If I weary you with this detail, Kitty, it is that you may sympathise with me in the fatigue the long discussion inflicted. We were

fully three-quarters of an hour at the door ere the treaty was concluded. Then came the descent from the carriages, the unpacking of the eatables, the unrolling of the life-mummies that were to consume them, which, wrapped up as they were in soaked drapery, was a long process. I shall not delay you with an account of the distribution of the proggery, but content myself with stating that the two deputies accredited by the "Trades'" union to receive their share, acknowledged that we behaved not only well, but with munificence; since not only did we bestow upon them the grosser material of a meal, but many of the higher refinements of a great entertainment; in particular, a large game pasty, representing a feudal fortress, with a flag waving over it, on which the enthusiastic cook had inscribed the words, "Hoch Lebe die Dodd," or "the Dodd for ever." It was a vulgar dish, Kitty, and by my own special diplomacy was it consigned to the second table.

At length we were seated at table, but only for new disappointment. Milo, in telling off the band, had made the irreparable blunder of leaving all the flute, clarionet, and horn players behind; and there we were, with kettle-drums, trombones, and ophocleides enough to have stunned a garrison. They could beat a "générale," it is true, but there ended their orchestral powers. This stupid mistake, however, gave room for laughter, and, in spite of our annoyance, we laughed at it long and heartily.

I am spared the painful task of recording the catastrophe of our story, by a message from Mr. Cavendish, to say that the Courier is starting. Indeed, his carriage is now at the door, and I must say, Kitty, that the handsomest men in our Diplomacy are the Mercuries. They dress so becomingly, too—something between a Hussar and Lord Byron; their pelisses of rich furs, their slashed frocks, and Polish caps, harmonising beautifully with their mingled air of intrepidity and gentleness.

Mr. Dudley Vignerton, who takes this, is remarkably good-looking—something of George Canning, with a dash of Count D'Orsay. I wish, however, he would let me finish these few lines in peace, for he keeps on complimenting me about my hair, and my handwriting, and I don't know what besides. He offers, also, to bring me shoes from Paris, for really Germany is too bad!

He is a strange man, Kitty, and I regret not to see more of him; he looks at once so bland and so determined. He tells me that the adventurous nature of the life he leads makes a man at once daring and enduring—about equal parts Lamb and Lion. Don't you wish to see him?

Yours, in great haste,

M. A. D.

## LETTER XXXII.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"The Fox," Lichtenthal.

MY DEAR BOB,

I PROMISED to give you the earliest intelligence of the Governor's return; and this is to inform you that the agreeable incident in question occurred on Wednesday last, accompanied, however, by circumstances which I must call "atténuantes," that is to say, considerably impairing the felicitous character of the event. We—that is, the Dodd Macarthy portion of the family, for so we had already constituted ourselves—had organised a most stunning Pic-nic; one of those entertainments which are the great facts of a season, just as certain battles are the grand incidents of a campaign: we had secured everything that Baden contained of company and *cuisine*, and we did not leave a turkey, a truffle, nor a titled individual in the whole village.

La Mère Dodd had in fact resolved on one of those great *Coups de Tête*, which, in the social as in the political world, are needed to terminate a difficult position, and, as the journalists say in France, "legitimize the situation." How I love a phrase that permits one to escape the pettiness of a personal detail by some grand and sweeping generality!

The Pic-nic is to the fashionable world what a General Election is in that of politics. It is a brief orgie, in which each condescends to acquaintanceship, or even intimacy, without in the slightest degree pledging himself to future consequences. You, as it were, pass out of the conventional limits of ordinary life, and take a "day rule" for indiscretions. The natural consequence is, that people will come to you, in this way, that no efforts could seduce into your house; and the great Lady, who would scorn your attentions on a Turkey carpet, will suffer you to carve her chicken, and fill her champagne glass, when seated on the grass. "Oh! I don't know him. I saw him somewhere—on a Steamer, or at a Pic-nic, perhaps." This spoken, with a stare of ineffable unconcern, is the extent of the recognition accorded to you after. At first, when you call to mind the way you struggled to get her sherry, how you fought for the lobster, and descended to actual meanness for the mustard, you are disposed to fancy yourself the most injured, and her the most ingrate of man-

kind; but you soon learn to perceive that this is the law of these cases, and that you are not worse treated than your fellows.

I leave you to conjecture why we deemed a Pic-nic an essential stroke of policy. I assure you it was a question well and maturely discussed in our cabinet. We knew it to be a measure from which there was no retreating when once entered upon; we also knew that the Governor's return would utterly render such a course impossible. It was now or never with us. Would that it had been never! But to proceed. Everything, even from the start, promised badly; the day broke in torrents of rain; it was like one of those days of Irish Pic-nic at the "Dargle," where a drowned family squat under a hedge to eat soaked sandwiches. We set out, in bad humour, determined to "take out our pleasure excursion" under difficulties; a proceeding about as sensible as that of a man who, having sprained his ankle on his way to a ball, still insists upon waltzing. At Eberstein, where we had purposed to dine, they would not admit us. It is a Royal residence, and although, usually, there was no permission necessary for parties wishing to pass the day there, an order from the Court had closed the Castle against all Pic-nic-aries; a fact not made more palatable to us by the information that it was the misconduct of some interesting individuals of the family of the Simkins, the Popkins, or the Perkins, which had provoked the edict in question. And here I must say, Bob—and I say it in deep sorrow—that we are either grossly calumniated abroad, or else very grievous faults attach to us, since every scratched picture, every noseless statue, every chipped relic, and every flawed marble, is sure of being assigned to the work of English fingers. I repeat, I have no means of knowing if the accusation be wrongful or not; at all events, I conclude it to be greatly exaggerated beyond truth. If scratching and mutilating, "the chalking and maiming acts" against works of art, be popular practices of travellers generally, it follows that as we English supply a very large majority of the earth's vagabonds, that a vast number of these offences must fall to our share; but I sincerely hope we do not deserve our wholesale reputation, nor possess any exclusive patent for barbarism. I argue the point as the Priest used to do at home about Catholics and Protestants, when he triumphantly asked, "Why white-faced sheep eat more than black-faced?" and having puzzled us all, answered, "Because there are more of them!" And that's the reason the English commit more breaches of decorum than their neighbours. Rely upon it, Bob, the simple illustration is very widely applicable; and whenever you hear of our derelictions abroad, please to remember it.

As we could not gain admittance to Eberstein, it became a grand subject of debate what to do. The prudent said, "Go back." Is it not strange, Bob? but there is an almost stereotyped uniformity in wise counsellors, and that whenever a difficulty arises in Life, they all cry out, "Go back." I conclude that this is the whole secret of the Tory party, and that all the reputation they have acquired of "safe," "prudent," and so forth, has no other basis than this simple maxim. Upon the present occasion, "the Progresistas" carried the day—we went on!

A little wayside Inn—the resort of a few summer visitors—was to be our destination; but, when we arrived there, it was to find the house crammed with a most motley rabble, a set of those wandering artisans which, from some singular notion of her own upon the virtues of vagabondism, Germany sends forth broadcast over her whole land; the law requiring that each tradesman should travel for a year, or, in some states, two years, before he can obtain permission from the municipality of his own town to reside at home. Now, as these individuals are rarely or never persons of independent fortune, but rather of scanty and precarious means, the "Wander-Jahre," as the year of travel is called, is usually a series of events vibrating between roguery and begging, and at all events little conducive to those habits of orderly, patient industry which, in England at least, are deemed the highest qualities of a labouring man.

Wherever you travel in Germany you are certain to find droves of these people on the road, their heavy knapsacks covered with an undressed calf-skin, and usually decorated at either extremity by a Wellington boot, "pendant," but not "proper," their long pipes and longer beards, their well-tuned voices—for they always sing—and, lastly, their unblushing appeals to your charity, proclaim them to be "Lehre-Junge," or apprentices. But you must not fall into the absurd mistake of one of our well-known English writers on Germany, who has called them travelling students, and thereupon moralised long and learnedly on the poverty of Life and the cheapness of Education in that country. Occasionally, it is true, a student of the very humblest class will associate himself with these "youths;" but even he will be the exception, and the University to which he belongs one of the very lowest in rank. I should ask your forgiveness for this long and wide digression, my dear Bob, were it not that I know that whenever I speak of matters which are new and unfamiliar to you, I am at least as interesting as by any purely personal history. You would like to hear a thousand traits of foreign life and manners, far better than I am capable of communicating them.

Our Inn, as I have said, was full of these "gents," and no persuasion of ours, no threats, nor any flatteries, could induce them to vacate the territory in our favour. In fact, they presumed to reason upon the case, on the absurd presumption that rain would wet and wind chill them, and positively resisted all our assurances to the contrary.

We ended by a compromise; they gave us the parlour, and retired to the kitchen, we, purchasing the concession by sundry articles of consumption, such as fowls, ham, preserves, and a pasty, to be by them devoured as their own proper and peculiar prog. The selection, which was made by a special commission named by both sides, was rather an amusing process, though probably prolonged a little beyond the limits of ordinary patience. At length the treaty was concluded, the price paid, the territory evacuated, and we sat down ourselves to table, I will not say in the very happiest of humours, for throughout the whole of the negotiation our pride and self-esteem were at each moment receiving the very rudest buffets, Princes, Dukes, Counts, and Barons as we were! It was a sore lesson we were acquiring; and, as a great man of our party remarked, "The canaille had apparently been taught little or nothing by the last two years." A fact not so difficult to entertain, when one remembers that those whose education is conducted by grape and musketry are seldom left to evidence the advantages of the system, and the survivors are the "naughty boys who have learned nothing."

Our first disappointment was rather a laughable one, though certes in itself a bore. In the hurry of leaving Baden, a selection of the town band of musicians was made, as we had not carriage-room for the whole; but by ill-luck it was the rejected we had taken, and there we were with drums, cymbals, trombones, and an ophocleide, but not a flute, flageolet, or a French horn! You may fancy the attempt to perform the overture to "William Tell" with such appliances. Crash after crash it went, drowned in our own uproarious laughter, or louder cries of horror and disgust. We had scarcely rallied, some, from the amusement, others, from the annoyance produced by this event, when a tremendous uproar outside the door attracted our attention. It sounded like an attempt being made to establish a forcible entry into our apartment, and vigorous resistance offered. So it proved, by the account of certain wounded and disabled who fell back to tell us of the affray. "The Trades" were in reality in open insurrection, and marching upon us, "headed," as the Trombone said, "by a stout, elderly man of savage appearance." To organise a resistance would have been impossible, with Countesses fainting on every side, Duchesses in hysterics. The men of our party, too,

avowed that without an armoury of guns, pistols, and cutlasses, they were powerless. As to smashing up a chair, or seizing a table-leg, they had no idea of it; so that I saw myself the only combatant in a room full of people, who, by way of fitting me for my task, threw themselves around my neck and on my back in a fashion far more flattering than favourable.

By great exertions I wrested myself free from my "backers," and, bounding over the table with a formidable old tongs in my hand, I reached the door just as it gave way to the assaulting party, and came flat down off the hinges, discovering the forlorn hope of the enemy led on by—oh, shame and disgrace ineffable!—no other than my father himself! There he was, Bob, without his coat, with a large saucepan in one hand for a shield, and a kitchen cleaver in the other. He vociferously cheered on his followers to the breach. I own to you that, what with his patched and poor attire, his long beard, and his moustaches, I scarcely knew him. His voice, however, there was no mistaking; and, at the first word he uttered, I grounded my arms in surrender.

It turned out that some infernal device in pastry had communicated to him the intelligence that it was Mrs. D. was the entertainer of the gorgeous company, the crumbs from whose sumptuous table he and his friends were then consuming. Maddened with the indignity of *his* position, and outraged at *her* extravagance, he tossed off two tumblers of sherry to give him courage, and cried out to his partisans "to charge!" I have often heard that no description can convey even the faintest notion of the horrors of a town taken by assault. I now believed it. For the same good reason, you will not expect of me to portray what I own to be beyond my pictorial powers. I can, it is true, give you the ingredients, as Lord Macartney did those of a plum-pudding to the Chinese cook, but you must yourself know how to mingle and combine them. Take thirty ladies of various ages, from sixteen to sixty, and of all nations of Europe, with gents to match; throw them into strong convulsions of fright, horror, fun, or laughter, amidst smashed crockery, broken glass, upset viands, and drinkables; beat them up with some ten or twelve travellers of unwashed appearance, neither civil of speech nor ceremonious in conduct; dash the mixture with Dodd Père in a state of frenzied passion, to which he gave short and *per saltim* utterance in such phrases as "Spitzbuben," "Coquins," "Canaille," "Scoundrels," "Gueux," "Blackguards," &c.; a vocabulary that, even without a laboured context, seemed sufficiently intelligible. The company took Lady Macbeth's hint; they didn't stand upon the order of their going, "they











went at once." I do not believe that a party ever separated with greater despatch and less useless ceremony. A few of the "greatly overcome" were, indeed, led out between friends, "unconscious;" but the mass fled with a laudable precipitancy, leaving the field to my Father and the rest of the Dodd family—a group, I beg to say, that nothing but a painter could properly render. That it may one day be thought worthy of a fresco, let me record it.

Foreground, and principal figure, Dodd Père, seated Marius-like amidst the ruins, cravat in one hand, turban of a spoiled Countess inadvertently grasped in the other; countenance strongly marked with intense perplexity, a kind of universal doubt of everything; prevailing impression of the figure, power, but power weakened by incredulity.

Middle distance, Mary Anne Dodd, dishevelled and weeping, gracefully draped, and the attitude well chosen.

Extreme distance, Dodd Mère, seated on the floor, with a student's cap stuck on, over her own toque, evidently horror-struck and unconscious, as seen by the wild stare of her eyes, and the half open lips. Dodd Fils, dimly detected in the shadow of left foreground, mixing brandy-and-water.

There's the tableau; the smaller details are, a universal smashery, with occasional vestiges of that part of the creation consigned to hair-dressers, tailors, and milliners, of which the ground displays various curious specimens, in scalps, fronts, ringlets, and tufts, scraps of lace, tuckers, and trinkets, with skirts of coats, cravats, and a false calf! Had these been all that the company left behind them, Bob, it might have been bearable, but, alas! they had bequeathed to us other relics. Their contempt, their very lowest contempt! Even my Father's French was intelligible enough to show what he claimed, and what we could not deny him to be! You can fancy, therefore, the impression they must have conceived of us!

One of the worst features of this unlucky occurrence was, that it happened at Baden. Baden is, so to say, one of those great banking-houses at which a note is sure to be presented at some period or other of its circulation, and here we were now—declared a "forgery," pronounced "not negociable!"

These were the bitter thoughts which each of us had now to revolve in secret, tormenting our several ingenuities to find a remedy for the evil. The Governor was apparently the first of us to rally, for he turned round at last to the table, cleared a small spot for his operations at a corner, helped himself to some of a game pie, and began to eat like one who had not relished such delicacies for some time back.

“May I give you a glass of Champagne, sir?” said I, seeing that he was “going in” with an air of determination.

“With all my heart,” responded he; “but I think you might as well open a fresh bottle.” I did so, Bob, and followed it by another, of which I partook also.

“There are some excellent fellows out there in the kitchen,” said the Governor. “There’s a little lame tailor from Anspach, and an ivory-turner from the town of Lindau, both as agreeable companions as ever I journeyed with. Take them out that pie, James, and let the waiter fetch them half a dozen bottles of this red wine. Pay Jacob—he’s the tailor—four florins that I borrowed from him; and beg of Herman, a little Jewish rogue, with an Astracan cap, to keep my tobacco-bag, out of remembrance of me. Tell the assembled company that I’ll see them all by-and-by, for, at present, I have some family affairs to look after. Be civil and courteous with them, James, they all have been so to me; and if you’ll sit down at the table for half an hour, and converse with them, take my word for it, boy, you’ll not rise to go away without being both wiser and humbler.”

I set about my mission with a willing heart. I was glad to do anything which should give the Governor even a momentary satisfaction; and I was well pleased, also, to mark the calm, dispassionate tone of his language.

The “Lehre-Junge” received me with a most respectful courtesy, in which, however, there was not the very slightest taint of subserviency or meanness. They showed me that they really felt kindly, and even affectionately, towards my father, who had been their companion for the last nine days on foot. They enjoyed in a high degree the dry humour which he possesses, and they relished his remarks on the country, and the people, through which they travelled, savouring as they did of a caustic shrewdness perfectly new to them. In fact, I soon saw that his frank temperament, enriched by that native quaintness every Irishman has his share of, had made him a prime favourite with them, and they were equally disposed to be flattered by his acquaintanceship as attached to himself. I sat with them till past midnight. Indeed, when I heard that our family had ordered bedrooms, and retired for the night, I was not sorry to dissipate my cares, even in much humbler society than I had left home to foregather with.

It is not necessary I should make any confession to you of my unlettered ignorance, nor own how deplorably deficient I am in every branch of knowledge or acquirement. I was a stupid schoolboy, and an idle one, and the result is not very difficult to imagine; and yet, with all these disadvantages, I have a lazy man’s craving for informa-

tion, if I only could obtain it easily. I'd like to be cured, if the Doctor would only make the physic palatable. Now, will you believe me, Bob, when I say, that these poor travelling tradesfolk, patched and threadbare as they were, talked upon subjects of a very high character, and discussed them, too, with a shrewdness and propriety perfectly astonishing. I had been living in Germany for some six or eight months, and yet now, for the first time, did I hear mention made of the popular literature of the day—who were the writers most in vogue, and what modifications public taste was undergoing, and how the mystical and the imaginative were giving way before a practical common-sense and common-place spirit more adapted to the exigencies of our age. This, I must observe, they entirely ascribed to the influence of England, which they described as being paramount on the Continent since the Peace. Not alone that the vast hordes of our nation flooded every land of Europe, but that our mechanical arts, our inventions, and our literature, pervaded every nook and crevice of the Continent.

As the Tailor said, "It is not alone that we conform to your notions in dress, and endeavour to make our coats loose and square-skirted, to look English, but there is an Anglo-mania in all things, even where we will not confess it. Our novelists, too, have followed the fashion, and instead of those dreamy conceptions, where the possible and impossible were always in conflict, we have now domestic stories, ay, even before we have domesticity itself."

I do not quote my friend Jacob for anything remarkable in the sentiment itself, though I believe it to be just and true, but to show the general tone of a conversation maintained for hours by a set of poor artisans, not one of whom would not be well contented could he earn a shilling a day.

Perhaps you will ask me, if, in their several trades, these fellows were the equals of our own? In all probability they were not. The likelihood is, they were greatly inferior, as in every detail of the useful and the practical Germany is far behind us; but it is strange to speculate on what such a people may, or might, become, if their institutions should ever conform to the development of their natural intelligence. This again is the Tailor's remark—and I could "cabbage" from him for hours together.

I thought a hundred times of *you*, Bob. How *you* would have enjoyed this strange fraternity. What amusement—not to say something better and higher—you would have extracted from them. What traits of native humour—what studies of character! As for *me*, much, by far the greater part, was lost upon me for want of pre-

vious knowledge of the subjects they discussed. Of the kingdoms whose politics they canvassed, I scarcely knew the names; of the books, I had not even heard the titles! I have no doubt many of their opinions were incorrect; much of what they uttered might have been illogical or inaccurate; but making a wide allowance for this, I was struck by the general acuteness of their remarks, and the tone of moderation and forbearance that characterised all they said.

This brief intercourse has at least taught me one thing—which is not to look down with any depreciating pity on the troops of these wayfarers we pass on the road, still less to ridicule their absurd appearance, or make a jest of their varied costume. I now know that amidst those motley figures are men of shrewd intelligence and cultivated minds, content to follow the very humblest callings, and quite satisfied if their share of this world's good things never rise higher than black bread and a cup of sour wine. I should like greatly to see something more of the gipsy life they lead, and if ever the opportunity offer, shall certainly not suffer it to escape me.

We left the Inn of the Moorg Thal at daybreak, my Mother and Mary Anne in one carriage, the Governor and myself in a little open calèche. He spoke little, and seemed deep in thought all the way. From an occasional expression he dropped, I dreaded to surmise that he had resolved on returning to Ireland. One remark which he made of more than ordinary bitterness was, "If we go on as we are doing, we shall at length close every town of Europe against us. We left Brussels in shame, and now we quit Baden in disgrace: the sooner this ends, the better."

We did not proceed the whole way to Baden, but stopped about a mile from it, at a village called Lichtenthal, where we found a comfortable Inn, with moderate charges. From this I was despatched to our Hotel, after nightfall, to arrange our affairs, settle our bill, fetch away our baggage, and make all necessary arrangements for departure.

I am free to own that I entered on my mission with no common sense of shame. I knew, of course, how our story had by this time become the table-talk of Baden, and how, from the Prince to the Courier, "the Dodds" were the only topic. Such notoriety as this is no boon, and I confess, Bob, that I believe I could have submitted my hand to the knife, with less shrinking of the spirit, than I raised it to pull the door-bell of the Hôtel de Russie.

When a man has to encounter any anticipated humiliation, he usually puts on an extra amount of offensive armour. I suppose mine, upon this occasion, must have been of unquestionable strength.



None seemed willing to put it to the proof. The Host was humble—the Waiters cringing—the very Porter fawned on me! The Secretary—at your flash Hotels abroad they always have a Secretary, usually a Pole, who has an immense estate under sequestration somewhere—this dread functionary, who, in presenting you the bill, ever gives you to understand that he is quite prepared to afford you personal satisfaction for any item in the score—even he, I say, was bland, courteous, and gentle. I little knew at the moment to what circumstance I owed all this unexpected politeness, and that this silky courtesy was a very different testimony from what I suspected; it being neither more nor less than the joyful astonishment of the household at seeing one of us again, and an amazement, rising to enthusiastic delight, at the bare possibility of our paying our bill! Already in their estimation the “Dodd family” had been pronounced swindlers, and various speculations were abroad as to the value of the several trunks, imperials, and valises we had left behind us.

My Mother, in her abject misery—you may imagine the amount of it from the circumstance—had given me her bank-book, with full liberty to deal with the balance in her favour. In fact, such was her dread of encountering one of our former acquaintances, that I verily believe she would have agreed to an exile to Siberia rather than pass one week more at Baden. Our bill was a swinging one. With all the external show of politeness, I plainly saw that they treated us just as Napoleon used to treat a conquered nation whose imputed misconduct had outlawed it! For *us* there was no appeal; *we* could not threaten the indignation of powerful friends—the terrors of fashionable exposure—not even the hackneyed expedient of a letter in the *Times*! Alas! we had ceased to be “reasonable and sufficient bail” for any statement.

Such charges never were seen before, I’d swear. Dinners and suppers figured as unimportant matters. It was the “extraordinaries” that ruined us; for your Hotel-keeper is obliged, for very shame’s sake, to observe a semblance of decorum in his demands for recognised items. It is in the indefinable that he revels; just as your Geographer indulges every caprice of his imagination when laying down the limits of land and water at the Pole!

It would not amuse, nor could it instruct you, were I to give the details of this iniquitous demand. I shall therefore spare you all, save the grand fact of the total, wherein something less than six weeks’ living of four people, with as many servants, amounts to a fraction under three hundred pounds sterling! Meanwhile, the price of rooms, breakfasts, beds, &c., were all reasonable enough. It was

“Eclairage,” “Service,” “Receptions Mardi,” “Mercredi,” and “Jeudi.” These were the heavy artillery, to which all the rest was a light-dropping fire. This Bill settling is indeed an awful process; for when you rally from the first horror-stricken feelings that the sum total calls up, and are blandly asked by the smirking Secretary “To what is it that Monsieur objects?” you are totally powerless and prostrated. Your natural impulse would be to say, “To the whole of it—to that infamous row of figures at the bottom!”

In all probability, you never made a Hotel bill in your life. The wretches know this, and they feel the full force of your unhappy situation. Just fancy a surgeon saying, “What particular part of the operation do you dislike, Sir? It can’t be the first incision; I made it in Cooper’s method—one sweep of the knife. You surely have no complaint about the arteries—I took them up in eighteen seconds by a stop watch.” “What do I care for all this?” you answer. “I know nothing about science, but I am fully open to the impression of pain.” Nothing, however, kills me like the fellow saying, “If Monsieur thinks the Lemonade too dear, we’ll take off half a franc.” Two-and-sixpence deducted from a Bill of three hundred pounds!

I went through all this, and more. I went through special appeal cases, from twenty subordinates, on peculiar infractions of broken heads, smashed crockery, and damaged furniture, which each assured me in turn “would be charged against *him*,” if Monsieur had not the “honourable consideration”—that’s the formula—to pay it. I satisfied some, I compromised with others; I resisted none. No, Bob. There was no “locus standi,” as you would call it, for opposition. None of the Dodds could come into Court, and claim to be heard as witnesses.

This agreeable function concluded, I drove off to the Police Commissary about our passport. The “Authorities” had finished the duties of the day. The Bureau was closed. I asked where the “Authorities” lived, and was told the street and the number. I went there, but the “Authorities” were at their “Café.” They liked “their dominoes and their beer;” and why should they not have their weaknesses!

I hastened to the Café; not one of those brilliantly decorated and lighted establishments where foreigners of all nations foregather, but a dim-looking, musty, sanded-floored, smoke-dried den, filled with a company to suit. There was that mysterious half light, and that low whispering sound which seemed to form a fit atmosphere for spies and eavesdroppers, of which, I need scarcely tell you, Government officials are composed.

By the guidance of the waiter, I reached the table where the Herr

von Schureke was seated at his dominoes. He was a beetle-browed, scowling, ill-conditioned looking gent of about fifty, who had a trick of coughing a hard dry cough between every word he uttered.

"Ah," said he, after I explained the object of my visit, "you want your passport. You wish to leave Baden, and you come here to give your orders to the Polizey Beamten as if you were the Grand Duke!"

I deprecated this intention in my politest German; but he went on:

"Es geht nicht"—literally, "It's no go"—"my worthy friend. We are not the officials of England. We are Badeners. We are the functionaries of an Independent Sovereign. You can't bully us here, with your line-of-battle ships, your frigates, and bomb-boats."

"No. Gott bewahr!" echoed the company; "that will do elsewhere—but Baden is free!"

The enthusiasm the sentiment evoked brought all the guests from the several tables to swarm around us.

I assured the meeting that Cobden and Co. were not more pacifically-minded than I was; that as to anything like threat, menace, or insolence towards the Grand Duchy, it never came within thousands of miles of my thoughts; that I came to make the civilest of requests, in the very humblest of manner; and if, by ill-luck, the distinguished functionary I had the honour to address should not deem either the time opportune, or the place suitable——

"You'll make it an affair for your House of Commons," broke he in.

"Or your *Ti-mes* newspaper!" cried another, converting the title of the Thunderer into a strange dissyllable.

"Or your Secretary of State will tell us that you are a 'Civis Romanus,'" wheezed out a small man, that I heard was Archivist of something, somewhere.

"Britannia rule de waves, but do not rule de Grand Duchy," muttered a fourth, in English, to show that he was thoroughly imbued, not alone with our language, but the spirit of our Constitution.

"Really, Gentlemen," said I, "I am quite at a loss for any reason for this laudable outburst of nationality. I disclaim the very remotest idea of offending Baden, or anything belonging to it. I entertain no intention of converting my case into a question of international dispute. I simply wait my passport, and free permission to leave the Grand Duchy and all belonging to it."

This declaration was unanimously pronounced insolent, offensive, and insulting; and a vast number of unpleasant remarks poured down upon England and Englishmen, which, I need not tell you, are

not worth repetition. The end of all was, that I lost temper too—the wonder is how I kept it so long—and ventured to hint that people of my country had sometimes the practice of righting themselves, when wronged, instead of tormenting their Government or pestering the *Times* newspaper; and that if they had any curiosity as to the *how*, I should be most happy to favour any one with the information that would follow me into the street.

There was a perfect Babel of angry vociferation as I said this; the meaning of which I might guess, though the words were unintelligible; and, as I issued forth into the street, expressions of angry indignation and insult were actually showered upon me. I reached Lichtenthal late at night; the Governor was in bed, and I hastened to “report myself” to him. This done, I sat down to give you this full narration of our doings; and only regret that I must conclude without telling you anything of our future plans, of which I know actually nothing. I should have spared you the uninteresting scene with the authorities, if you had not asked me, in your last, “Whether the respect felt towards England by every foreign nation did not invest the travelling Englishman with many privileges and immunities unknown to others?” I have heard that such was once the case. I believe, indeed, there was a time that any absurdity or excess of John Bull would have been set down as mere eccentricity—a dash of that folly ascribable to our insular tastes and habits; but this is all changed now! Partly from our own conduct; in part from real, and sometimes merely imputed, acts of our rulers; and partly from the tone of our Press, which no foreigner can ever be brought to understand aright, we have got to be thought a set of spendthrift, wealthy, reckless misers, lavish and economical by turns, socially proud and exclusive, but politically red republican and levelling—tyrants in our families, and democrats in the world; in fact, a sort of living mass of contradictory qualities, not rendered more endurable by coarse tastes and rude manners! This, at least, Morris told me, and he is a shrewd observer, like many of those sleepy-eyed, quiet “coves” one meets with. Not that he reads individuals like Tiverton! No; George is unequalled in ready dissection of a man’s motives, and will detect a dodge before another begins to suspect it. I wish he were back; I feel frequently so helpless without his counsel and advice. The Turf is, surely, a wonderful school for sharpening a man’s faculties, and it gives you the habit of connecting words with motives, and asking yourself, “What does so and so mean by that?” “What is he up to now?” That, at last, you decipher character, let its lines be written in the very faintest ink!

Our post leaves at daybreak, so that I shall just have time for this.

When I write next, I'll answer—that is, if I can—all your questions about myself, what I mean to do, and when to begin it.

Not, indeed, that they are themes I like to touch upon, for somehow all the quiet pursuits of life look wonderfully slow and tiresome affairs in comparison with the panoramic effects of travel. The perpetual change of scene, actors, and incidents, supplies in itself that amount of excitement which, under other circumstances, calls for so much exertion and effort. There is another thing, also, which has always given me great discouragement. It is, that the humbler walks of life require not only an amount of labour, but of actual ability, that are never called for in higher positions. Think of the work a fellow does as a Doctor or a Lawyer; and think of the brains, too, he has to bring to these careers, and then picture to yourself a man in a Government situation, some snug Colonial Governorship, or something at home—say, he's Secretary-at-War, or has something in the household. He writes his name at the foot of an occasional report or a despatch, and he puts on his blue ribbon, or his Grand Cross, as it may be, on birthdays. There's the whole of it! As Tiverton says, "One needs more blood and bone now-a-days for the hack stakes than the Derby;" he means, of course, in allusion to real life, and not to the Turf! Don't fancy that I take in ill part any remarks you make upon my idleness, nor its probable consequences. We are old friends, Bob; but even were we not, I accept them as sincere evidence of true interest and regard, though I may not profit by them as I ought. The Dodds are an impracticable race, and in nothing more so than by fully appreciating all their faults, and yet never making an effort for their eradication.

Some people are civil enough to say how very Irish this is; but I think it is only so in half, inasmuch as our perceptions are sharp enough to show us, even in ourselves, those blemishes which your bleary-eyed Saxon would never have discovered anywhere. Do you agree with me? Whether or not, my dear Bob, continue to esteem and believe me, ever your affectionate friend,

JAMES DODD.

Though I am totally innocent as to our future, it is better not to write till you hear again from me, for of course we shall leave this at once; but, where for? that's the question.

## LETTER XXXIII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO MR. PURCELL, OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

MY DEAR TOM,

I AM not in a humour for letter-writing, nor, indeed, for anything else that I know of. I am sick, sore, and sorry—sick of the world, sore in my feet, and sorry of heart that I ever consented to come out upon this touring expedition, every step and mile of which is marked by its own misery and misfortune. I got back—I won't say home, for it would be an abuse of the word—on Wednesday last. I travelled all the way on foot, with something less than one-and-fourpence English for my daily expenses, and arrived to find my wife entertaining, at a Pic-nic, all Baden and its vicinity, with pheasants and Champagne enough to feast the London Corporation, and an amount of cost and outlay that would have made Dodsborough brilliant during a whole Assizes.

I broke up the meeting, perhaps less ceremoniously than a Cabinet Council is dissolved at Osborne House, where the Ministers, after luncheon, embark—as the *Court Journal* tells—on board the *Fairy* to meet the express train for London. Valuable facts, that we never weary of reading! I routed them without even reading the Riot Act, and saw myself “master of the situation;” and a very pretty situation it was.

Now, Tom, when the best of two evils at a man's choice is to expose his family as vulgar pretenders and adventurers—to show them up to the fine world of their fashionable acquaintances as a humbug and a sham—let me tell you that the other side of the medal cannot have been very attractive. This was precisely the case here. “It is not pleasant,” said I to myself, “to bring all the scandal and slander of professional bad tongues upon an unfortunate family, but ruin is worse still!” There was the whole sum and substance of my calculation—“Ruin is worse still!” The Pic-nic cost above a hundred pounds—the Hotel expenses at Baden amount to three hundred more—there are bills to be paid at nearly every shop in the town—and here we are, economising as usual, at a large Hotel, at, to say the least, the rate of some five or six pounds per day. That I am able to sit down and write these items, in a clear and legible hand, I take to be as fine an example of courage as ever was given to the world. Talk of men in a fire—an earthquake—a shipwreck—or even the “last collision on the South-Eastern”—I give the palm to the man who can be calm in the midst of duns, and be *collected* when his debts cannot be. To be credited when you can no longer pay—to

drink Champagne when you haven't small change for small beer, is enough to shake the boldest nerves; it is exactly like dancing on a tight rope, from which you know in your heart you must ultimately come down with a crash.

When one reads of any sudden calamity having befallen a man who has incurred voluntary peril, the natural question at once rises, "What did he want to do? What was he trying for?" Now, suppose this question to be addressed to the Dodd family, and that any one should ask, "What did we want to do?" I am sadly afraid, Tom, that we should be puzzled for the answer. I have no doubt that my wife would sustain a long and harassing cross-examination before the truth would come out. I am well aware of all the specious illusions she would evoke, and what sagacious notions she would scatter about education, accomplishments, modern languages, and maybe—mother like—great matches for the girls; but the truth would out, at last—we came abroad to be something—whatever it might be—that we couldn't be at home; we changed our Theatre, that we might take a new line of parts. We wanted, in short, to be in a world that we never were in before, and we have had our wish. I am not going to rail at fashionable life and high society. I am sure that, to those brought up in their ways, they are both pleasant and agreeable; but they never were our ways, and we were too old when we began to learn them. The grand world, to people like us, is like going up Mont Blanc—fatigue, peril, expense, injury to health, and ruin to pocket, just to have the barren satisfaction of saying, "I was up there last August—I was at the top, in June." "What did you get for your pains, Kenny Dodd? What did you see for all the trouble you had? Are you wiser?" "No." "Are you happier?" "No." "Are you better informed?" "No." "Are you pleasanter company for your old friends?" "No." "Are you richer?" "Upon my conscience, I am not! All I know is, that we were there, and that we came down again." Aye, Tom, there's the moral of the whole story—we came *down* again! Had we limited our ambition, when we came abroad, to things reasonably attainable—had we been satisfied to know and to associate with people like ourselves—had we sought out the advantages which certainly the Continent possesses in certain matters of taste and accomplishment, we might have got something at least for our money, and not paid too dearly for it. But, no; the great object with us seemed always to be, swimming for our lives in the great ocean of fashion. And, let me tell you a secret, Tom; this grovelling desire to be amongst a set that we have no pretension to, is essentially and entirely English. No foreigner, so far as I have seen, has the vulgar vice of what is called "Tuft-hunt-

ing." When I see my countrymen abroad, I am forcibly reminded of what I once witnessed at a show of wild beasts. It was a big cage full of monkeys, that were eating their dinner at a long trough, but none of them would taste what was before himself, but was always eating out of his neighbour's dish. It gave them the oddest look in the world; but it is exactly what you see on the Continent; and I'll tell you what fosters this taste more strongly than all. Our titled classes at home are a close borough, that men like you and myself never trespass upon. We see a Lord as we see a Prize Bull at a cattle show, once and away in our lives; but here, the Aristocracy is plentiful—Barons, Counts, and even Princes, abound, and can be obtained at the "shortest notice, and sent to any part of the town." Think of the fascination of this; fancy the delight of a family like the Dodds, surrounded with Dukes and Marquises.

One of the very first things that strikes a man on coming abroad is the abundance of that kind of fruit that we only see at home in our hot-houses. Every ragged urchin is munching a peach or a melon, and picking the big grapes off a bunch that he speedily flings away. The astonishment of the Englishman is great, and he naturally thinks it all Paradise. But wait a bit. He soon discovers that the melon has no more flavour than mangel-worzel, and that the apricot tastes like a turnip radish. If they are plenty, they are totally deficient in every excellence of their kind; and it is just the same with the Aristocracy. The climate is favourable to them, and the same sun and soil rears Princes and ripens pine-apples; but they're not like our own, Tom; not a bit of it. Like the fruit, they are poor, sapless, tasteless productions, and the very utmost they do for you is to give you a downright indifference to the real article. I know how it reads in the newspapers, in a letter dated from some far-away land, on a Christmas-day—"As I write, my window is open; the garden is one sea of blossoms, and the perfume of the rose and the jasmine fill the room." Just the same is the effect of those wonderful paragraphs of distinguished and illustrious guests at Mrs. Somebody's soirée. They are the common products of the soil, and they do not rise to the rank of luxuries with even the poor! Don't mistake me; I am not depreciating what is called high society, no more than I would condemn a particular climate. All that I would infer is, simply, that it does not suit *my* constitution. It's a very common remark, how much more easily women conform to the habits and customs of a class above their own than men, and, so far as I have seen, the observation is a just one; but, let me tell you, Tom, the price they pay for this same plastic quality is more than the value of the article, for they lose all self-guidance and judgment by the change. Your



quietly-disposed, domestic ones turn out gadders, your thrifty house-keepers grow lavish and wasteful, your safe and cautious talkers become evil speakers and slanderers. It is not that these are the characteristics of the new sect they have adopted, but that, like all converts, they always begin their imitation with the vices of the Faith they conform to, and by way of laying a good foundation they start from the bottom!

If I say these things in bitterness, it is because I feel them in sincerity. Poor old Giles Langrishe used to say that all the expenses of contested Elections, all the bribery and treating, all the cost of a Parliamentary life, would never have embarrassed him, if it wasn't for his wife going to London. "It wasn't only what she spent," said he, "while there; but Molly brought Piccadilly back with her to the County Clare! She turned up her nose at all our old neighbours, because they didn't know the Prussian Ambassador, or Chevalier Somebody from the Brazils." The only man that could fit her in shoes lived in Bond-street, and as to getting her hair dressed, except by a French scoundrel that made wigs for the Aristocracy, it was clearly impossible. And I'll tell you another thing, Tom, our wives get a kind of smattering of political knowledge by this trip to town, that makes them unbearable. They hear no other talk all the morning than the cant of the House and the slang of the Lobby. It's a dodge of Sir James, or a sly trick of Lord John, that forms the gossip at breakfast; and all the little rogueries of political life, all the tactics of party are discussed before them, and when they take to that line of talk they become perfectly odious.

Haven't they their own topics. Isn't dancing, dress, the drama, enough for them, I ask?—without even speaking of divorce cases—that they won't leave bills, motions, and debates to their husbands? Whenever I see Mrs. Roney, of Bally Roney, or Mrs. Miles Mac Dermot, of Castle Brack, in the *Morning Post*, among the illustrious company at Lady Wheedleham's party, I say to myself, "I wish your neighbours joy of you when you go home again, that's all!"

And yet all this would have been better for me than this coming abroad! I might have been member for Bruff for half the cost of this unlucky expedition! And this was economy, forsooth! Do you know how much we spent, hard cash, since March last? I am fairly ashamed to tell you, Tom; and though money lies mighty close to my heart, I don't regret the loss as much as I do that of many a good trait that we brought away with us, and have contrived to lose on the road. All this running about the world, this eternal change of place and people, imparts such an "Old Soldierism," if I may make the word, to a family, that they lose all that quiet charm of domesticity that forms the fascination of a home.

Fathers and mothers are worldly, as a matter of course. It comes upon them just like chronic rheumatism, or baldness, or any other infirmity of time and years, but it's hateful to see young people calculating and speculating; planning for this, and plotting for that. You ask, perhaps, "What has this to do with foreign travel?" and I say—"Everything." Your young Lady that has Polka'd at Paris, Galloped up the Rhine, Waltzed at Vienna, and Bolero'd at Madrid, has about as much resemblance to an English or Irish girl, brought up at home, as the show-off horse of a Circus has to a thorough-bred hunter. It's all training and teaching—very graceful, perhaps, and pretty to look at—but only fit for display, and worth nothing without lamps, sawdust, and spectators. Now, these things are not native to us, partly from climate, partly from old habit, prejudice, and natural inclination. We like to have a Home. Our fireside has a kind of religious estimation in our eyes, associated as it is with that family grouping that includes everything from two years and a half to eighty—from the pleasant prattle of infancy to the harmless murmurings of grandpapa. The foreigner—I don't care of what nation, they are all alike—has no idea of this. His own house to him is only one remove above a prison. He has little light, and less fire; neither comfort nor companionship! For him, life means society, plenty of well-dressed people, handsome salons, wax-lights, movement, bustle, and confusion. The din of five hundred tongues, that only wag for scandal, and the sparkle of eyes, that are only brilliant for wickedness.

These foreigners are really wonderful people, so frivolous about all that is grave or serious, so sober-minded in every folly and absurdity; we never rightly understand them, and that is one reason why all our imitation of them is so ludicrous.

Have you ever seen a fellow in a Circus, Tom, whose feat was to jump from a horse's back through some half-dozen hoops a little bigger than his body? He has kept this performance for his finish, for it is his *chef d'œuvre*, and he wants to "sink in full glory resplendent." Somehow or other, though, he can't summon up pluck for the effort. Now the horse goes wrong leg—now it's the fault of the fellows that hold the hoops—now the pace is not fast enough; in fact, nothing goes right with him, and there he spins round and round, wishing with all his heart it was done and over. I'm pretty much in the same plight this moment, Tom, at least as regard hesitation and indecision; for while I have been rambling on about foreign life and manners, my mind was full of a very different theme; but from downright shame have I kept off it, for I'm tired of recording all our miseries and misfortunes. Here goes, however, for the spring; I can't defer it any longer.

Since I came back, I haven't exchanged ten words with Mrs. D. It is an armed truce between us, and each stands ready, and only waiting for the attack. If, however, I consign to oblivion all remembrance of *her* extravagance, the chance is that she is to keep blind to my infidelity! In a word, the Pic-nic and Mrs. G. H. are to be buried together. Of course the terms of our convention prevented my learning much of the family doings in my absence. Even had I moved for any papers or correspondence on the subject, I should have been met by a flat refusal; and, in fact, I was left, the way poor Curran used to say of himself, to pick up my facts from the opposite counsel's statement. I was not long destined to the bliss of ignorance. Such a hurricane of bills and accounts I never withstood before. James, however, by what arts of flattery I know not, succeeded in getting hold of his mother's Bank-book, and went out, a few evenings ago, and paid everything; and, that we might escape at once from this den of iniquity, went immediately to the Prefecture for our passport. The Commissary was at his Café, whither James followed him, and, somehow or other, an angry discussion got up between them, and they separated, after exchanging something that was not the compliments of the season.

I'm so used to rows and shindies, that I went fast asleep while he was telling me of it; but the following morning I was to have a jog to my memory that I didn't expect—no less than two Gensdarmes, with their carabines on their arms, having arrived to escort me to the "Bureau of the Police." I dressed accordingly, and set out alone; for although James might have been useful in many ways, I was too much afraid of his rashness and hot temper, to take him. We arrived before the door was open, and spent twenty minutes in the street, surrounded by a mixed assemblage, who commented upon me, and my supposed crime, with great freedom and impartiality.

After another long wait in a dirty ante-room, I was ushered into a large chamber, where the great functionary was seated at a table covered with papers, and at a smaller one, close by, sat what I perceived to be his clerk, or private secretary. Of course I imagined it was for something that James had said the previous evening, that I was thus arraigned, and though I thought it was like reading the passage in the Decalogue backwards, to make the father suffer for the children, I resolved to be patient and submissive throughout.

"Your name?" said the Commissary, bluntly, but never offering me a seat, nor even noticing my "Good morning."

"Dodd," said I, as shortly.

"Christian name?"

"Kenny James."

“Where born?”

“At Bruff, in Ireland.”

“How old?”

“Upwards of fifty—not certain for a year, more or less.”

“Religion?”

“Catholic.”

“Married or single?”

“Married.”

“With children—how many?”

“Three—a boy and two girls.”

“Do you follow any trade or profession?”

“No.”

“Living upon private means?”

“Yes.”

These, and a vast number of similar queries—they filled five sheets of long post—followed, touching where we came from, how we had travelled, our object in the journey, and twenty things of the like kind, till I begun to feel that the examination in itself was not a small penalty for a light transgression. At last, after a close scrutiny into all my family matters, my money resources, and my habits, he entered upon another chapter, which I own I thought was pushing the matter rather far, by saying :

“Apparently, Herr Dodd, you are one of those who think that the Monarchies of Europe are obsolete systems of Government, ill suited to the spirit and requirements of the age. Is it not so?”

If I had only a moment’s time for reflection, I should have said, “What is it to you how I think on these subjects? I don’t belong to your country, and will render no account of my private sentiments to you;” but unfortunately a discussion on politics is always “nuts” to me—I can’t resist it—and in I went, with that kind of specious generality, that lays down a broad and wide foundation for any edifice you like afterwards to rear.

“Kings,” said I, “are pretty much like other men—good, bad, or indifferent, and, like other men, they are not bettered by being left to the sway of their own unbridled passions and tempers. Wherever, therefore, there is no Constitution to bind them, the chances are, that they make ducks and drakes of their subjects.”

I must tell you, Tom, that we conducted our interview in English, which the Commissary spoke fluently.

“The divine right of Kings, then, you utterly overlook?”

“I deny it—I laugh it to scorn,” said I. “Look at the fellows we see on thrones—one is a creature fit for Bedlam; another ought to be in Norfolk Island. If they possessed any of this divine right

you talk of, should we have seen them scuttling away as they did the other day, because there was a row in their capitals?"

"That will do—quite enough," said he, stopping me short. "Your sentiments are sufficiently clear and explicit. You are a worthy disciple of your friend Gauss."

"I never heard of him till now," said I.

"Nor of Isaac Henkenstrom?—nor Reichard Blitzler?—nor Johann von Darg?"

"Not one of them."

"This you swear?"

"This I swear," said I, firmly; but the words were not well out, when the door was opened at a signal made by the Commissary, and an old man, with a very white beard, and in shabby black, was led forward.

"Do you know the Herr Professor now?" asked the Commissary of me.

"No," said I, stoutly—"never saw him before."

"Bring in the others," said he; and, to my astonishment, came forward three of the young fellows I had travelled with on foot from Saxony, but whose names I had not heard, or, if heard, had forgotten.

"Are these men known to you?" asked the Prefect, with a sneer.

"Yes," said I; "we travelled in company for some days."

"Ah! you acknowledge them at last?" said he, "although you swore you had never seen them."

"Are you so stupid," said I, "as not to distinguish between a man's knowledge of an individual and his remembrance of a name?"

"You yourself might be a puzzle in that respect," replied he, not heeding my taunt. "You assumed one appellation at Bonn, another at Ems, and your family are living under a third here."

"I deny it!" cried I, indignantly.

"Here's the proof," said he. "Is this your wife's handwriting? 'Mrs. Dodd M'Carthy requests the favour of having two Gensdarmes stationed at the Hotel on each Wednesday evening, to keep order in the line of carriages at her receptions.' Is that authentic?"

What a shell exploded beneath me, as I saw that I was tracked by the spies of the Police from town to village, up the Rhine, and half across Germany. The three youths with whom I was confronted were already condemned to prison. One had a tobacco-bag, with a picture of Blum on it; the other was detected with a case-knife, whose blade exceeded the regulation length by half an inch; and the third was heard to say, "Germany for ever," as he tossed off a tumbler of beer; and I was the associate and trusted comrade of this

combined Socialism and Democracy. It came out, that amongst our fraternity of the road there had been a paid spy of the Police, who kept a regular journal of all our wayside conversation; and from the singularity of an Englishman's presence in such a party, it was inferred that his object was to spread those infamous doctrines by which it is now well known England sustains her position in Europe.

The absurdity I could laugh at, but there were some things in the matter not to be treated lightly. With my name at Ems they had no possible concern. Ems was in Nassau, not Baden. What could have persuaded my wife to call herself Dodd M'Carthy? We were always Dodd; we never had any other name. I couldn't explain this, nor even give it a colouring; but I grew angry, Tom, vexed and irritated by the pestering impertinence of this pumping scoundrel. I said a vast number of things which had been better unsaid. I gave a great deal of good advice, too, about legislation generally, that I might have known would not have been accepted; and, in fact, I was what would be called generally indiscreet; the more, since all my remarks were committed to paper as fast as I made them, the whole being courteously submitted to me for signature, as if I had been purposely making a confession of my political belief.

"Give me my passport," cried I, at last, "and let me quit your little rascally territory of spies and sharpers. I promise you sacredly I'll never put foot in it again."

"Not so fast, my worthy friend," said he. "We must first know under which of your aliases you are to travel; meanwhile, we shall take the liberty of committing you to prison as Herr Dodd!"

"To prison!—for what crime?" cried I, nearly choking with passion.

"You'll hear it all time enough," was the only response, as, ringing his bell, he summoned the Gensdarmes, who, advancing one to either side of me, led me away, like a common malefactor.

The Prison is a kind of Bridewell, over a livery-stable, and only meant as a "Station" before being forwarded to the larger establishment at Carlsruhe. I suppose, had they wished it, they could not have accorded me any place of separate confinement; for there was but scanty space, and many occupants. As it was, my lot was to be put in the same cell with two fellows just apprehended for a murder, and who obligingly entered into a full narrative of their crime, believing that *my* revelations would be equally interesting. I lost no time in writing a note to James, and another to our English Chargé d'Affaires, a young Attaché, I believe, of the Legation at Stuttgart.

James and the sucking Diplomatist were both out, so that I had no answer from either till evening. During this interval I had much

meditation over the state of politics in Germany, and the probable future of that country, of which I shall take another occasion to tell you.

At six o'clock came the following, enclosed in a very large envelope, and sealed with a very spacious impression of the English Arms :

"The undersigned Attaché of H. B. M.'s Legation at the Court of Stuttgart has the honour to acknowledge receipt of Mr. Kenny J. Dodd's communication of this morning's date, and will lay it under the consideration of H. B. M.'s Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

This was pleasant, forsooth! And was I to remain in gaol till the despatch had reached London, a deliberation formed on it, and an answer returned? I was boiling over with rage at this thought, when James entered. He had just been with our illustrious Chargé d'Affaires, who received him with that diplomatic reserve so peculiar amongst the small fry of the Foreign Office. At the same time, James saw a lurking satisfaction in his manner at the thought of having got up a case of international dispute, which might have his name mentioned in the House, and possibly a despatch with his signature printed in a Blue Book. He was dying for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and Baden offered nothing to his ambition; and all his fear was, that the Authorities might liberate me too soon. James perceived all this—for the lad is not wanting in shrewdness, and this continental life, if it has not bettered his morals, has certainly sharpened his wit; but all his arguments were unavailing, and all his reasonings useless. The despatch was already begun, and it was too good a grievance to let slip unprofitably.

James next called on a friend of his, a certain Mr. Milo Blake O'Dwyer, who is the correspondent of a great London paper called the **SLEDGE HAMMER OF FREEDOM**; but instead of advice and guidance, the worthy newsgatherer was taking down all the particulars for a grand letter to his journal; and he, too, it was plain to see, wished that some outrageous treatment of me by the Authorities would make his communication the great event of that day's post in London. "I wish they'd put him in irons—in heavy irons," said he. "Are you sure that his cell is not eight feet below the surface of the earth? Be particular, I beg of you, about the depth. You saw how Gladstone destroyed that elegant case of Poerio, all for want of a little accuracy in his measurements; for, I must observe to you, in all our 'correspondence,' names, dates, and distances, require to be true as the Bible. Facts admit of varnishing. They can be always stretched a little, this way or that. Now, for instance, we'll call the conduct of the Authorities in this case brutal, cowardly, and disgraceful.

We'll appeal to the universally acknowledged right of Englishmen to do everything everywhere, and we'll wind up with a grand peroration about Despotism and the glorious privileges of the British Constitution."

The fellow chuckled over my case with unfeigned satisfaction. He wouldn't listen to the real, plain facts of the matter at all. They were poor, meagre, and insignificant in themselves, till they had acquired the touch of genius to illustrate them; and though I was a gem, as he owned, yet, like the Koo-i-noor, I was nothing, without cutting. He appears, besides, to think that he has a kind of vested interest in me, now that my case is to figure in his newspaper, and he contradicts my own statements flatly, wherever they don't suit him.

I have just despatched James to assure him that I don't care a rush about the sympathy of the whole British public; that I have no taste for Martyrdom; and that, as to expending any hopes in redress from our Foreign Office, I'd as soon make an investment in Poyais Scrip, or Irish Canal Debentures. I trust that he will be induced to leave me alone, and neither make me matter for the Press nor a speech in Parliament.

These reporters, or correspondents, or whatever they call them, are, in my mind, the greatest disturbers of the Peace of Europe. The moment they assert anything, they set about looking for proofs of it; and they don't know how to praise themselves enough, whenever they are driven to confess that they were in the wrong; and then, if you mind, Tom, it is not to the Public they excuse themselves—not a bit of it; it's the King of Naples, or the Emperor of Russia, or the Bey of Tiflis, that "they sincerely hope will not be offended by statements made after mature reflection and painful consideration of the topic." They throw out sly hints of all the Royal attentions that have been bestowed upon them, and the intimate habits they have enjoyed of confidence with the Queen of this, and the Crown Prince of that. Vulgar rapsCALLIONS! they have never seen more of Royalty than what a Church or an Opera admits; and though Majesty now and then may feel the sting, take my word for it, he never notices the mosquito.

If you, then, see me in print—and be on the look out—just write a letter in my name from Dodsborough, to say that I am well and hearty on my paternal acres, and know nothing of Politics, Police, or Reporters, and would rather the Government would reduce the County Cess than persecute every Grand Duke in Europe.

I will write again to-morrow. Yours ever,

K. I. DODD.



## LETTER XXXIV.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,  
BRUFF.

“The Fox.”

MY DEAR TOM,

HOWEVER Morris managed it I know not, but an order came for my liberation that same evening, with the assurance that my passport was to be made out for wherever I pleased to name, and the Prefect was to express to me his regrets and apologies for an inadvertence which he deeply deplored.

It seemed that, but for diplomacy, I'd not have been detained half an hour; but our worthy representative of Great Britain had asked for copies of all the charges against me, so formally, had requested the names, ages, and station in life of the several witnesses, so circumstantially, and had, in fact, imparted such a mock importance to a Police impertinence, that the Grand Ducal authorities began to suspect that they had caught a first-rate revolutionist, with a whole trunk full of Kossuth and Mazzini correspondence. This comes of setting school-boys to write despatches! The greedy appetite for notoriety—to be up and doing—to be before the world in some public capacity—of these juveniles, brings England into more trouble, and Englishmen into more embarrassment, than you could believe. If they'd be satisfied with recording Royal dinner-parties and Court scandal—who got the Order of the Guinea-pig, and who is to receive the “Tortoise,” they couldn't do much harm; but the moment they get hold of an international grievance, and quote Puffendorf, we have no peace on the Continent for six months after.

“You wish to leave Baden,” said Morris; “where will you go?”

“I have not the slightest notion,” said I. “I'm waiting for letters from Ireland—yours, my dear Tom, the chief of them—and therefore it must be somewhere in the vicinity.”

“Go over to Rastadt, then,” said he, “and amuse yourself with the fortifications: they are now in course of construction, and when completed will be some of the strongest in Europe. I'll give you a letter to the Commandant, who will show all that can interest you, and explain everything that you may wish to know.” Rastadt is only twenty miles away; it is, however, in all that regards intercourse with Baden, fully two hundred distant. It is cheap, rarely visited by strangers, has no “fashionables,” and, in fact, just the kind of model prison residence that I was wishing for to discipline the family, and get them once more “in hand.”

Thither, therefore, we remove to-morrow morning, if nothing unforeseen should occur in the interim. Morris, as you may observe,

behaved most kindly in this affair; and, indeed, showed a strong interest in James, from certain remarks the boy himself has let drop; but he seems cold, Tom; one of those excellent fellows that are always doing the right thing for its own sake, and not for yours. I don't want to disparage principle, no more than I do a great balance at Coutts's, or anything else that I don't possess myself; but I mean to say that, somehow or other, one likes to feel that it is to yourself, as an individual—to your own proper identity—a service is rendered, and not to a mere fraction of that great biped race that wear cloth clothes and eat cooked victuals.

That's the way with the English, however, all over the globe, and I have often felt more grateful to an Irishman for helping me on with my surtout, than I have to John Bull for a real downright piece of service. I suppose the fault is more mine than his; but the fact is true, and so I give it to you. I suppose, besides, that an impartial observer of both of us would say, that we make too much of every favour, and the Englishman too little; we exact all the obligation of a debt for it, they treat the whole thing lightly, as if the service rendered, and those to whom it was done, were not worthy of further consideration. However we strike the balance between us, Tom—in our favour or against us—I own to you, I like our own way best; and though nothing could be more truly kind and considerate than Morris, it was quite a relief to me when he gave me his cold shake hands, and said "Good-by!"

And so will it ever be, so long as human actions are swayed by human emotions. The man who recognises your feelings—who regards you with some touch of sympathy—is more your friend than the benevolent machine who bestowed upon you his mechanical philanthropy.

"The Golden Ox," Rastadt.

We left Lichtenthal like a thief in the night; and here we are now in the Golden Ox at Rastadt, which, I own to you, seems a most comfortable house. James and I—for we are now *two* parties domestically, Mrs. D. and Mary Anne living very much to themselves, and Cary still on a visit with Morris's mother—had a most excellent breakfast of fresh trout, a roast partridge, a venison steak with capers—a capital dish—and chocolate, with abundance of good white wine of the place, and on calling for the bill, out of curiosity, I see we are charged something under a florin for two of us—about tenpence each. Tom, this will do. You may therefore look upon me as a citizen of Rastadt for the next month to come. I have kept my letter by me hitherto, to give you a bulletin of this place before closing it, and I have still some short time at my disposal before the post leaves.

I'm not sure though I'd exactly recommend this town to a patient labouring under nervous headaches, or to a university man reading for

honours. Indeed, up to this—I suppose I'll get used to it later on—the din has so addled me, that I have often to stand two minutes reflecting over what I had to say, and then own that I have forgotten it. We are—that is, the Ox is—in the quietest spot in the town, and yet close under my bedroom there are, from early morning till dusk, twelve drummers at practice, with a head drummer to teach them. In the green, before the door, two companies of recruits are at drill. The foot artillery limbers and unlimbers all day in the “Platz” close by, and what should be our garden is a riding-school for the cadets. These several educational establishments have their peculiar tumult, which accompany me through my sleep; and for all the requirements of quiet and reflection, I might as well have taken up my abode in a kettle-drum. Liege was a Trappist Monastery in comparison! As it is, the routine tramp of feet has made me conform to the step, and I march “quick” or “orderly,” exactly as the fellows are doing it outside. I swallow my soup to the sound of a trumpet, and take off my clothes to the roll of the drum. James is in ecstasy with it all; I never saw him enjoy himself so much. He is out looking at them the entire day, and I'm greatly mistaken but Mary Anne passes a large portion of her time at the green “jalousie” that opens over the riding-school.

I am always asking myself—that is, whenever I can summon composure even for so much—what do the Germans want with all these soldiers? Surely they're not going to invade France, nor Russia; and yet their armies are maintained in a strength that might imply it! As to any occasion for them at home in their own land, its downright balderdash to talk of it! Do you know, Tom, that whenever I think of Germany and her rulers, I am strongly reminded of poor old Doctor Drake, that lived at Dronestown, and the flea-bitten mare he used to drive in his gig. She was forty if she was an hour; she was quiet and docile from the day she was foaled: all the whipping in the world couldn't shake her into five miles an hour, and yet the Doctor had her surrounded with every precaution and appliance that would have suited a regular runaway. There were safety-reins, and kicking-straps, and double traces without end—and all to restrain a poor old beast that only wanted to be let alone, and drag out her tiresome existence in the jog-trot she was used to! “Ah, you don't know her as well as I do,” Drake would say; “she's a devil at heart, and if she didn't feel it was useless to resist, she'd smash everything behind her. She looks quiet enough, but *that* doesn't impose upon *me*.” These were the kind of reflections he indulged in, and I suppose they are about the same in use in the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. I was often malicious enough for a half wish that Drake should have a spicy devil in the shafts, just for once, to show him a trick or two; and in the same spirit,

Tom, I cannot help saying, that I'd like to see John Bull "put to" in this fashion! Wouldn't he kick up—wouldn't he soon knock the whole concern to atoms! Ah, Tom, it's all alike, believe me; and whether you have to drive a Nag or a Nation, take my word for it, the kicking-straps are only efficacious when the beast hasn't a kick in him! At all events, such are not the popular notions here, and on they go building fortresses, strengthening garrisons, and reinforcing army corps, till at last the military will be more numerous than the nation, and every prisoner will have two gaolers to restrain him. "Who is to pay?" becomes the question; but indeed that is the very question that puzzles me now. Who pays for all this at present? Is it possible that a people will suffer itself to be taxed that it may be bullied? I'm unable to continue this theme, for there go the drums again—there are forty of them at it now! What's in the wind I can't guess. Oh, here's the explanation. It is the Herr Commandant—be sure you accent the last syllable—is come to pay me a visit, and the Guard has turned out to drum him up-stairs!

Four o'Clock.

He is gone at last—I thought he never would—and I have only time to say that he has appointed to-morrow after breakfast to show me the Fortress, and as I am too late for the post, I'll be able to add a line or two before this leaves me. Mary Anne has come to say that her Mother's head is distracted, and that she cannot endure the uproar of the place. My reply is: "Mine is exactly in the same way; but I can't go any farther—I've no money."

Mrs. D. "thinks she'll go mad!" If she means it in earnest, this is as cheap a place to do it in, as any I know. We are only to pay two pounds a week each, and I suppose whether we preserve our senses or not, makes no difference in the expense! This would sound very unfeelingly, Tom, but that you are well aware of Mrs. D.'s system, and that she gives notice of a motion without any intention of going to a debate, much less of pressing for a "division." Mary Anne is very urgent that I should see her Mother, but I am not quite equal to it yet. Maybe after visiting the Fortress to-morrow I'll be in a more martial mood; and now here's dinner, and a most savoury odour preludes it.

Tuesday.

This must go as it is, Tom—I'm dead beat! That old Veteran wouldn't let me off a casemate, nor a bomb-proof, and I have walked twenty miles this blessed morning! Nor is that all, but I have handled shot, lifted cannon-balls, adjusted mortars, and peeped out of embrasures, till my back is half broken with straining and fatigue. Just to judge from what I'm suffering, a siege must be a dreadful thing! He says he showed me everything; and, upon my conscience, I can well believe it! There was a great deal of it, too, that I saw in the dark, for

there was no end of galleries without a single loophole, and many of the passages seemed only four feet high; for, though a short man, I had to stoop! I ought to have a great deal to say about this place, if I could remember it, or if I could be sure it would interest you. It appears that Rastadt is built upon an entirely new principle, quite distinct from any hitherto in use. It must be attacked *en ricochet*, and not directly; a hint, I suppose, they stole from our common law, where they fire into *you*, by pretending to assail John Doe or Richard Roe. The Commandant sneered at the old system, but I'd rather trust myself in Gibraltar, notwithstanding all he said! It stands to reason, Tom, that if you are up in a window, you have a great advantage over a fellow down in the street. Now all these modern fortresses are what is called "a *fleur d'eau*," quite level, and not raised in the least over the attacking force! Put me up high, say I; if on a parapet, so much the better; and besides, Tom, nothing gives a man such coolness as to know that he is all as one as out of danger! Of course, I didn't make this remark to the Commandant, because in talking with military people it is good tact always to assume that being shot at is rather pleasant than otherwise; and so I have observed that they themselves generally make use of some jocular phrase or other to express being killed or wounded! "He was knocked over," "He got an ugly poke," being the more popular mode of recording what finished a man's existence, or made the remainder of it miserable!

Soldiering has always struck me as an insupportable line of life. I have no objection in the world to fight the man that has injured *me*, nor to give satisfaction where I have been the offender! But to go patiently to work to learn how to destroy somebody that I never saw and never heard of, *does* seem absurd and unchristianlike altogether. You say, "He is the enemy of my country, and consequently mine." Let me see that; let me be sure of it. If he invades us, I know that he is an enemy; but if he is only occupied about his own affairs—if he is simply hunting out a nest of old squatters that he is tired of—if he is merely changing the sign of his house, and instead of the "Lily" prefers to live under the "Cock," or, maybe, "the Drone-bee," what have I to say to that? So long as he stays at home, and only "gets drunk on the premises," I have no right to meddle with him. It's all very well to say that nobody likes to have a disorderly house in his neighbourhood. Very true; but you oughtn't to go in and murder the residents to keep them quiet!—There's the mail gone by, and I have forgotten to send this off! It's a wonderful thing how living in Germany makes a man long-winded and tiresome. It must be the air, at least with me, or the cookery, for I am perfectly innocent of the language. The "mysterious gutturals," as Macaulay call them, will

ever be mysteries to *me!* At all events, to prevent further indiscretions, I'll close this and seal it now. And so, with my sincere regards, believe me, dear Tom, ever yours,

KENNY I. DODD.

Address me "Golden Ox"—I mean at the sign of—Rastadt, for you're sure of finding me here for the next four weeks, at least.

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LETTER XXXV.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

"The Golden Ox," Rastadt.

I HAVE only time for a few and very hurried lines, written with trembling fingers and a heart audible in its palpitations! Yes, dearest, an eventful moment has arrived—the dread instant has come, on which my whole future destiny must depend. It was last night, just as I was making Papa's tea, that a servant arrived on horseback at the Inn with a letter addressed to the Right Honourable and Reverend the Lord Dodd de Dodsborough. This, of course, could only mean Papa, and so he opened and read it, for it was in English, dearest, or at least in imitation of that language.

I refrain from quoting the precise expressions, lest in circumstances so serious a smile of passing levity should cross those dear features, now all tension with anxiety for your own Mary Anne. The letter was from Adolf von Wolfenschäfer, making me an offer of his hand, title, and fortune! I swooned away when I heard it, and only recovered to hear Papa still spelling out the strange phraseology of the letter.

I wish he had not written in English, Kitty. It is provoking that an event so naturally serious in itself should be alloyed with the dross of grammatical absurdities; besides that, really, our tongue does not lend itself to those delicate and half-vanishing allusions to future bliss so german to such a proposal. Papa, and James, too, I must say, evinced a want of regard to my feelings, and an absence of that fine sympathy which I should have looked for at a moment like this. They actually screamed with laughter, Kitty, at little lapses of orthography, when the subject might reasonably have imposed far different emotions.

"Why, it's a proposal of marriage!" exclaimed Papa, "and I thought it a summons from the Police."

"Egad, so it is," cried James. "It's an offer to you, Mary Anne. 'The Baron Adolf von Wolfenschäfer, Freiherr von Schweinbraten and Ritter of the Order of the Cock of Tübingen, maketh hereby, and not the less, that with future-coming-time-to-be-proved-and-experienced affection, the profound humility of an offer of himself, with all his to be named and enumerated belongings, both in effects and majorats, to



the lovely and very beautiful Miss, the first daughter of the Venerable and very Honourable the Lord Dodd de Dodsborough.’”

“Pray stop, James,” said I; “this is scarcely a fitting matter for coarse jesting, nor is my heart to be made the theme for indelicate banter.”

“The letter is a gem,” said he, and went on: “‘The so-named A. von W., overflowing with a mild but in-heaven-soaring and never-to-earth-descending love, expecteth, in all the pendulating anxieties of a never-at-any-moment-to-be-distrusted devotion——’”

“Papa, I really beg and request that I may not be trifled with in this unfeeling manner. The Baron’s intentions are sufficiently clear and explicit, nor are we now engaged in the work of correcting his English epistolary style.”

This I said haughtily, Kitty; and Mister James at last thought proper to recover some respect for my feelings.

“Why, I never suspected you could take the thing seriously, dear Mary Anne,” said he. “If I only thought——”

“And pray, why not, James? I’m sure the Baron’s ancient birth—his rank, his fortune—his position, in fact——”

“Of all of which we know nothing,” broke in Papa.

“But of which you may know everything,” said I; “for here, at the postscript, is an invitation to us all to pass some weeks at the Schloss, in the Black Forest, his ancestral seat.”

“Or, as he styles it,” broke in James, impertinently, “‘the very old castle, where for numerous centuries his high-blooded and on-lofty-eminence-standing ancestors did sit,’ and where now ‘his with-years-bestricken but not-the-less-on-that-account-sharp-with-intelligence-begifted parent Father do reside.’”

“Read that again, James,” said Papa.

“Pray allow me, Sir,” said I, taking the letter. “The invitation is a most hospitable request that we should go and pass some time at his Château, and name the earliest day our convenience will permit for the visit.”

“He spoke of capital shooting there!” cried James. “He told me that the Auer-Hahn, a kind of black cock, abounds in that country.”

“And I remember, too, that he mentioned some wonderful Steinberger—a cabinet wine, full two hundred years in wood!” chimed in Papa.

I wished, dearest Kitty, that they could have entertained the subject-matter of the letter without these “contingent remainders,” and not mixed up my future fate with either wine or wild fowl; but they really were so carried away by the pleasures so peculiarly adapted to their own feelings, that they at once said, and in a breath, too, “Write him word ‘Yes,’ by all means!”

"Do you mean for his offer of marriage, Papa?" asked I, with struggling indignation.

"By George, I had forgotten all about that," said he. "We must deliberate a bit. Your Mother, too, will expect to be consulted. Take the letter up-stairs to her; or, better still, just say that I want to speak to her myself."

As Papa and Mamma had not met, nor spoken together, since his return, I willingly embraced this opportunity of restoring them to intercourse with each other.

"Don't go away, Mary Anne," said James, as I was about to seek my own room, for I dreaded being left alone, and exposed to his unfeeling banter; "I want to speak to you." This he said with a tone of kindness and interest which at once decided me to remain. He wore a look of seriousness, Kitty, that I have seldom, if ever, seen in his features, and spoke in a tone that, to my ears, was new from him.

"Let me be your friend, Mary Anne," said he, "and the better to be so, let me talk to you in all frankness and sincerity. If I say one single word that can hurt your feelings, put it down to the true account—that I'd rather do even such than suffer you to take the most eventful step in all life without weighing every consequence of it. Answer me, then, two or three questions that I shall ask you, but as truly and unreservedly as though you were at confession."

I sat down beside him, and with my hand in his.

"Now, first of all, Mary Anne," said he, "do you love this Baron von Wolfenschäfer?"

Who ever could answer such a question in one word, Kitty? How seldom does it occur in life that all the circumstances of any man's position respond to the ambitious imaginings of a girl's heart! He may be handsome, and yet poor; he may be rich, and yet low born; intellectual, and yet his great gifts may be alloyed with infirmities of temper; he may be coldly-natured, secret, self-contained, uncommunicative—a hundred things that one does not like—and yet, with all these drawbacks, what the world calls an "excellent match."

I believe very few people marry the person they wish to marry. I fancy that such instances are the rarest things imaginable. It is a question of compensation throughout—you accept this, notwithstanding that—you put up with *that*, for the sake of this! Of course, dearest, I am rejecting here all belief in the "greatest happiness principle" as a stupid fallacy, that only imposes upon elderly gentlemen when they marry their housekeeper. I speak of the considerations which weigh with a young girl who has moved in society, who knows its requirements, and can estimate all that contributes to what is called a "position."

This little digression of mine will give you to understand what was passing in my mind as James sat waiting for my reply.

"So then," said he, at last, "the question is not so easily answered as I suspected; and we will now pass to another one. Are your affections already engaged elsewhere?"

What could I say, Kitty, but "No! decidedly not." The embarrassment, however, so natural to an inquiry like this, made me blush and seem confused, and James, perceiving it, said:

"Poor fellow, it will be a sad blow to *him*, for I know he loved you."

I tried to look astonished, angry, unconscious—anything, in fact, which should convey displeasure and surprise together; but with that want of tact so essentially fraternal, he went on:

"It was almost the last thing he said to me at parting, 'Don't let her forget me!'"

"May I venture to inquire," said I, haughtily, "of whom you are speaking?"

Simple and inoffensive as the words were, Kitty, they threw him into an ungovernable passion; he stamped, and stormed, and swore fearfully. He called me "a heartless Coquette," "an unfeeling Flirt," and a variety of epithets equally mellifluous and well merited.

I drew my embroidery-frame before me quite calmly under this torrent of abuse, and worked away at my pattern of the "Faithful Shepherd," singing to myself all the time.

"Are you really as devoid of feeling as this, Mary Anne?" asked he.

"My dear brother," said I, "don't you wish excessively for a commission in a regiment of Hussars or Lancers? Well, as your great merits have not been recognised at the Horse Guards, would you feel justified in refusing an appointment to the Rifle Brigade?"

"What has all this to say to what we are discussing?" cried he, angrily.

"Just everything," replied I; "but as you cannot make the application, you must excuse *me* if I decline the task also."

"And so you mean to be a Baroness?" said he, rudely.

I curtsied profoundly to him, and he flung out of the room with a bang that nearly brought the door down. In a moment after, Mamma was in my arms, overcome with tenderness and emotion.

"I have carried the day, my dearest child," said she. "We are to accept the invitation, at all events, and we set out to-morrow."

I have no time for more, Kitty, for all our preparations for departure have yet to be made. What fate awaits me I know not, nor can I even fancy what may be the future of your ever attached and devoted friend,

MARY ANNE DODD.

LETTER XXXVI.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

"Schloss, Wolfenfels."

MY DEAR MOLLY,

IT is only since we came to the elegant place, the hard name of which I have written at the top of this letter, that my feelings have subsided into the calm sereniousness adapted to epistolary correspondence. From the day that K. I. returned, my life has been like the paralax of a fever! The man was never possessed of any refined or exalted sentiments; but the woman, this Mrs. G. H.—I couldn't write the name in full if you were to give me twenty pounds for it—made him far worse with self-conceit and vanity. If you knew the way my time is passed, "taking it out of him," Molly, showing him how ridiculous he is, and why everybody is laughing at him, you'd pity me. As to gratitude, my dear, he hasn't a notion of it; and he feels no more thankful to me for what I've gone through, than if I was indulging him in all his nefarious propensities. It is a weary task; and the only wonder is how I'm able to go on with it.

"Haven't you done yet, Mrs. D.?" said he, the other morning. "Don't you think that you might grant me a little peace, now?"

"I wish to the Saints I had," said I; "it's bringing me to the grave, it is; but I have a duty to perform, and as long as my tongue can wag, I'll do it! When I'm gone, K. I.," said I—"when I'm gone, you'll not have to say, 'It was her fault—it was all her doing. Jemima never said this—she never told me that.'" I vow and declare to you here, Molly, that there isn't a thing a Woman could say to a Man, that I haven't said to him; and as I remarked yesterday, "If I haven't taken the self-conceit out of you, now, it is because it's grained in your nature"—I believe, indeed, I said, "in your filthy nature."

When we left Baden, we came to a place called Rastadt, a great fortification that they're making, as they tell me, to defend the Rhine; but, between ourselves, it's as far from the river as our house at Dodsborough is from Kelly's Mills. There, we stopped three weeks—I believe in the confident hope of K. I. that I couldn't survive the uproarious tumult. They were drilling, or training horses, or firing guns, or flogging recruits under our windows, from

sunrise to sunset, and although at first the novelty was amusing, you grew at last so tormented and teased with the noise, that your very brain ached from it.

"I wonder," said I, one night, "that you never thought of taking furnished apartments in Barrack-street! It ought to be to your taste."

"It's not unlikely, Ma'am, that I may end my days in that neighbourhood," said he, tartly, "for I believe it's very convenient to the Sheriff's prison."

"I was alluding to your military tastes," said I. "One might suppose you were meant for a great General."

"I might have claim to the character, Ma'am," said he, "if being always under fire signified anything—always exposed to attack."

"Oh, but," said I, "you forget; "she has retired her forces"—I meant Mrs. G., Molly—"she took pity on your poor unprotected situation!"

"Look now, Mrs. D.," said he, with a blow of his fist on the table, "if there's another word—one syllable more on this matter, may I never sign my name K. I. again, if I don't walk you back, every one of you, to Dodsborough. It was an evil hour that saw us leave it, but it won't be a joyous one that brings us back again."

When he grows so brutal as that, Molly, I never utter a word. 'Tisn't to-day nor yesterday that I learned to be a martyr; so that all I did was to wait a minute or two, and then go off in strong hysterics; and, indeed, I don't know anything that provokes him more.

I give you this as a slight sample of the way we lived, with occasional diversions on the subject of expense, the extravagance of James, his idleness, and so forth; pleasant topics, and amusing for a family circle. Indeed, Molly, I'm ashamed to own that my natural spirit was beginning to break down under it. I felt that all the blood of the M'Carthys was weak to resist such inhuman cruelty; and whether it was the climate, or what, I don't know, but crying didn't give me the same relief it used. I suppose the fact is, that one exhausts the natural resources of their constitution; but I think I'm not so old but that a good hearty cry ought to be a comfort to me."

This is how affairs was, when, about a week ago, came a servant on horseback with a letter for K. I. I was sitting up at my window, with the blinds down, when I saw the man get off and enter the Inn, and the first thought that struck me was, that it was Mrs. G. herself sent him. "I've caught you," says I to myself; and throwing on my dressing-gown I slipped down stairs. It was K. I. and James were

together talking, so I just waited a second at the door to listen. "If I had a voice in the family"—it was K. I. said this—"if I had a voice in the family," said he, "I'd refuse. These kind of things always turn out ill—people calculate so much upon affection; but the truth is, marrying for love is like buying a pair of russia-duck trousers to wear through the year. They'll do beautifully in summer, and even an odd day in the autumn; but in the cold and rainy season they'll be downright ridiculous."

"Still," said James, "the offer sounds like a great one."

"All glitter, maybe. I distrust them all, James. At any rate, say nothing about it to your Mother till I think it over a bit."

"And why not say anything to his Mother?" says I, bouncing into the room. "Am I nobody in the family?"

"Bedad you are!" said K. I., with a heavy sigh.

"Haven't I an opinion of my own—eh?"

"That you have!" said he.

"And don't I stand to it, too—eh, Kenny James?"

"Your worst enemy couldn't deny it!" said he, shaking his head.

"Then what's all this about?" said I, snatching the letter out of his hands. But though I tried with my double eye-glass, Molly, it was no use, for the writing was in a German hand, not to say anything of the language.

"Well, Ma'am," said K. I., with a grin, "I hope the contents are pleasing to you?" And before I could fly out at him, James broke in: "It's a proposal for Mary Anne, Mother. The young Baron that we met at Bonn makes her an offer of his hand and fortune, and invites us all to his castle in the Black Forest, as a preliminary step."

"Isn't that to your taste, Mrs. D.?" said K. I., with another grin. "High connexion—nobility—great family—eh?"

"I don't think," said I, "that, considering the step I took myself in life, anybody can reproach me with prejudices of that kind." The step I took! Molly, I said the words with a sneer that made him purple.

"What's his fortune, James?" said I.

"Heaven knows! but he must have a stunning income. This Castle of Wolfenfels is in all the print-shops of the town. It's a thing as large as Windsor, and surrounded by miles of forest."

"My poor child," said I, "I always knew where you'd be at last; and it's only two nights ago I had a dream of taking grease out of my yellow satin. I thought I was rubbing and scrubbing at it with all my might."

“And what did that portend, Ma’am?” said K. I., with his usual sneer.

“Can’t you guess?” said I. “Mightn’t it mean an effort to get rid of the stain of a low connexion?” Wasn’t that a home thrust, Molly? Faith, he felt it so!

“Mrs. D.,” said he, gravely, and as if after profound thought, “this is a question of our child’s happiness for life-long, and if we are to discuss it at all, let it be without any admixture of attack or recrimination.”

“Who began it?” said I.

“You did, my dear,” said he.

“I didn’t,” said I; “and I’m not, ‘your dear.’ Oh, you needn’t sigh that way; your case isn’t half so bad as you think it, but, like all men, you fancy yourself cruelly treated whenever the slightest bar is placed to your bad passions. You argue as if wickedness was good for your constitution.”

“Have you done?” said he.

“Not yet,” said I, taking a chair in front of him.

“When you have, then,” said he, “call me, for I’ll go out and sit on the stairs.” But I put my back to the door, Molly, so that he had nothing for it but to resume his seat. “Let us move the order of the day, Mrs. D.,” said he. “This business of Mary Anne. My opinion of it is told in few words. These mixed marriages seldom succeed. Even with long previous intimacy, suitable fortune, and equality of station, there is that in a difference of nationality that opens a hundred discrepancies in taste—feeling——”

“Bother!” said I, “we have just as much when we come from the same stock.”

“Sometimes,” said he, sighing.

“Here’s what he says, Mother,” said James, and read out the letter, which I am bound to say, Molly, was a curiosity in its way, for though it had such a strange look, it turned out to be in English, or at least what the Baron thought was such. Happily there was no mistaking the meaning; and as I said to K. I., “At least there’s one thing in the Baron’s favour—there’s neither deceit nor subterfuge about him. He makes his proposal like a man!” And let me tell you, Molly, we live in an age when even that same is a virtue; for really, with the liberties that’s allowed, and the way girls goes on, there’s no saying what intentions men have at all!

Some Mothers make a point of never seeing anything; but that may be carried too far, particularly abroad, my dear. Others are for

always being dragons, but that is sure to scare off the men; and as I say, what's the use of birdlime if you're always shouting and screaming!

My notion is, Molly, that a moderate degree of what the French call "surveillance" is the right thing—a manner that seems to say: "I'm looking at you; I'm not against innocent enjoyments, and so forth, but I won't stand any nonsense, nor falling in love." Many's the time the right man is scared away by a new flirtation, that meant nothing: "She's too gay for *me*—she has a look in her eye, or a toss of the head, or a—Heaven knows—I don't like."

"Does she care for him?" said K. I. "Does Mary Anne care for him?—that's the question."

"Of course she does," said I. "If a girl's affections are not engaged in some other quarter, she always cares for the man that proposes for her. Isn't he a good match?"

"He as much as says so himself."

"And a Baron?"

"Yes."

"And has an elegant place, with a park of miles round it?"

"So he says."

"Well, then, I'm sure I see nothing to prevent her being attached to him."

"At all events, let us speak to her," said he; and sent James up-stairs to fetch her down.

Short as the time was that he was away, it was enough for K. I. to get into one of his passions, just because I gave him the friendly caution that he ought to be delicate and guarded in the way he mentioned the matter to Mary Anne."

"Isn't she my daughter?" said he, with a stamp of his foot; and just for that, Molly, I wouldn't give him the satisfaction to say she is.

"I ask you," cried he again, "isn't she my daughter?"

Not a syllable would I answer him.

"Well, maybe she isn't," said he; "but my authority over her is all the same."

"Oh, you can be as cruel and tyrannical as you please," said I.

"Look now, Mrs. D. —," said he; but, fortunately, Molly, just at that moment James and his sister came in, and he stopped suddenly.

"Oh, dearest Papa," cried Mary Anne, falling at his feet, and hiding her face in her hands, "how can I leave you, and dear, dear Mamma."

"That's what we are going to talk over, my dear," said he, quite drily, and taking a pinch of snuff.

"Your Father is never overpowered by his commotions, my love," said I.

"To forsake my happy home!" sobbed Mary Anne, as if her heart was breaking. "Oh, what an agony to think of."

"To be sure it is," said K. I., in the same hard, husky voice; "but it's what we see done every day. Ask your Mother——"

"Don't ask me to justify it," said I. "*My* experiences go all the other way!"

"At any rate you ventured on the experiment," said he, with a grin.

Then, turning to Mary Anne, he went on:

"I see that James has informed you on this affair, and it only remains for me now to ask you what your own sentiments are——"

"Oh, my poor heart!" said she, pressing her hand to her side, "how can I divide its allegiance?"

"Don't try that, at all events," said he, "for though I never thought him a suitable match for you, my dear, if you really do feel an attachment to Peter Belton——"

"Of course I do not, Papa."

"Of course she does not—never did—never could," said I.

"So much the better," said he; "and now for this Baron von—I never can remember his name—do you think you could be happy with him? Or do you know enough of his temper, tastes, and disposition to answer that question?"

"I'm sure he is a most amiable person; he is exceedingly clever and accomplished——"

"I don't care a brass bodkin for all that," broke in K. I. "A man may be as wise as the bench of Bishops, and be a bad husband."

"Let *me* talk to Mary Anne," said I. "It's only a female heart Molly, understands these cases; for men discuss them as if they were matters of reason! and with that I marched her off with me to my own room."

I needn't tell you all I said, nor what she replied to me; but this much I will say, a more sensible girl I never saw. She took in the whole of our situation at once. She perceived that there was no saying how long K. I. might be induced to remain abroad; it might be, perhaps, to-morrow, or next day, that he'd decide to go back to Ireland. What a position we'd be in, then! "I don't doubt," says she, "but if time were allowed me, I could do better than this. With the knowledge I have now of life, I feel very confident; but if we

are to be marched off before the campaign begins, Mamma, how are we to win our laurels?" Them's her words, Molly, and they express her meaning beautifully.

We agreed at last that the best thing was to accept the invitation to the Castle, and when we saw the place, and the way of living, we could then decide on the offer of marriage.

If I could only repeat to you the remarks Mary Anne made about this, you'd see what a girl she was, and what a wonderful degree of intelligence she possesses. Even on the point that K. I. himself raised a doubt—the difference of nationality and language—she summed up the whole question in a few words. Her observation was, that this very circumstance was rather an advantage than otherwise, "as offering a barrier against that over-intimacy and over-familiarity that is the bane of married life."

"The fact is, Mamma," said she, "people do not conform to each other. They make a show of doing so, and they become hypocrites—great or little ones, as their talents decide for them—but their real characters remain at bottom unchanged. Now, married to a foreigner, a woman need not even affect to assume his tastes and habits. She may always follow her own, and set them down, whatever they be, to the score of her peculiar nationality."

She is really, Molly, an astonishing girl, and in all that regards life and knowledge of mankind, I never met her equal. As to Caroline, she never could have made such a remark. The advantages of the Continent are clean thrown away on her; she knows no more of the world than the day we left Dodsborough. Indeed, I sometimes half regret that we didn't leave her behind with the Doolans; for I observe, that whenever foreign travel fails in inculcating new refinement and genteel notions, that it is sure to strengthen all old prejudices, and suggest a most absurd attachment to one's own country; and when that happens to be Ireland, Molly, I need scarcely say how injurious the tendency is! It's very dreadful, my dear, but it's equally true, whenever anything is out of fashion, in bad taste, vulgar, or common, you're sure to hear it called Irish, though, maybe, it never crossed the Channel; and out of self-defence one is obliged to adopt the custom.

On one point Mary Anne and myself were both agreed. It is next to impossible for any one but a Banker's daughter, or in the Ballet, to get a husband in the Peerage at home. The nobility, with us, are either very cunning or very foolish. As to the gentry class, they never think of them at all. The consequence is, that a girl who wishes for a title must take a foreigner. Now, Molly, German nobility

is mightily like German silver—it has only a look of the real article; but, if you can't afford the right thing, it is better than the vulgar metal!

Mary Anne has declared, over and over again, that nothing would induce her to be Mrs. Anybody. As she says, "Your whole life is passed in a struggle, if not heralded by a designation, even though it only be 'Madame.'" And sure nobody knows this better than I do. Hasn't the odious name weighed me down for years past?

"Take him, then, my dear child," said I—"take him, then, and may you have luck in your choice! It will be a consolation to me, in all my troubles and trials, to know that one of my girls at least sustains the honour of her mother's family. You'll be a Baroness at all events."

She pressed my hand affectionately, Molly, but said nothing. I saw that the poor dear child wasn't doing it all, without some sacrifice or other; but I was too prudent to ask questions. There's nothing, in my opinion, does such mischief as the system of probing and poking into wounds of the affections; it's the sure way to keep them open, and prevent their healing; so that I kept on, never-minding, and only talked of "the Baron."

"It will kill the Davises," said she, at last; "they'll die of spite when they hear it."

"That they will," said I; "and they'll deny it to all the neighbours, till it's copied into the country papers out of the *Morning Post*. What will become of all their sneering remarks about going abroad now, I wonder! Faith, my dear, you might live long enough at Bruff without seeing a Baron."

"I think Mr. Peter, too, will at last perceive the outrageous absurdity of his pretensions," said she. "The Castle of Wolfenfels is not exactly like the village Dispensary!"

In a word, my dear Molly, we considered the question in all its bearings, and agreed, that though we had rather he was a Viscount, with a fine estate at home, yet that the thing was still too good to refuse. "It's a fine position," said Mary Anne, "and I'll see if I can't improve it." We agreed, that as Caroline was so happy where she was—on a visit with this Mrs. Morris—that we'd leave her there a little longer; for, as Mary Anne remarked, "She's so natural, and so frank, and so very confiding, she'll just tell everything about us, and spoil all!" And it is true, Molly. That girl has no more notion of the difficulties it costs us to be what we are, and where we are, than if she wasn't one of the family. She's a regular Dodd, and no more need be said.

The next day, you may be sure, wasn't an idle one. We had to pack all our things, to get a new livery made for Paddy Byrne, and to hire a travelling carriage, so that we might make our appearance in a style becoming us. Betty, too, had to be drilled how she was to behave in a great house full of servants, and taught not to expose us by any of her outlandish ways. Mary Anne had her up to eat before her, and teach her various politenesses; but the Saints alone can tell how the lesson will prosper!

We started for Rastadt in great style—six posters, and a riding Courier in front, to order relays on the road. Even the sight of it, Molly, and the tramp of the horses, and the jingle of the bells on the harness, all did me good, for I'm of a susceptible nature; and what between my sensations at the moment, and the thought of all before us, I cried heartily for the first two stages.

"If it overcomes you so much," said K. I., "don't you think you'd better turn back?"

Did you ever hear brutality like that speech, Molly? I ask you, in all your experience of life, did you ever know of any man that could make himself so odious? You may be sure I didn't cry much after that! I made it so comfortable to him, that he was glad to exchange places with Betty, and get into the rumble for the remainder of the journey.

Betty herself, too, was in one of her blessed tempers, all because Mary Anne wouldn't let her stick all the old artificial flowers, that were thrown away, over her bonnet. As Mary Anne said to her, "She only wanted wax candles to be like a Christmas Tree." The consequence was, that she cried and howled all the way, till we dined; after that she slept and snored awfully. To mend matters, Paddy got very drunk, and had to be tied on the box, and drew a crowd round us, at every place we changed horses, by his yells. In other respects the journey was agreeable.

We supped at a place called Offenburg; and, indeed, I thought we'd never get away from it, for K. I. found out that the landlord could speak English, and was, besides, a great farmer; and, in spite of Mary Anne and myself, he had the man in to supper, and there they sat, smoking, and drinking, and prosing about clover, and green crops, and flax, and such things, till past midnight. However, it did one thing—it made K. I. good-humoured for the rest of the way; for the truth is, Molly, the nature of the man is unchanged, and, I believe, unchangeable. Do what we will, take him where we may, give him all the advantages of high life and genteel society, but his heart will still cling to yearling heifers and ewes; and he'd rather be at Ballinasloe than a Ball at Buckingham Palace.

We ought to have been at Freyburg in time to sleep, but we didn't get there till breakfast hour. I'm mighty particular about all the names of these places, Molly, for it will amuse you to trace our journey on the celestial globe in the school-room, and then you'll perceive how we are going "round the world" in earnest!

After breakfast we went to see the Cathedral of the town. It is really a fine sight; and the carving that's thrown away in dark, out-of-the-way places, would make two other churches. The most beautiful thing of all, however, is an image of the Virgin, sheltering under her cloak more than a dozen Cardinals and Bishops. She is looking down at the creatures—for they are all made small in comparison—with an angelical smile, as much as to say, "Keep quiet, and nobody will see you." I suppose she wants to get them into heaven "unknownst;" or, as James rather irreverently expressed it, "going to do it by a dodge." To judge by their faces, they are not quite at their ease; they seem to think that their case isn't too good, and that it will go hard with them if they're found out! And I suppose, my dear Molly, that's the way with the best of us. Sure, with all our plotting and scheming for the good of our children, after lives of every kind of device, ain't we often masses of corruption?—isn't our very best thoughts, sometimes, wicked enough? Them was exactly my own meditations, as I sat alone in a dark corner of the church, musing and reflecting, and only brought to myself as I heard K. I. fighting with one of the "Beagles"—I think they call them—about a bad groschen in change!

"I'm never in a heavenly frame of mind, K. I." said I to him, "that you don't bring me back to earthly feelings with your meanness."

"If you told me you were going to heaven, Mrs. D.," said he, "I wouldn't have brought you out of it for worlds!"

It didn't need the grin that he gave, to show me what the meaning of this speech was. The old wretch said as much as that he wished me dead and buried; so I just gave him a look, and passed out of the church with contempt. Oh, Molly, Molly, whatever may be your spire in life, never descend from it for a husband!

You'll laugh when I tell you that we left this place by the Valley of Hell. That's the name of it; and, so far as gloom and darkness goes, not a bad name either. It is a deep, narrow glen, with only room for a narrow road at the bottom of it, and over your head the rocks seem ready to tumble down and crush you to atoms. Instead, too, of getting through it as fast as we could, K. I. used to stop the carriage, and get out to examine "the position," as he called it; for it seems that a great French General once made a wonderful

retreat through this same pass years ago! K. I. and James had bought a map, and this they used to spread out on the ground; and sometimes they got into disputing about the name of this place or that, so that the Valley of Hell had its share of torments for me and Mary Anne before we got out of it.

At a little lake called the "Titi See"—be sure you look for it on the globe, and you'll know it by a small island in it with willow-trees—we found that the Baron had sent horses to meet us, and eight miles more brought us to the place of our destiny. I own to you, Molly, that I could have cried with sheer disappointment, when I found we were in the demesne without knowing it. I was always looking out for a grand entrance; maybe an archway between two towers, like Nockslobber Castle; or an elegant cut-stone building, with a lodge at each side, like Dolly Mount; but there we were, Molly, driving through deep clay roads, with great fields of maize at each side of us, and neither a gate, nor a hedge—not a bit of paling to be seen anywhere. There were trees enough, but they were ugly pines and firs, or beech, with all the lower branches lopped away for firewood. We had two miles or more of this interesting landscape, and then we came out upon a great wide space planted with mangel and beetroot, and all cut up with little drains, or canals of running water; and in the middle of this, like a great, big, black dirty gaol, stood the Castle of Wolfenfels. I give you my first impressions honestly, Molly, because, on nearer acquaintance, I have lived to see them changed.

I must say our reception drove all other thoughts away. The old Baron was confined to his room with the gout, and couldn't come down to meet us; but the discharge of cannon, the sounds of music, and the joyful shouts of the people—of whom there were some hundreds assembled—was really imposing.

The young Baron, too, looked far more awake and alive than he used to do at Bonn; and he was dressed in a kind of uniform that rather became him. He was overjoyed at our arrival, and kissed K. I. and James on both cheeks, and made them look very much ashamed before all the people.

"Never was my poor Castle so much honoured," said he, "since the King of—somewhere I forget—came to pass the night here with my ancestor, Conrad von Wolfenschäfer; and that was in the sixth century."

"Begad, it's easy to see you have had no Encumbered Estates Court," said K. I., "or you wouldn't be here to tell us that."

"My ancestor did not hold from the King," said he. "He was not what you call a vessel!"



The arrival at the station

K. I. laughed, and only said: "Faith, there's many of us mighty weak vessels, and very leaky besides."

After that he conducted us through two lines of his menials.

"I do detest to have so many 'detainers'"—he meant retainers. "I hope you are less annoyed in this respect."

"You don't dislike them more than I do," said K. I.; "the very name makes me shudder."

"How your Fader and I agree!" said he to Mary Anne. "We are one family already."

And we all laughed heartily as we went to our rooms. Every country has its own ways and habits, but I must say, Molly, that the furniture of these Castles is very mean. There were two children's beds for K. I. and myself—at least they didn't look longer than the beds in the nursery at home—with what K. I. called a swansdown poultrice for coverlid; no curtains of any kind, and the pillows as big as a small mattress. Four oak chairs, and a looking-glass the size of your face, and a chest of drawers that wouldn't open, and that K. I. had to make serviceable by lifting off the marble slab on the top—this was all our room contained. There were old swords and pikes hung up in abundance, and a tree of the family history, framed and glazed, over the chimney—but these had little to do towards making the place comfortable.

"He's a good farmer, anyhow," said K. I., looking out of the window. "I didn't see such turnips since I left England."

"I suppose he has a good Steward," said I, for I began to fear that K. I. would make some blunder, and speak to the Baron about crops, and so forth.

"Them drills are as neat as ever I seen," said he, half to himself.

"Look now, K. I.," said I to him gravely; "make your own remarks on whatever you like, but remember where we are, and that it's exactly the same as if we were on a visit to the Duke of Leinster at home. If you must ask questions about farming, always say—'How does your Steward do this?' 'What does he think of that?' Keep in mind that the Aristocracy doesn't dirty its fingers abroad as it does in England, with *agr*icultural pursuits, and that they have neither prizes for cows nor cottagers!"

"Mrs. D.," said he, turning on me like a tiger, "are you going to teach me polite breeding and genteel manners?"

"I wish to the Saints I could," said I, "if the lesson was only good for a week."

"Look now," said he; "if I detect the slightest appearance of any drilling or training of me—if I ever find out that you want to im-

pose me on the world for anything but what I am—may I never do any good if I don't disgrace you all by my behaviour!"

"Can you be worse?" said I.

"I can," said he; "a devilish deal worse."

And with that he went out of the room with a bang that nearly tore the door off its hinges, and never came back till late in the evening.

We apologised for his not appearing at dinner, by saying that he felt fatigued, and requested that he might be permitted to sleep on undisturbed; and as happily he did go to bed when he returned, the excuse succeeded.

So that you see, Molly, even in the midst of splendour and greatness, that man's temper, and the mean ways he has, keeps me in perpetual hot water. I know, besides, that when he is downright angry, he never cares for consequences, nor counts the damage of anything. He'd just go down and tell the Baron that we hadn't a sixpence we could call our own; that Dodsborough was mortgaged for three times its value; and that, maybe, to-morrow or next day we'd be sold out in the 'Cumbered Court. He'd expose me and Mary Anne without the slightest compunction, and there's not a family secret he wouldn't publish to the servants' hall!

Don't I remember well, when the 55th was quartered at Bruff, he used to boast at the Mess that he couldn't give his daughters a farthing of fortune, when any man with proper feelings, and a respect for his position, would have made it seem that the girls had a snug thing quite at their own disposal. Isn't the world ready enough, Molly, to detect one's little failings and shortcomings, without our going about to put them in the *Hue and Cry*. But that was always the way with K. I. He used to say, "It's no disgrace to us if we can't do, this;" "It's no shame if we're not rich enough for, that." But I say, it is both a shame and a disgrace if *it's found out*, Molly. That's the whole of it!

I used to think that coming abroad might have taught him something—that he'd see the way other people lived, and simulate himself to their manners and customs. Not a bit of it. He grows worse every day. He's more of a Dodd now than the hour he left home. The consequence is, that the whole responsibility of supporting the credit of the family is thrown upon me and Mary Anne. I don't mean to say that we are unequal to the task, but surely the whole burden needn't be laid upon our shoulders. That we are on the spot from which I write these lines, is all my own doing. When we first met the young Baron at Bonn, K. I. tried to prejudice us against him; he used to ridicule him to James and the girls, and went so far as to say that he was sure he was a low fellow!

What an elegant blunder we'd have made if we'd took his advice. It's all very fine saying he doesn't "look like this"—or he hasn't an "air of that;" sure nobody can be taken by his appearance abroad. The scrubbiest old snuffy creatures that go shambling about with shoes too big for them, airing their pocket-handkerchiefs in the sun, are Dukes or Marquises, and the elegantly dressed men in light blue frocks, all frogs and velvet, are just Bagmen or watering-place Doctors. It takes time, and great powers of discriminality, Molly, to divide the sheep from the goats; but I have got to that point at last, and I'm proud to say that he must be a really shrewd hand that imposes upon your humble servant.

Long as this letter is, I'd have made it longer if I had time, for though we're only a short time here, I have made many remarks to myself about the ways and manners of foreign country life. The post, however, only goes out once a week, and I don't wish to lose the occasion of giving you the first intelligence of where we are, what we are doing, and what's—with the Virgin's help—before us!

Up to this, it has been all hospitalities and the honours of the house, and I suppose, until the old Baron is up and able to see us, we'll hear no more about the marriage. At all events, you may mention the matter in confidence to Father John and Mrs. Clancey; and if you like to tell the Davises, and Tom Kelly, and Margaret, I'm sure it will be safe with them. You can state that the Baron is one of the first families in Europe, and the richest. His Great-Grandfather, or Mother, I forget which, was half-sister to the Empress of Poland, and he is related, in some way or other, to either the Grand Turk, or the Grand Duke of Moravia—but either will do to speak of.

All the cellars under the Castle are, they say, filled with gold, in the rough, as it came out of his mines, and as he lives in, what might be called, an unostensible manner, his yearly savings is immense. I suppose while the old man lives the young couple will have to conform to his notions, and only keep a moderate establishment, but when the Lord takes him, I don't know Mary Anne if she'll not make the money fly. That I may be spared to witness that blessed day, and see my darling child in the enjoyment of every happiness, and all the pleasures of wealth, is the constant prayer of your faithful friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P.S.—If Mary Anne has finished her sketch of the Castle, I'll send it with this. She'd have done it yesterday, but unfortunately she hadn't a bit of red she wanted for a fisherman's small-clothes—for it seems they always wear red in a picture—and had to send down to the town, eleven miles, for it.

Address me still here when you write, and let it be soon.

LETTER XXXVII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

“The Castle of Wolfenfels.”

MY DEAR TOM,

I'M glad old Molly has shown you Mrs. D.'s epistle, which, independent of its other claims, saves me all the trouble of explaining where we are, and how we came there. We arrived here on Wednesday last, and since that have been living a very quiet, humdrum, kind of monotonous life, which, were it in Ireland, we should call honestly, tiresome; but, as the scene is Germany and the Black Forest, I suppose should be chronicled as highly romantic and interesting. To be plain, Tom, we inhabit a big house—they call it a Castle—in the midst of a large expanse of maize and turnips, backed by a dense wood of pines. We eat and drink in a very plain sort of over-abundant and greasy fashion. We sleep in a thing like the drawer of a cabinet, with a large pincushion on our stomachs for covering. We smoke a home-grown weed, that has some of the bad properties of tobacco; and we ponder—at least I do—of how long it would take of an existence like this to make a man wish himself a member of the vegetable creation. Don't fancy that I'm growing exorbitant in my demands for pleasure and amusement, nor believe that I have forgotten the humdrum uniformity of my life at home. I remember it all, and well. I can recal the lazy hours passed in the sunshine of our few summer days—I can bring back to mind the wearisome watching of the rain, as it poured down for a spell of two months together, when we asked each other every morning, “What's to become of the wheat? How are we to get in the turf, if this lasts?” The newspapers, too, only alternated their narratives of outrage with flood, and spoke of bridges, mills, and mail-coaches being carried away in all directions. I mention these to show you that, though “Far from the Land,” not a trait of it isn't green in my memory. But still, Tom, there was, so to say, a tone and a keeping in the picture, which is wanting here. Our home dulness impressed itself as a matter of necessity, not choice. We looked out of our window at a fine red-brick mansion, two miles away—where we've drunk many a bottle of claret, and, in younger days, danced the “White Cockade” till morning—and we see it a police-station, or mayhap a union. A starved dog dashes past the door with a hen in his mouth; we recog-

nise him as the last remnant of poor Fetherstone's foxhounds, now broken up and gone. The smoke doesn't rise from the midst of the little copses of beech and alder; along the river side; no, the cabins are all roofless, and their once inhabitants are now in Australia, or toiling to enrich the Commonwealth of America.

There is a stir and a movement going forward, it is true; but unlike that which betokens the march of prosperity and gain, it only implies transition. Ay, Tom, all is changing around us. The Gentry are going, the Middle Classes are going, and the Peasant is going; some, of their free will; more, from hard necessity. I know that the general opinion is favourable to all this—in England at least. The cry is ever, "Ireland is improving—Ireland will be better." But my notion is, that by Ireland we should understand not alone the soil, the rocks, and the rivers, but the people—the heart, and soul, and life-blood that made the island the generous, warm-hearted, social spot we once knew it. Take away these, and I no longer recognise it as my country. What matters it to me if the Scotchman or the Norfolk farmer is to prosper where we only could exist? My sympathies are not with *him*. You might as well try and console me for the death of my child by showing me how comfortably some other man's boy could sleep in his bed. I want to see Ireland prosper with Irishmen; and I wish it, because I know in my heart the thing is possible and practicable.

I'm old enough—and, indeed, so are you—to remember when the English used to be satisfied to laugh at our blunders and our bulls, and ridicule our eccentricities; but the spirit of the times is changed, and now they've taken to rail at us, and abuse us, as if we were the greatest villains in Europe. They assume the very tone the Yankee adopts to the Red Man, and frankly say, "You must be extirpated!" Hence the general flight that you now witness. Men naturally say, "Why cling to a land that is no longer secure to us? Why link our destinies to a soil that may be denied to us to-morrow?" And the English will be sorry for this yet. Take my word of it, Tom, they'll rue it! Paddy, by reason of his poverty and his taste for adventure, and a touch of romance in his nature, was always ready to enlist. He didn't know what might not turn out of it. He knew that Wellington was an Irishman, and faith, he had only to read very little to learn that most of the best men came from the same country. Luck might, then, stand to him, and, at all events, it wasn't a bad change from fourpence a day, stone-breaking!

Now, John Bull took another view of it. *He* was better off at home. He hadn't a spark of adventure about him. His only notion

of worldly advancement led through money. You'll not catch him becoming a soldier. Every year will make him less and less disposed to the life. Cheapen food and luxuries, reduce tariffs and the cost of foreign produce, and the labourer will think twice before he'll give up home and its comforts, to be, as the song says,

Proud as a goat,
With a fine scarlet coat,
And a long cap and feather!

Turn over these things in your mind, Tom, and see if England has not made a great mistake in eradicating the very class she might have reckoned upon, in any warlike emergency. Take my word for it, it is a fine thing to have at your disposal a hundred thousand fellows who can esteem a shilling a day a high premium, and who are not too well off in the world to be afraid of leaving it! How did I come here at all? What has led me into this digression? I protest to you solemnly, Tom, I don't know. I can only say, that my hand trembles, and my head throbs with indignation, as I think over this insolent cant, that tells us that Ireland has no chance of prosperity save in ceasing to be Irish. It is worse than a lie—it is a mean, cowardly slander!

I must leave off this till my brain is calmer; besides, whether it is the light wines I'm drinking, or my anger has brought it on, but I've just got a terrible twinge of gout in my right foot.

Tuesday Evening.

I have passed a miserable twenty-four hours. They've all the incentives to gout in this country, and yet they don't appear to have the commonest remedies against it. I sent Belton's recipe to be made up at the apothecaries, and they had never as much as heard of one of the ingredients! They told me to regulate my diet, and be careful to avoid acids—and this while I was bellowing like a bull with pain. It was like replying to my request for a shirt, by saying that they were going to sow flax in August. It's their confounded cookery, and the vinegar we wash it down with, has given me this!

The old Housekeeper at last took compassion on my sufferings, and made me up a kind of broth of herbs that nearly finished me. She assured me that they all grew wild in the fields, and were freely eaten by the cattle. I can only say it's well that Nebuchadnezzar wasn't put out to graze here! Sea-sickness was a mild nausea compared to it. I'm better now; but so low, and so depressed, and with such loss of energy, that in a discussion with Mrs. D. about Mary Anne's "trousseau," as they call it, I gave in to everything.

Since this attack seized me, events have made great progress; indeed, a suspiciously-minded person wouldn't scruple to say that a mild poison had been administered to me to forward the course of negotiations; and in my heart and soul I believe that another bowl of the same broth would make me consent to my daughter's union with the Bey of Tunis! The poor old Dean of Lurra used to say of the Baths of Kreutznach, "I've lost enough flesh in three weeks to make a Curate!"—and, indeed, when I look at myself in the glass, I turn involuntarily around to see where's the rest of me!

Meanwhile, as I said, all has been arranged and settled, and the marriage is fixed for an early day in the coming week. I suppose it's all for the best. I take it that the match is a very great one; but I own to you frankly, Tom, I'd have fewer misgivings if the dear child was going to be the wife of some respectable man of her own country, though he had neither a Castle to live in, nor a title to bestow.

Foreigners are essentially and totally different from us in everything; and marrying one of them is, to my thinking, the very next thing to being united to some strange outlandish beast, as one reads of in Fairy Tales. I suppose that my prejudice is a very mean and narrow-minded one; but I can't get rid of it. It looks churlish and cold-hearted in me, that I cannot show the same joy on the occasion that the others display; but with all my efforts, and the very best will, I can't do it, Tom. The bridegroom, too, is not to my taste: he is one of those moping, dreamy, moonstruck fellows, that pass their lives in an imaginary sphere of thought and action; and to *my* thinking these people are distasteful to the world at large, and insufferable to their wives.

I think I see that Mary Anne already anticipates he will prove a stubborn subject. Her Mother, however, gives her courage and support. She gently insinuates, too, that worse cases have been treated successfully. Lord help us, it's a strange world!

As to the material features of the affair—I mean as regards means and fortune—he appears to have more than enough, yet not so much as to prevent his giving a very palpable hint to me about what I intended to give my daughter. He made the overture with a most laudable candour, though, I own, with no excess of delicacy. James, however, had in a manner prepared me for it, and mentioned that I was indebted for this gratification, as I am for a variety of others, to Mrs. D. It seems that, by way of giving a very imposing notion of our possessions, she had cut the county map out of O'Kelly's old

Gazetteer, and passed it off for the survey of our estate. Of course I couldn't disavow the statement, and have been reduced to the pleasant alternative of settling on my daughter about five Baronries and twenty town-lands of Tipperary, with no inconsiderable share of villages and hamlets. Some old leases, an insurance policy, and a writ against myself! have served me for title-deeds; and though the young Baron pores over them for hours with a dictionary, thanks to the figurative language of the law, they have defied detection!

The Father is still too ill to receive me, but each day I am promised an interview with him. Of what benefit to either of us it is to prove, may be guessed from the fact that we cannot speak to each other. You will perceive from all this, Tom, that I am by no means enamoured of our approaching greatness; and it is but fair to state that James is even less so! He calls the Baron a "Snob;" and probably, in all the fashionable vocabulary of an enlightened age, a more depreciatory epithet could not be discovered. What a sham and a humbug is all the parade we make of our parental affection, and what a gross cheat, too, do we practise upon ourselves by it! We train up a girl from infancy with every care and devotedness—we surround her with all the luxuries our means can compass, and every affection of our hearts—and we give her away, for "better and for worse," to the first fellow that offers with what seems a reasonable chance of being able to support her!

Many of us wouldn't take a Butler with the scanty knowledge we accept a son-in-law. His moral qualities, his disposition, the habits he has been reared in—what do we know of them? Less than nothing! And yet, while we ask about these, and twenty more, of the man to whom we are about to confide the key of our cellar, we entrust the happiness of our child to an unknown individual, the only ascertained fact about whom—if even that be so—is, his income!

As I should like to tell you every step I take in this affair, I'll not send off my letter till I can give you the latest information. Meanwhile, let me impress upon you that it is now three months since I received a shilling from Ireland. James has just informed me that there is not fifty pounds left of the M'Carthy legacy, of which his Mother only gave him permission to draw for three hundred. The debate upon this, when it comes, will be strong. What I intend is, that immediately after Mary Anne's marriage we should return to Ireland; but of course I reserve the declaration for a fitting opportunity, since I well know how it will be received. Cary would never

marry a foreigner, nor would anything induce me to consent to her doing so. James is only frittering away his best years here in idleness and dissipation; and if I can get nothing for him from the Government, he must emigrate to Australia or New Zealand. As for Mrs. D., the sooner she gets home to Dodsborough, the better for her health, her means, and her morals!

I am afraid to say a word about Ireland and Irish affairs, for as sure as I do I stick fast there; still I must say that I think you're wrong for abusing those Members that have accepted office from Government. Put it to yourself, my dear Tom: if anybody offered you fifty pounds for the old grey mare you drive into market of a Saturday, would you set about explaining that she was blind of an eye, and a roarer, with a splint before, and a spavin behind? Wouldn't you rather expatiate upon her blood and breeding, her endurance of fatigue, and her fine trotting action? I don't know you if you wouldn't! Well, it's just the same with these fellows. Briefless Lawyers and distressed Gentlemen as they are, why should they say to the Ministry, "You're giving too much for us; we can neither speak for you, nor write for you; we have neither influence at home, nor power abroad; we are a noisy, riotous, disorderly set of devils, always quarrelling amongst ourselves, and never agreeing, except when there's a bit of robbery or roguery to be done; don't think of buying *us*; it is a clear waste of public money; we'd only disgrace, and not benefit you?" If anybody is to be blamed, it is the Ministers that bought them, Tom.

As to all your disputed questions of Education, Tenant-right, and Taxation, take my word for it you have no chance of settling them amicably; and for this reason: a great number of excellent men, on both sides, have pledged themselves so strongly to particular opinions, that they cannot decently recant, and yet they begin to see many points in a different view, and would, were the matter to come fresh before them, treat it in another fashion. If you really wish to see Ireland better, try and get people to let her alone for some fifteen or twenty years. She is nearly ruined by doctoring. Just wait a bit, and see if the natural goodness of constitution won't do more for her than all your nostrums.

James has just interrupted me, to say that he has shot the "partridge," for it seems there was only one in the country. That's the fruits of revolution. Before the year '48, this part of Germany abounded in game of every sort—partridges, hares, and quails, in immense abundance, besides plenty of deer on the hills, and that excellent bird the "Auer-Hahn," which is like the black cock we have at

home. When the troubles came, the peasants shot everything; and now the whole breed of game is extinct. They tell me it is the same throughout Bohemia and Hungary—the two best sporting countries in all Europe. Foreigners were never oppressed with game-laws as we are; there was a far wider liberty enjoyed by them in this respect, and, in consequence, the privileges were less abused; so that really this wholesale destruction is much to be regretted. But is it not exactly what always follows in every case of popular domination? The masses love excess, and are never satisfied with anything short of it. I don't pretend to say that the Germans had not good and valid reasons for being dissatisfied with their Governments. I believe, in my heart, it would be difficult to imagine a more stupid piece of ingenious blundering than a German Administration; and this is the less excusable when one thinks of the people over whom they rule.

The excesses of that same year of '48 will be the stock-in-trade for these grinding Governments for many a day to come. It is like a "barring out" to a cruel schoolmaster: the excuse for any violence he may wish to indulge in. At the same time I say this, I tell you frankly that none of the foreigners I have yet seen are fit for the system of a representative Government. From whatever causes I know not, but they are less patient, less given to calm investigation than the English. Their perceptions are as quick—perhaps quicker—but they will not weigh the consequences of conflicting interests, and above all, they will not put any restrictions upon their own liberty for the benefit of the community at large. Their origin, climate, traditions, and so forth, of course influence them greatly; but I have a notion, Tom, that our domesticity has a very considerable share in the formation of that temperate and obedient spirit so observable amongst us. I think I see the sly dimple that's deepening in the corner of your mouth as you murmur to yourself, "Kenny James is thinking of his Mrs. D." "He's pondering over the natural results of home discipline." But that is not what I mean, at least it is not the whole of it. My theory is, that a Family is the best training-school for the virtues that prosper in a well-ordered State, and that the little incidents of home life have a wonderful bearing upon, and similarity to, the great events that stir mankind!

I was going to become very abstruse and incomprehensible, I've no doubt, on this theme, but Mrs. D. just dropped in with a small catalogue of some three hundred and twenty-one articles Mary Anne requires for her wedding.

I ventured to hint that her Mother entered the connubial state with a more modest preparation; and hereupon arose one of those

lively discussions now so frequent between us, in which, amidst other desultory and miscellaneous remarks, she drew a graphic contrast between marrying a man of rank and title, and "making a low connexion that has for ever served to alienate the affection of one's family."

Will you tell me what peculiarity there is in the atmosphere, or the food, or the electric influences abroad, that have made a woman, that was at least occasionally reasonable at home, a most unmanageable fury on the Continent? I don't want to deny that we had our little differences at Dodsborough, but they were "tiffs"—mere skirmishes—but here they are downright pitched battles, Tom. She will have it so, too. She won't exchange a few shots and retire, but she comes up in line, with her heavy artillery, and seems resolved to have a day of it! If this blessed tour brought me no other pleasures than these, I'd have reason to thank it! You, of course, are quite ready to assert that the fault is as much mine as hers—that I provoke contradiction—that I even invite conflict! There, you are perfectly in the wrong! I do, I acknowledge, entrench myself in a strong position, and only fire an occasional shot at any tempting exposure of the enemy; but she comes on by storm and escalade, and sparing neither age nor sex, never stops till she's in the very heart of the citadel. That I come out maimed, crippled, and disabled from such encounters, is not to be wondered at.

Amongst the other signs of progress of our enlightened age, a very remarkable one is the habit, now become a law, for everybody with any pretensions to the rank of a Gentleman to live in the same style, or, at least, with as close an imitation as he can of it, as persons of large fortune. Men like myself were formerly satisfied with giving their friends a little Sherry and Port at dinner, continued afterwards, till some considerate friend begged, "as a favour," for a glass of Punch. Now we start with Madeira after the soup, if you haven't had oysters and Chablis before, Hock with your first Entrée, and Champagne afterwards, graduating into Chambertin with "the roast," and Pacquette with the dessert, Claret, at double the price it costs in Ireland, closing the entertainment. Why, a Duke cannot do more than Kenny Dodd at this rate! To be sure the cookery will be more refined, and the wines in higher condition. Moët will be iced to its due point, and Château Margaux will be served in a carefully aired decanter; but the cost, the outlay, will be fully as much in one case as the other. Have we—that is to say, humble men like myself—gained by this in an intellectual or social point of view? Not a bit of it! We have lost all that easy cordiality that was native to us in our former

condition, and we have not become as coldly polite and elegantly tiresome as the grand folk.

The same system observes in other matters. *My* daughter must be dressed on her wedding-day like Lady Olivia or Lady Jemima, who has a father a Marquis, and fifty thousand pounds settled on her for pin-money.

The whole Globe has to become tributary to the marriage of Mary Anne! Cashmere sends a shawl; Lyons, silk; and Genoa, velvet; furs from Hudson's Bay, and feathers from Mexico; Valenciennes and Brussels contribute lace; Paris reserving for her peculiar share the architectural skill that is to combine these costly materials, and construct out of them that artistic being they call a "Bride." Taking a wife with nothing, "but the clothes on her back," used to be the expression of a most disinterested marriage. Now, it might mean anything between Swan and Edgar's and Howell and James's, or, to state it differently, between moderate embarrassment and irretrievable ruin!

If you ask me how I am to pay for all this, or when? I tell you honestly and fairly, I don't know. As well as I can make out the last accounts you sent me, we're getting deeper into debt every day; but as figures always distract and puzzle me, I'd rather you'd put the case into something like a statement in words, just saying when we may expect a remittance, and how much it will be. I find that I shall lose the mail if I don't close this at once; but I'll send you a few lines by to-morrow's post, as I have something important to say, but can't remember it now.

Yours, ever sincerely,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER XXXVIII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

MY DEAR TOM,

THE post hadn't left this five minutes yesterday, when I remembered what I wanted to say to you. Wednesday, the 26th, is fixed for the happy occasion; and if nothing should intervene, you may insert the following paragraph in the *Tipperary Press*, under the accustomed heading of "Marriage in High Life:"—"The Baron Adolf Heinrich Conrad Hapsburg von Wolfenschäfer, Lord of the Manors of Hohendeken, Kalbsbratenhausen, and Schweinkraut, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Kenny James Dodd, Esq., of Dodsborough, in this county." Faith, Tom, I was near saying "universally regretted by a large circle of afflicted survivors," for I was just wishing myself dead and buried! But you must put in the usual formula of "beautiful and accomplished," and take care it is not applied to the Bridegroom, for, upon my conscience, his claim to the first epithet couldn't be settled by even a Parliamentary title! My heart is heavy about it all, and I wish it was over!

If anything exemplifies the vanity of human wishes, it is our efforts to marry our daughters, and our regrets when the plans succeed. Tom goes to India, and Billy to sea, and there is scarcely a gap in the family circle. "The boys" were seldom at home—they were shooting in Scotland, or hunting in England, or fishing in Norway. They never, so to say, made part of the effective garrison of the house; they came and went with that racketty good-humour that even in quiet families is pleasurable; but your girls are household gods: lose *them*, even one of them, and the altar is despoiled. The thousand little unobtrusive duties, noiseless cares, that make home better a hundred-fold than anywhere else, be it ever so rich and splendid—the unasked solicitude, the watchful attention that provides for your little daily wants and habits, is all *their* province. And just fancy, then, what scheming and intriguing we practise to get rid of them! You'll say that this shows we are above the selfishness of only considering our own enjoyment, and that we sacrifice all for their happiness. There you mistake; our sole aim is a rich man—our one notion of a good marriage is, that the husband be wealthy. It's not a man like myself, who has sometimes paid fifty, ay, sixty per cent. for money, that can afford to sneer at and despise it; but this I will say, that the mere possession of it will not suffice for happiness. I know fellows with fifteen thousand a year that have not the heart to

spend five hundred. I know others, that with as much, are always over head and ears in debt, raising cash everywhere, and any how! What kind of life must a girl lead that marries either of these; and yet would you or I think of refusing such a match for a daughter? Let me tell you, Tom, that for people of small fortune, the Nunneries were fine things! What signifies serge and simple diet to the wearisome drudgery of a Governess. If I was a woman, I think I'd rather sit in my quiet cell, working an embroidered suit of body clothes for Father O'Leary, than I'd be snubbed by the family of some vulgar citizen, tortured by the brats, and insulted by the servants.

I don't suppose that it signifies a straw one way or other, but I feel some compunctions of conscience at the way I have been assigning imaginary estates, mines, woods, and collieries, to Mary Anne, for the last three days. I know it's mere greed makes the Baron so eager on the subject, since he is enormously wealthy. James and I rode twelve miles, this morning, through a forest that belongs to the Castle, and the arable land stretches more than that distance in another direction; but who knows how he'll behave when he discovers she has nothing! To be sure, we can always ascribe our ruin to political causes, and, in verification, exhibit ourselves as poor as need be; but still I don't like it. And this is one of the blessed results of a false position—one step in a wrong direction very frequently necessitates a long journey. Yesterday, I protested to my affluence; to-day, I vouched for the nobility of my family. Heaven only can tell what I won't swear to to-morrow! And again I am interrupted by Mrs. D., who has just come to inform me that though the Bride's finery can all be had at Paris—whither the happy couple are to repair for the honeymoon—there are certain indispensables must be obtained at once from Baden; and she begs that I will privately write a few lines to Morris, who will, of course, undertake the commission. It is not without shame that I enclose a list of purchases to make, which, to a man who knew what we were in Ireland, will appear preposterous; but the false position we have attained to is surrounded with interminable mortifications of the same kind.

Ah, Tom! I remember the time when, if a Bride changed her smart white silk and muslin that she wore at the altar for a good brown or blue satin pelisse to travel in, we thought her a miracle of fashion and finery; but now the millinery of a wedding is the principal thing. There is a stereotyped formula, out of which there is no hope of conjugal happiness; and the Bride that begins life without Brussels lace, enters upon her career with gloomy omens! Now, a scarf of this alone costs thirty guineas; you may, if you like, go as high as a hundred and fifty. Why can't people wait for the ruin that is so sure to overtake them, without forestalling it in this way?

Twenty pounds for clothes, and a trip to Castle Connel or Kilkee for the honeymoon, would have satisfied every wish of Mary Anne's heart in Ireland; and if she drove away in a post-chaise with four horses for the first stage, she'd have been the envy of all the marriageable girls for miles round.

But now I have had to ask Morris to buy a travelling carriage, because Mrs. D., in one of those expansions of splendour that occasionally attack her, said to the Baron, "Oh, take one of our carriages, we have left several of them at Baden." The excellent woman cannot be brought to perceive that romance of this kind is a most expensive amusement. I have drawn a bill on you for four hundred at three months, to meet these, and sent it to Morris to "get done." I hope he'll succeed, and I hope you'll pay it when it comes due; so that come what will, Tom, my intentions are honourable!

If Mrs. D. and myself had been upon better terms, we might have discussed this marriage question more fully and confidentially, but there are now so many cabinet difficulties, that we rarely hold a council, and when we do, we are sure to disagree. This is another blessed result of our continentalising. Home had its duties, and with them came that spirit of concord and agreement so essential to family happiness; but in this vagabond kind of existence, where everything is feigned, unreal, and unnatural, all concert and confidence is completely lost!

Now I have told you frankly and fairly everything about us, and don't take advantage of my candour by giving advice, for there is nothing in this world I have so little taste for. There's no man above the condition of an idiot that isn't thoroughly aware of his failings and shortcomings, but all that knowledge doesn't bring him an inch nearer the cure of them. Do you think I'm not fully alive to everything you could say of my wasteful habits, my improvidence, indolence, irritability, and so forth? I know them all better than you do—ay, and I feel them acutely, too, for I know them to be incurable! Reformation, indeed! Do you know when a man gives up dancing, Tom? When he's too stiff in the knees for it. There's the whole philosophy of life. When we grow wiser, as they are pleased to call it, it is always in spite of ourselves!

I find that by enclosing this to Morris, he can forward it to you by the bag of the Legation. Once more let me remind you of our want of cash, and believe me, very faithfully your friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

P.S.—Address me Freyburg, to be "forwarded to the Schloss, Wolfenfels."

LETTER XXXIX.

BETTY COBB TO MRS. SHUSAN O'SHEA, PRIEST'S HOUSE, BRUFF.

DEAR MRS. SHUSAN,

I WAS meaning to write to you for the last week, but couldn't by reason of the conflagration I was in, for sure any poor girl might feel it, seeing that I was far away among furriners, and had nobody to advise, barrin' the evil counsels of my wicked heart. We cam here two weeks gone, on a visit to the father of the young man that's going to marry "Mary Anne." It's a great big ould place, like the Jail at Limerick, only darker, with little windows, and a flite of stairs out of every corner in it. And the furnishing isn't a bit newer. It's a bit of rag here and a rag there, an ould cabbinet, a hard sofia, and maybe four wooden chairs that would take a ladder to get into! Eatin' and drinkin' likewise the same. Biled beef—biled first for the broth, and sarved afterwards with cow-comers, sliced and steeped in oil—the heavens preserve us! Then a dish of roast vale, with raspberry jam and musheroons, for they tries the human stomich with every ingradient they can think of!

But the great favorite of all is a salad made out of potatoes, biled hard, sliced and pickled the same way as the cow-comers! A bowl of that, Mrs. Shusan, after a long dinner, makes you feel as full as a tick, and if the House was a-fire I couldn't run! To be sure, when the meal is over everybody sits down to coffee, and doesn't distress themselves about anything for a matter of two hours. And, indeed, I must make the remark that "manials" isn't as badly treated anywhere in the whole 'Versal Globe as in Ireland, and if it wasn't that I hear the people is runnin' away o' themselves, I'd write a letter to the Papers about it! 'Tis exactly like Pigs you are, no better; potatoes and butter-milk all the year round! deny it if you can. Could you offer a Pig less wages than four pound a year!

I must say, too, Shusan, that eatin' one's fill molly-fies ther nature, and subdues ther hasty dispositions in a wonderful way; I know it myself; and that after a strong supper now I can bear more from the Mistress than I used at home, only giving a sigh now and then out of the fullness of my heart. But it's not them things I wanted to tell you, but of the state of my infections! Don't be angry with me, Mrs. Shusan. I don't forget the iligant lessons you gave me long ago, about thrusting the men; I know well how thrue every word you said

is. They're base, and wicked, and deceitful! Flatterin' us when we're young and beautiful, and givin' and jeerin' when we're ould as yourself! But what's the use of fiting agin the will of Providence? Sure, if he intended us to have better husbands it's not them craytures he'd have left us to! My sentiments is these, Shusy: 'Tis a way of chastezin' us is marriage! The troubles and tumults we have with a man are our crosses, and it's only cowardly to avoid them. Meet your feat, say I, whatever it be, whether it be a Man or the Measles! don't be afraid!

I'm shure and sartain it's nothing but fear makes young girls go and be Nuns; they're afraid, and no wonder, of the wickedness of the world! but somehow, Shusan, like everything else in this life, one gets used to it! I know it well, there's many a thing I see now, without minding, that long ago I dared not look at! "Live and learn" they say, and there's nothing so thrue! and talking of that, you'd be shocked to see how Mary Anne goes on wid the young Baron. She, that would scarce let poor Doctor Belton spake to her alone. We meet them walkin' in the lonesomest places together; and Taddy and I never goes into the far part of the wood without seeing them! And that's not all of it, my dear, but she must get the Mistress to give me a lecture about going off myself with a man.

"Doesn't your daughter do it, Ma'am," says I. "Is all the wickedness of this world," says I, "to be kept for one's betters?"

"Do you call marriage wickedness?" says she.

"Sometimes it is, Ma'am," says I, with a look she understood well.

"You're a Hussy," says she; "and I'll give you warnin' next Saturday."

"I'll take it now," says I, "Ma'am, for I'm going to better myself."

If ye saw her face, Shusy, as I said this! She knows in her heart that she couldn't get on at all without me. Not a word of a furrin lingo can she say; and I'm obleeged to traduce her meanin' to all the other sarvants! And, indeed, that's the way I become such an iligant linguist; and it's no differ to me now between talkin' French and Jarman—I make them just the same!

I wasn't in my room when Mary Anne was after me.

"Ain't you a fool, Betty?" says she, puttin' a hand on my shoulder.

"Maybe I am, Miss," says I; "but there's others fools as well as me!"

"But I mean," says she, "isn't it silly to fall out with Mamma—that was always so good, and so kind, and so fond of you?"

I saw at once, Shusy, how the wind was, and so I just went on, folding up my collars and settlin' my things without a word.

"I'm sure," says she, "you couldn't leave her in a far-away country like this!"

"The dearest friends must part, Miss," says I.

"Not to speak of your own desolate and deserted condition," says she.

"There's them that won't lave me dissolute and disconsoled, Miss," says I. And with that, Shusy, I told her that Taddy Hetzler had made me honourable proposials.

"But you'd not think of Taddy," says she. "He's only a Herd," says she.

"We must take what we can get, Miss," says I, "and be thankful, in this life."

And she blushed red up to the eyes, Shusy; for she knew well what I meant by *that!*

"But a nice girl, and a purty girl like you, Betty," says she, "*sleuderin'*" me, "isn't it throwing yourself away; sure, ye have only to wait a little to make an iligant match here on the Continent. Don't be precipitous," says she, "but see the effect you'll make with that beautiful pink gownd;" and here, Shusan, she gave me all as one as a bran new silk of the Mistress's, with five flounces, and lace trimmins down the front! It's what they call glassy silk, and shines like it!

"I'm sorry, Miss," says I, "that as I took the Mistress's warnin', I'm obleeged to refuse you."

"Nonsense, Betty," says she; "I'll arrange all that."

"But my feelins, Miss, my feelins."

"Well, I'll even engage to smooth these," says she, laughing.

And so, Shusy, I had to laugh too; for my nature is always to be easy and compliyant; and when anybody means well to me, they can do what they plaze with me. It's a weak part in my character, but I can't help it. "I'm not able to be selfish, Miss Mary Anne," says I.

"No, Betty, *that* you are not," says she, patting my cheek.

But for all that, Shusy, I'm not going to give up Taddy till I know why—tho' I didn't say so to her. So I just put up the pink gownd in my drawer, and went up and told the Mistress I'd stay; but begged she wouldn't try my nerves that way another time, for my constitution wouldn't bear repated shocks! I saw she was burstin' to say something, but darn't, Shusy, and she tore a lace cuff to tatters while I was talkin'. Well, well, there's no denyin' it any how: manials has many troubles, but they can give a great deal of annoyance and misery, if they set about it right! You'd like to hear about Taddy, and I'll be candid and own that he isn't what would be called handsome in Ireland, though here he is reckoned a fine-looking man!

He is six foot four and a half, without shoes, a little bent in the shoulders, has long red hair, and sore eyes; that cums from the snow, for he's out in all weathers—after the pigs. You're surprised at that, and well you may; for instead of keeping the craytures in a house as we do, and giving them all the filth we can find to eat, they turns them out wild into the woods, to eat beech-nuts, and acorns, and chestnuts; and the beasts grow so wicked, that it's not safe for a stranger to go near them; and even the man that guides them they call a "swine-fearer."* Taddy is one of these; and when he's dressed in a goat-skin coat and cap, leather gaiters buttoned on his legs, and reachin' to the hips, and a long pole, with an iron hook and a hatchet at the end of it, and a naked knife, two feet long, at his side, you'd think the pigs would be more likely to be afraid of *him*! Indeed, the first time I saw him come into the kitchen, with a great hairy dog they call a fang-hound at his heels, I schreeched out with frite, for I thought them—God forgive me!—the ugliest pare I ever set eyes on. To be sure, the green shade he wore over his eyes, and the beard that grew down to his breast, didn't improve him; but I've trimmed him up since that; and it's only a slight squint, and two teeth that sticks out at the side of his mouth, that I can't remedy at all!

Paddy Byrne spends his time mockin' him, and makin' pictures of him on the servants' hall with a bit of charcoal. It well becomes a dirty little spalpeen like him to make fun of a man four times his size. His notion of manly beauty is four foot eight, short legs, long breeches and gaiters, with a waistcoat over the hips, and a Jim Crow! A Monkey is graceful compared to it!

Taddy is not much given to talkin', but he has told me that he has been on the estate, "with the pigs," he calls it, since he was eight years old; and, as he said another time, that "he was nine-and-twenty years a herd;" you can put the two together, and it makes him out thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. He never had any father or mother, which is a great advantage, and, as he remarks, "it's the same to him if there came another flood and drowned all the world to-morrow!"

Our plans is, to live here till we can go and take a bit of land for ourselves, and as Taddy has saved something, and has very good idais about his own advantage, I trust, with the Blessin' of the Virgin, that we'll do very well. This that I tell you now, Shusan, is all in confidence, because to the neighbours, and to Sam Healey, you can say

* Perhaps the accomplished Betty has been led into this pardonable mistake from the sound of the German epithet "Schwein-führer."—*Editor of "Dodd Correspondence."*

that I am going to be married to a rich farmer that has more pigs—and that's throe—than ye'd see in Ballinasloe Fair.

What distresses me most of all is, I can't make out what religion he's of, if he has any at all! I try him very hard about penance and 'tarnal punishments, but all he says is, "When we're married I'll know all about that."

As the Mistress writ all about Mary Anne's marriage to Mrs. Gallagher, at the House, I don't say anything about it; but he's an ugly crayture, Shusan, dear, and there's a hang-dog, treach'rous look about him, I wonder any young girl could like. The servants, too, knows more of him than they lets on, but, by rayson of their furrin language, there's no coming at it.

Between ourselves, she doesn't take to the marriage at all! for I seen her twice cryin' in her room over some ould letters, but she bundled them up whin she seen me, and tried to laugh.

"I wonder, Betty," says she, "will I ever see Dodsborough again!"

"Who knows, Miss," says I; "but it would be a pity if you didn't, and so many there that's fond of you!"

"I don't believe it," says she, sharp. "I don't believe there's one cares a bit about me!"

"Baithershin!" says I, mocking.

"Who does?" says she; "can ye tell me even one?"

"Sure there's Miss Davis," says I, "and the Kellys, and there's Miss Kitty Doolan, and ould Molly, not to spake of Dr. Bel——"

"There, do not speak of him," says she, getting red; "the very names of the people make me shudder. I hope I'll never see one of them."

Now, Shusan, dear, I told you all that it's in my mind, and hope you'll write to me the same. If you could send me the grey cloak with the blue linin', and the Bayver bonnet I wore last winter two years, they'd be useful to me here, and you could tell the neighbours that it was new clothes you were sending me for my weddin'. Be sure ye tell me how Sam Healey bears it. Tell him from me, with my regards, that I hope he won't take to drink, and desthroy his constitution.

You can write to me still as before, to your attached and true friend,

BETTY COBB.

LETTER XL.

KENNY I. DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF.

Constance, Switzerland.

MY DEAR TOM,

BEFORE passion gets the better of me, and I forget all about it, let me acknowledge the welcome arrival of your Post Bill for one hundred; but for which, Heaven knows in what additional embarrassment I might now be in. You will see, by the address, that I am in Switzerland. How we came here I'll try and explain, if Providence grants me patience for the effort; this being the third time I have addressed myself to the task unsuccessfully.

I need not refer to the situation in which my last letter to you left us. You may remember that I told you of the various preparations that were then in progress for a certain auspicious event, whose accomplishment was fixed for the ensuing week. Amongst others, I wrote to Morris for some articles of dress and finery to be procured at Baden, and for, if possible, a comfortable travelling carriage, with a sufficiency of boxes and imperials.

Of course in doing so it was necessary, or at least it was fitting, that I should make mention of the cause for these extraordinary preparations, and I did so by a very brief allusion to the coming event, and to the rank of my future son-in-law, the youthful Baron and heir of Wolfenfels. I am not aware of having said much more than this, for my letter was so crammed with commissions, and catalogues of purchases, that there was little space disposable for more intelligence. I wrote on a Monday, and on the following Wednesday evening I was taking a stroll with James through the park, chatting over the approaching event in our family, when a mounted postboy galloped up with a letter, which being marked "Most pressing and immediate," the postmaster had very properly forwarded to me with all expedition. It was in Morris's hand, and very brief. I give it to you verbatim.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"For heaven's sake do not advance another step in this affair. You have been grossly imposed upon. As soon as I can procure horses I will join you, and expose the most scandalous trick that has ever come to the knowledge of yours truly,

"E. MORRIS.

"Post-house, Tite See. 2 o'clock, P.M., Wednesday."

You may imagine—I cannot attempt to describe—the feelings with which James and I read and re-read these lines. I suppose we had passed the letter back and forwards to each other fully a dozen times, ere either of us could summon composure to speak.

“Do you understand it, James?” said I.

“No,” said he. “Do *you*?”

“Not unless the scoundrel is married already,” said I.

“That was exactly what occurred to *me*,” replied he. “‘Most scandalous trick,’ are the words; and they can only mean that.”

“Morris is such a safe fellow—so invariably sure of whatever he says.”

“Precisely the way I take it,” cried James. “He is far too cautious to make a grave charge without ample evidence to sustain it! We may rely upon it that he knows what he is about.”

“But Bigamy is a crime in Germany. They send a fellow to the Galleys for it,” said I. “Is it likely that he’d put himself in such peril?”

“Who knows!” said James, “if he thought he was going to get an English girl of high family, and with a pot of money!”

Shall I own to you, Tom, that remark of James’s nearly stunned me—carelessly and casually as it fell from *him*, it almost overwhelmed *me*, and I asked myself why should he think she was of high family? Why should he suppose she had a large fortune? Who was it that propagated these delusions? and if there really was a “scandalous trick,” as Morris said, could I affirm that all the roguery was on one side? Could I come into Court with clean hands, and say, “Mrs. Dodd has not been cheating, neither has Kenny James!” Where are these broad acres of arable and pasture—these verdant forests and swelling lawns, that I have been bestowing with such boundless munificence? How shall we prove these fourteen quarterings that we have been quoting incessantly for the past three weeks? No matter for *that*, thought I, at length. If the fellow has got another wife I’ll break every bone in his skin! I must have pondered this sentiment aloud, for James echoed it even more forcibly, adding, by way of sequel, “And kick him from this to Rotterdam!”

I mention this in detail to show that we both jumped at once to the same conclusion, and having done so, never disputed the correctness of our guess. We now proceeded to discuss our line of action, James advising that he should be “brought to book” at once—I overruling the counsel by showing that we could do nothing whatever till Morris arrived.

“But to-morrow is fixed for the wedding?” exclaimed James.

"I know it," said I, "and Morris will be here to-night. At all events, the marriage shall not take place till he comes."

"I'd charge him with it on the spot," cried James. "I'd tell him, in plain terms, the information had come to me from an authority of unimpeachable veracity, and to refute it if he could."

"Refute what?" said I. "Don't you see, boy, that we really are not in possession of any single fact—we have not even an allegation."

I assure you, Tom, that I had to make him read the note over again, word by word, before he was convinced of the case.

As we walked back to the Castle we talked over the affair, and turned it in every possible shape, both of us agreeing that we could not, with any safety, entrust our intelligence to the womankind.

"We'll watch him," said James; "we'll keep an eye on him, and wait for Morris."

I own to you my feelings distressed me to that degree I could scarcely enter the house, and as to appearing at supper it was clean out of the question. How could I bring myself to accept the shelter of a man's roof against whom I harboured the very worst suspicions! Could I be Judas enough to sit down at table with one against whom I was hatching exposure and shame! It was bad enough to think that my wife and daughter were there. As for James, he took his place at the board with such an expression in his features that I verily believe *Banquo* looked a pleasanter guest at *Macbeth's* banquet. I betook myself to the terrace, and walked there till midnight, watching with eye and ear towards the road that led from Freyburg.

"Night or Blucher!" said the Duke on the memorable field at Waterloo; but there was the blessing of an alternative in *his* case. *Mine* had none. It was Morris or nothing with *me*. And now I began anathematising to myself those crusty, secret, cautious natures, that are always satisfied when they cry "Stop," without taking the trouble to say "Wherefore!" What may be a precipice to one man, thought I, is only a step to another! How does *he* know that *his* notions of roguery would tally with *mine*. There's many a thing they call a cheat in England, we might think a practical joke in Ireland. The national prejudices are constantly in opposition—look, for instance, at the opposite view they take of the "Income-tax!" Morris, besides, is a strait-laced fellow, that would be shocked at a trifle. Maybe it's some tomfoolery about his ancestors, some flaw in the 'scutcheon of Conrad, or Leopold, that lived in the year nine. Egad! I wonder what the Dodds were doing in that century? Or perhaps it is his Politics he's hinting at, for I believe

the Baron is a bit of a Radical! For that matter so am I—at least, occasionally, and when the Whigs are in power; for, as I observed to you once, Tom, “Always be a shade more liberal than the Government.” It was years and years before I came to see the good policy of that simple rule, but, believe me, it’s well worth remembering. Be a Whig to the Tories; be a Radical to the Whigs; and when Cobden and that batch come in, as they are sure to do sooner or later, there will be yet some lower depth to descend to and cry “Take me out!”

I was remarking that Morris is quite capable of being shocked at the Baron’s politics, and fancying that I am giving my daughter to one of those Organisation of Labour and Rights of Man humbugs, that are always getting up rows and running away from them. Now, Tom, I hold these fellows mighty cheap. A Patriot without pluck is like a steam-engine wanting a boiler. Why, it’s the very essence and vitality of the whole; but still I am not sure that, as the world goes, I’d be right in refusing him my daughter because he put his faith in Kossuth, and thought the Austrian Empire an unclean thing!

I tell you all these ruminations and reasonings of mine, that you may perceive how I turned the matter over with myself in a candid spirit, and was led away neither by prejudice nor passion. From ten o’clock till eleven—from eleven to midnight—I walked the terrace up and down, like the *Ghost* in “Hamlet”—I hope I’m right in my quotation—but neither sight nor sound indicated Morris’s arrival! “What, if he should not come!” thought I. “How can I frame a pretext for putting off the wedding?” There was no opening for delay that I could think off. I had signed no end of deeds and parchments—I had written my name to “acts” of every possible shape and description. The solemnity of the Church and my paternal blessing were alone wanting to complete the fifth act of the Drama. I racked my brain to invent a plausible, or even an intelligible, cause for postponement. Had I been a condemned felon, I could not have tortured my imagination more intensely to find a pretext for a reprieve. But one issue of escape presented itself. I could be dangerously ill—a sudden attack—at my age a man can always have gout in the stomach! My daughter, of course, could not be married if I was at Death’s door; and as, happily, there was no Doctor in the neighbourhood, the feint attack ran no risk of being converted into a serious action! Since the memorable experiment of my mock illness at Ems, I own I had no fancy for the performance, nor could I divest my mind of the belief that all these things are, in a measure, a tempting of Providence. But what else could I do? There was not, so far as I could see, another road open to me.

I was just, therefore, turning back into the house, to take to my bed in a dangerous condition, when I heard the clattering of whips, in that crack-crack fashion your German Postilion always announces an arrival. I at once hastened down to the door, and arrived at the same moment that four posterns, hot and smoking, drew up a travelling barouche to the spot. Morris sprung out at once, and seizing my hand, with what, for him, expressed great warmth, said :

“Not too late, I hope and trust?”

“No,” said I; “thanks to your note, I was fully warned.”

By this time a stranger had also descended from the carriage, and stood beside us.

“First of all, let me introduce my friend, Count Adelberg, who, I rejoice to say, speaks English as well as ourselves.”

We bowed, and shook hands.

“By the greatest good luck in the world,” continued Morris, “the Count happened to be with me when your letter arrived, and, seeing the post-mark, observed, ‘I see you have got a correspondent in my part of the world—who can he be?’ Anxious to obtain information from him, I immediately mentioned the circumstance to which your note referred, when he stopped me suddenly, exclaiming, ‘Is this possible!—can you really assure me that this is so?’”

But, my dear Purcell, I cannot go over a scene which nearly overcame me at the time, and now, in recollection, is scarcely endurable. The torture and humiliation of that moment I hope never to go through again. In three words, let me tell my tale. Count Adelberg was the owner and Lord of Wolfsberg, the Wolfenshäfers being his stewards. This pretended Baron was a young swindling rascal, who had gone to Bonn less for education than to seek his fortune. The popular notion in Germany, that every English girl is an heiress of immense wealth, had suggested to him the idea of passing himself off for a noble of ancient family and possessions, and thus securing the hand of some rich girl ambitious of a foreign rank and title. He had considerable difficulties to encounter in the prosecution of his scheme, but he surmounted or evaded them all. He absented himself from Baden, for instance, where recognition would have been inevitable, under the pretext of his political opinions; and he, with equal tact, avoided the exposure of his Father’s vulgarity, by keeping the worthy individual confined to bed. Of the servants and retainers of the Castle, the shrewd ones were his accomplices, the less intelligent his dupes. In a word, Tom, an artful plot was well laid and carried out, to impose upon people whose own shortsightedness and vulgar pretensions made them ready victims for even a less ingenious artifice.

I was very nigh crazy as I heard this explanation. They had to hold me twice or thrice by main force to prevent my rushing into the house, and wreaking a personal vengeance on the scoundrel. Morris reasoned and argued with me for above an hour. The Count, too, showed that our whole aim should be to prevent the affair getting rumoured abroad, and to suppress all notoriety of the transaction. He alluded with consummate delicacy to our want of knowledge of Germany and its people as an explanation of our blunder, and condoled with me on the outrage to our feelings with all the tact of a well-bred gentleman. Any slight pricks of conscience I had felt before, from our own share in the deception, were totally merged in my sense of insulted honour, and I utterly forgot everything about the imaginary townlands and villages I had so generously laid apart for Mary Anne's dowry.

The next question was, what to do? The Count, with great politeness and hospitality, entreated that we should remain, at least for some days, at the Castle. He insisted that no other course could so effectually suppress any gossip the affair might give rise to. He supported this view, besides, by many arguments, equally ingenious as polite. But Morris agreed perfectly with me, that the best thing was to get away at once; that, in fact, it would be utterly impossible for us to pass another day under that roof.

The next step was to break the matter to Mrs. D. I suppose, Tom, that, even to as old a friend as yourself, I ought not to make the confession; but I can't help it—it will out, in spite of me; and I frankly admit it would have amply compensated to me for all the insult, outrage, and humiliation I experienced, if I were permitted just to lay a plain statement of the case before Mrs. D., and compliment her upon the talents she exercises for the advancement of her children, and the proud successes they have achieved. In my heart and soul I believe that, in the disposition I then felt myself, and with as good a cause to handle, I could very nearly have driven her stark mad with rage, shame, and disappointment. Morris, however, declared positively against this. He took upon himself the whole duty of the explanation, and even made me give a solemn pledge not in any way to interfere in the matter. He went further, and compelled me to forego my plans of vengeance against the young rascal who had so grossly outraged us.

I have not patience to repeat the arguments he employed. They, however, just came to this: that the paramount question was, to hush up the whole affair, and escape at once from the scene in which it occurred. I don't think I'll ever forgive myself for my compliance on this head! I have an accommodating conscience with respect to

many debts; but to know and feel that I owe a fellow a horse-whipping, and to experience in my heart the conviction that I don't intend to pay it, lowers me in my own esteem to a degree I have no power to express. I explained this to Morris. I showed him that in yielding to his views I was storing up a secret source of misery for many a solitary reflection. I even proposed to be satisfied with ten minutes' thrashing of him in secret; none to be the wiser but our two selves! He would not hear of it. And now, Tom, I own to you that if the story gets abroad in the world, this is the part of it that will most acutely afflict me. I really can't tell you why I permitted him to over-persuade me, and make me do an act at once contrary to my country, my nature, and my instincts. The only explanation I can give is this: it is the air of the Continent. Bring an English bulldog abroad, feed him with raw beef as you would at home, treat him exactly the same—but he loses his courage, and wouldn't face a terrier. I'm convinced it's the same with a man; and you'll see fellows put up with slights and offences here that in their own land they'd travel a hundred miles to resent. One comfort I have, however, and it is this—I have never been well since I yielded this point. My appetite is gone; I can't sleep without starting up, and I have a fluttering about my heart that distresses me greatly; and although these are all more or less disagreeable, they show me that, under fair circumstances, K. I. could be himself again; and that though the Continent has breached, it has not utterly destroyed his naturally good constitution.

To be brief, our plan of procedure was this: I was to remain with the Count in his apartment, while Morris went on his mission to Mrs. D. The explanation being made, we were to take the Count's carriage to Constance, where we could remain for a week or so, until we had decided which way to turn our steps; and gave also time to Caroline, who was still with Morris's mother, to join us.

I told M. that I didn't like to go far, that my remittances might possibly miss me, and so on; and the poor fellow at once said, that if a couple of hundred pounds could be of the slightest convenience to me, they were heartily at my service. Of course, Tom, I said no, that I was not in the least in want of money. It was the first time in my life I refused a loan; but I couldn't take it. I could have found it easier to rob a Church at that moment! He flushed deeply when I declined the offer, and stammered out something about his deep regret if he could have offended me; and, indeed, I had some trouble to prove that I wasn't a bit annoyed or provoked.

Although all the conversation I have alluded to took place outside the Castle, we were not well inside the door when we perceived that

Count Adelberg's arrival had already been made known to the household. Troops of servants hastened to receive him, amongst whom, however, neither the Steward nor his son were to be found.

"Send Wolfenschäfer to the Library," said he to a footman, as he went along, and then conducted me to a small and favourite chamber of which he always kept the key himself. He made me promise not to quit this till he returned, and then left me to my own, not over-gratifying, reflections in perfect solitude as they were; Morris having departed on his embassy.

I was speculating on the various emotions each of us was likely to experience at the discovery of this catastrophe, when Morris entered the room, with an amount of agitation in his manner I had never witnessed before.

"Well," said I, "you've told her—how does she bear it?"

"I confess," said he, stammeringly, "Mrs. Dodd does not appear to place too much reliance upon my mere word—I mean, not that kind of confidence which could be called implicit."

"Why, you showed her that we have been infamously deceived, grossly insulted?"

"I endeavoured to do so," said he, still hesitating. "I tried in the most delicate manner to explain by what vile artifices you had been tricked; and that, on my detection of the scheme, I had hastened over from Baden, fortunately in sufficient time to prevent the accomplishment of this nefarious plot. She scarcely would hear me out, however; for, without paying any regard to the proofs I was giving of my statement, she flew into a passion about my habit of obtruding myself into family affairs, and the impertinent interference which I had practised more than once in matters which did not concern me. In a word, she utterly disbelieved every word I said, attributed my interested feelings to very unworthy motives, and made a few personal remarks of a nature the reverse of complimentary."

"Was my daughter present?" asked I.

"Miss Dodd had gone to her room a short time previously, but Mrs. Dodd sent for her as I was leaving the chamber."

I could not any longer master my impatience, but, without waiting for more, rushed up-stairs and into my wife's room. A glance assured me that the work of persuasion was already accomplished; for she was lying half fainting in a large chair, while Mary Anne and Betty were bathing her temples and using the usual restoratives for suspended animation.

I had abundant time to observe Mary Anne during these proceedings, and, to my excessive wonderment do I own it, the girl was as

calm, as self-possessed, and as collected as ever I saw her. I defy the very shrewdest to say that they could detect one trait of anxiety or discomposure about her; so that, though I saw Mrs. D. had yielded to the convictions of truth, I really could not say whether or not Mary Anne had yet heard of the story. I thought, however, I'd explore the way by an artificial path, and said:

"If she's well enough to be carried down stairs, Mary Anne, we ought to do it. The great matter is to quit this place at once."

"Of course, Papa," said she, without the slightest touch of emotion.

"After what has occurred," said I, "every moment I remain is a fresh insult."

"Quite so," said she, composedly.

Ah, Tom, these women are out and out beyond us! Neither Physiologists nor Novel-writers know a bit about them. The stock themes with these fellows are their tender susceptibility, gentleness, and so forth. Take my word for it, it is in strength of character, in downright power of endurance, that they excel us. They possess a quality of submission that rises to actual heroism, and they can summon an amount of energy to resist an insult to their pride, of which we men have no conception whatever.

Instead of any attempt to condole with Mary Anne, or to comfort her, the best I could do was, to try to imitate the dignified calm of her composure.

"Don't you think," said I to her, "that we could be off by day-break?"

"Easily," said she. "Augustine is packing up, and when Mamma is a little better I'll assist her."

"*She* knows it all?" said I, with a gesture towards my wife.

"Everything!"

"And believes it at last?"

A nod was the reply.

Egad, Tom, this coolness completely took me aback. I could do nothing but stare at the girl with amazement, and ask myself, "Does she really know what has happened?" In utter indifference to my scrutiny, she continued her attentions to her mother, whispering orders from time to time to Betty Cobb.

"Hadn't you better give some directions about your trunks, Papa?" said she to me.

And thus recalled to myself, I hastened to follow the advice. Paddy, as is customary with him at any great emergency, was drunk, and, with the usual consequence, engaged in active conflict with the rest of the servants' hall. As for James, I sought for him everywhere in vain, but at last learned that he was seen to saddle and

bridle a horse for himself about half an hour before: which done, he mounted and rode off at speed towards the forest, which direction, it appeared, the young Baron! had taken some time before. I should have felt uncommonly uneasy for the result had they not assured me that there was not the very slightest chance of his overtaking the fugitive.

Morris told me, too, that the old Steward had been turned out of doors already, so that we had at least the satisfaction of a very heavy vengeance. The Count never ceased to show us every attention in his power; and, so far as politeness and good manners could atone to us, everything was done that could be imagined. With Morris's aid I got my things together, and before daybreak the carriage stood fully loaded at the door. There was, it is true, "an awful sacrifice" exacted by this hurried packing; and the frail finery of the trousseau found but scanty tenderness, as it was bundled up into valises and even carpet-bags! However, I was determined to march, even at the loss of all my baggage if necessary!

While these active operations went forward, Mrs. D. "improved the occasion" by some sharp attacks of hysterics, which providentially ended in a loss of voice at last; and thus a happy calm was permitted us, in which to take a slight breakfast before starting.

If I call it slight, Tom, it is not with reference to the preparations, which were really on the most sumptuous scale, and all laid out in the large dinner-room with great taste. The Count had told Morris that if his presence might not be thought intrusive, he would feel it a great honour to be permitted to pay his respects to the ladies; and when I mentioned this to Mary Anne, to my no small astonishment she replied, "Oh, with pleasure. I really think we owe it to him for all his attentions." Ay! Tom, and what is more, down came my wife, who had passed the night in screaming and sobbing, looking all smiles and blandnesses, leaning on Mary Anne, who, by the way, had dressed herself in the most becoming fashion, and seemed quite bent on a conquest. Oh, these women, these women!—read them if you can, Tom Purcell! for, upon my conscience, they are far above the humble intelligence of your friend K. I.

I don't think you'd believe me if I was to give you an account of that same breakfast. If ever there was an incident calculated to overwhelm with shame and confusion, it was precisely that which had just occurred to us. It was not possible to conceive a situation more painful than we were placed in; and with all that, I vow and declare that, except Morris and myself, none seemed to feel it. Mrs. D. eat and drank, and bowed, and smiled, and gesticulated, and ogled the Count to her heart's content; and Mary Anne chatted

and laughed with him in all the ease of intimate acquaintanceship; and as he evidently was struck by her beauty, she appeared to accept the homage of his admiration as a very satisfactory compliment. As for me, I tried to behave with the same good breeding as the others, but it was no use!—every mouthful I eat almost choked me; every time I attempted to be jocose, I broke down, with a lamentable failure. Rage, shame, and indignation, were all at work within me; and even the ease and indifference displayed by the womenkind, increased my sense of humiliation. It might very probably have been far less well-mannered and genteel; but I tell you frankly, I'd have been better pleased with them both, if they had cried heartily, and made no secret of their suffering. I half suspect Morris was of the same mind, too; for he could not keep his eyes off them, and evidently in profound astonishment. But for him, indeed, I don't know how I should have got through that morning, for Mrs. D. and her daughter were far too intent upon fresh conquests to waste a thought on recent defeats, and it was evident that Count Adelberg was received by them both with all the credit due to the "real article." This threw me completely on Morris for all counsel and guidance; and I must say, he behaved admirably, making all the arrangements for our departure with a ready promptitude that showed old habits of discipline.

In the Count's calèche there was no room for servants; but our own was to follow with them and the baggage, and also bring up James. All of which details M. was to look after, as well as the care of forwarding to me any letters that might arrive after I was gone.

It was nigh eight o'clock before we started, though breakfast was over a little after six; and, indeed, when all was ready, horses harnessed and postilions in the saddle, the Count insisted on the "ladies" ascending the great watch-tower of the Castle to see the sun rise. He assured them people came from all parts of the world for that view, which was considered one of the finest in Europe; and in proof of his assertion pointed to a long string of inscriptions on marble tablets in the wall. Here, it was the Kur Furst of this; and there, the Langravine of that. Dukes, Archdukes, and Field-Marschals figured in the catalogue, and amidst the illustrious of foreign lands a distinguished place was occupied by Mi Lor' Stubbs, who made the ascent on a day in a year recorded. That Mrs. Dodd and Mary Anne are destined to a like immortality I have no doubt whatever!

At last we got into the carriage, but not until the Count had saluted me on both cheeks, and embraced me tenderly in stage fashion; he kissed Mrs. D.'s hand, and Mary Anne's also, with such a touch-

ing devotion, that, for the first time during that memorable morning, they both wiped their eyes. The sight of Morris, however, seemed to recal them to the sober realities of life; they shook hands with him, and away we went at that tearing gallop, which, though very little more than six miles an hour, has all the apparent speed and the real peril of a special train.

“Where’s my fur cloak? Is my muff put in? I don’t see the grey shawl. Mary Anne, what has become of the rug? I’m certain half our things are left behind. How could it be otherwise, seeing the absurd haste in which we came away!” These are a few specimens of Mrs. D.’s lucubrations, given “per saltim” as we bumped through the deep ruts of the road, and will explain, as well as a chapter on the subject, the train in which her thoughts were proceeding.

Ay, Tom! for all the disgrace and ignominy of that miserable night and morning, she had no other sentiment of sorrow than for the absurd haste in which we came away! I had firmly determined not to recur to this unpleasant affair, and to let it sleep amongst the archives of similar disagreeable reminiscences, but this provocation was really too strong for me! Were they women?—were they human beings, and could reason this way?—were the questions that struggled for an answer within me! I tried to repress the temptation, but I could not, and so I resolved, if I could do no more, at least to discipline my emotions, and hold them within certain limits. I waited till we were out of the grounds—I delayed till we were some miles on the high road—and then, with a voice subdued to a mere whisper, and in a manner that vouched for the most complete subjection, said:

“Mrs. Dodd, may I be permitted to inquire—and I premise that the object of my question is neither any personal nor a mere vulgar curiosity, but simply to investigate what might be termed a physiological fact, namely, whether females really feel less than the males of the human species?”

My dear Tom, the calm tone of my exordium availed me nothing! To no end was it that I propounded the purely scientific basis of my investigation. She flew at me, at once, like a tigress. The abstract question that I had submitted for discussion she flung indignantly to the winds, and boldly asked me if I thought “to escape that way.” “Escape”—that way! I was thunderstruck, stupified, dumb-founded! Did the woman want to infer—could she by any diabolical ingenuity or perverseness imply that I was possibly to blame for our late calamity? You’ll not credit it; nobody could, but it is the truth, notwithstanding. *That* was exactly the charge she now preferred against me! If *I* had taken proper steps to investigate the “Baron’s” real pretensions—if *I* had made due and fitting inquiries about him—if *I* had

been commonly intelligent, and displayed the most ordinary knowledge of the world—in fact, if, instead of being a bull-headed, blundering old Irish Country Gentleman, I had been a cross between a Foreign Prefect and a London Detective, the chances were that we had been spared the mortification of exhibiting ourselves as endeavouring to dupe people who were already successfully engaged in duping us! This wasn't all, Tom, but she boldly propounded the startling declaration, that she and Mary Anne both had suspected the Baron to be an imposition and a cheat! and although his low manners and vulgar tone imposed upon *me*, they had always regarded him as shockingly underbred! It was *I*, however, who had rushed into the whole misadventure—it was *I* concocted the entire scheme—*I* planned the visit—*I* made up the match. My stupid cupidity, my blundering anxiety for a grand alliance, were the causes of all the evil! The mock munificence of my settlements was hurled at me as proof positive of the eagerness of my duplicity, and I was overwhelmed with a mass of accusations which I verily believe would have obtained a verdict against me at the hands of any honest and impartial jury of my countrymen.

I have more than once had to acknowledge, that when perfectly assured in my own conscience of my innocence, Mrs. D. has contrived to shake my doubts about myself, and at last succeeded in making me believe that I might have been culpable without knowing it. I suppose in these cases I may have been morally innocent and legally guilty, but I'll not puzzle my head by any subtlety of explanation; enough if I own that a less enviable predicament no man need covet!

I sat under this new allegation sad, silent, and abashed; and although Mary Anne said but little, yet her occasional "You must admit, Papa," "You will surely acknowledge," or "You cannot possibly forget," chimed in, and swelled the full chorus of accusation against me. If I said nothing, I thought the more. My reflections took this shape: Here is another blessed fruit of our coming abroad. Such an incident never could have befallen us at home. Why then should we continue to live on exposed to similar casualties? why reside in a land where we cannot distinguish the man of rank from his scullion, and where all the forms that constitute good breeding, and, maybe, good grammar, are quite beyond our appreciation? Every dilettante scribbler for the magazines who sketches his rambles in Spain or Switzerland, grows jocose over some eccentricity or absurdity of his countrymen. Their blunders in language, dress, or demeanour are duly chronicled and relied upon as subjects for a droll chapter; but let me tell you, Tom, that the difficulties of foreign residence are very considerable indeed, and, except to the man who

issues from England with a certain well proved and admitted station, social or political, the society into which he may be thrown is a down-right lottery. The first error he commits, and it is almost inevitable, is to mistake the common forms of hat-lifting and bowing for acquaintanceship. "Bull" thinks that the gentleman desires to know him, and obligingly condescends to accept his overtures. The foreigner, somewhat amused to see the veriest commonplace of politeness received as evidence of acquaintance, profits by the admission, chats, and comes to tea. Now, Tom, whether it be cheap soup, cheap clothing, cheap travelling, or cheap friendship, I have a strong prejudice against them all. My notion is, that the real article is not to be had without some cost and trouble.

These were some of my ruminations as we rattled along; and although the road was interesting, and the day a fine bracing autumnal one, my mind was not attuned to pleasure or enjoyment. We stopped to bait at Donaueschingen, for we were obliged, by some accident or other, to take the same horses on, and found a most comfortable little Inn at the sign of the "Sharpshooter." After dinner we took a stroll in the garden of the Palace of the Mediatised Prince of Fürstenberg, for of course there is a Palace and a Mediatised Prince wherever there is a town of three thousand inhabitants throughout Germany. By the way, Napoleon treated these people pretty much like our own Encumbered Estates Court at home. He sold them out without any ceremony, and got rid of the feudal privileges and the seigniorial rights with a bang of the Auctioneer's hammer. Of course, as with us, there was often a great deal of individual hardship, but these little Principalities were large evils, and half the disturbances of Europe grew out of their corrupt administration.

There is, I often fancy, a natural instinctive kind of corruption incidental to the dominion of a small State. They are too small and too insignificant to attract any attention from the world without, and within their own narrow limits there is no such thing as a public opinion. The ruler, consequently, is free to follow the caprices of his folly, his cruelty, or his wastefulness. He has neither to dread a Parliament nor a newspaper. If he send his small contingent—a "Commander-in-Chief and a Drummer of great experience"—to the great army of the Confederation he belongs to, he may tax his subjects, or hang them, to his heart's content! Now, I cannot imagine a worse state of things than this, nor any more likely to foster that spirit of discontent which every hour is adding to the feeling of the Continent.

While I am following this theme, I am forgetting what was upper-

most a few minutes back in my mind. In the garden of the same Palace, which belongs to a certain Count Fürstenberg, there is a singularly beautiful little spring; it bubbles up amidst flowers and grass, and overruns the green sward in many a limpid streamlet. There is something in the unadorned simplicity of this tiny well, rippling through the yellow daffodils and "starry river buds," wonderfully pleasing; but what an interest fills the mind as we hear that this is the source of the Danube! "The mighty river that sweeps along through the rocky gorges of Upper Austria, washes the foundations of the Imperial Vienna, and flows on, ever swelling, and widening, and deepening, to the Black Sea—that giant stream, so romantic in its associations with the touching tale of our own Richard—so picturesque in its windings, so teeming with interest to the Poet, the Painter, the Merchant, and the Politician; there it is, a little crystal rivulet, whose destiny might well seem limited to the flowery borders and blossoming beds around it." This isn't mine, Tom, though it's exactly what I would have said if the words occurred to me, but I copy it out of the Visitors' Book, where strangers write their names, and, so to say, leave their cards upon the infant Danube.

Truisms are only tiresome to the hearer; they are a delightful recreation to the man that tells them, so that I am sorely tempted to mention some of those that suggested themselves to my mind as I stood beside that little spring—all the analogies that at once arose to my fancy, between human life and the course of a mighty river, between the turnings, and twinings, and aberrations of childhood, the headlong current of youth, the mature force of manhood, and the trackless issue, at last, into the great ocean of eternity! One lesson we may assuredly gather from the contemplation: not to predicate from small beginnings against the likelihood of a glorious future!

I left the place regretfully; the tranquil quietude of my two hours' ramble through the garden restored me to a serene and peaceful frame of mind. The little village itself, the tidy, unpretending Inn, clean, comfortable, and a model of cheapness, were all to my fancy, and I could very well have liked to linger on, there, for a week or so. After all, what a commentary is it upon all pursuits of pleasure and amusement, to think that we really find our greatest happiness in those little, out-of-the-way, isolated spots, remote from all the attractions and blandishments of the gay world! I don't mean to say that Mrs. D. quite concurred with me, for she grew very impatient at my delay, and wondered excessively "what peculiar attraction the garden of the Palace might have possessed, to make me forget myself." But it's not so easy a thing to do as she thinks! Forgetting oneself, Tom, implies so many other oblivions. It means forgetting one's tenants

that they have over-rented—one's banker over-drawn—one's horses over-worked—one's house out of repair—one's estate out at elbows—forgetting the duns that torment, the creditors that torture you—the latitats, the writs, the mortgages, the bonds—all the inflictions, in fact, consequent to parchment, signed, sealed, and delivered over to your persecuting angel! Oh dear, oh dear! what a thirsty swig would I take of Lethe if I could! and how happy would I be to start fresh in life without any one of the "liabilities," as they call them, that attach to Kenny Dodd!

I remember, when I was a schoolboy, no day of the week had such terrors for me as Saturday, because we were obliged to answer a repetition of the whole week's work. That carrying up of the past was a load that always destroyed me! My notion was to let bygones be bygones, and it was downright cruelty to take me over the old ground of my former calamities. The same prejudice has tracked me through life. I can face a new misfortune as well as my neighbours; what kills me is going back over the old ones. Let me tell you, too, that there is a great deal of balderdash talked in the world about Experience! That with experience you'll do this, that, and t'other, better. Don't believe a word of it. You might as well tell me that having the typhus will teach a man patience the next time he catches a fever! Take my word for it, be as fresh as you can against the ills of life—know as little of them as you can—think as little of them! Keep your constitution—whether it be moral or physical—as intact as you are able, and rely on it you'll not fare the worse when it comes to the trial!

It was a fine evening, with a thin rim of a new moon in the sky, when we got ready to leave Donaueschingen. The bill for dinner came to about five shillings for three of us, wine included, and no charge for rooms, so that when I gave as much more to the servants, the enthusiasm of the household knew no bounds. The housemaid, indeed, in an access of enthusiasm, would kiss my hand, and got rebuked by my wife as a "forward hussy, that ought to be well looked after." From this incident, however, our attention was soon diverted by the arrival of our second carriage, but without James! A note from Morris explained that he did not like to detain the servants, lest it should prove inconvenient to us, and that he would take care James should join us at Constance—probably early on the next day. This note was handed to me by the postboy, a circumstance speedily accounted for, as I got out and saw that the whole company, consisting of Betty, Augustine, the Courier, Paddy Byrne, and a fifth, unknown, were all very drunk and unable to speak, closely wedged in the britschka! Of course it was no time to ask





for any explanations, and we came on to this place, which we reached by midnight.

As I have given you a somewhat full narrative of what befel us, I may as well, ere I conclude, add some words of explanation of the state of our amiable followers. Betty Cobb, it appears, was seized with connubial symptoms while we were at the Castle, and yielding to the soft impeachment, and not being deterred by any discovery of false rank or pretensions, actually bestowed her hand on a distinguished Swineherd that pertained to the place. The wedding took place after we left, the convivial festivities being continued all along the road till they overtook us. Had the unlucky girl married a New Zealand chief, or a Kaffir, her choice could not have fallen upon a more thoroughly savage specimen of the human race. The fellow is a Black Forest Caliban of the worst description. The question is now to know what to do with him, for Mrs. D. will not consent to part with Betty, nor will Betty separate from her liege lord; so that amongst my other blessings I may number that of carrying about the world a scoundrel that would disgrace a string of galley-slaves! Just imagine, Tom, in the rumble of a travelling carriage a fellow six foot and a half high, dressed in a cow-hide, with an ox-goad in his hand, and a long naked knife in his girdle, speaking no intelligible tongue, nor capable of any function save the herding of wild animals. The most uncultivated specimen of brute nature I ever heard, saw, or even read of! Fancy, I say, the pleasure of "lugging" this creature over the Continent of Europe, feeding, housing, and clothing him, his sole claim being that he is the husband of that precious bargain, Betty Cobb!

Why, he'd bring shame on a Beast Caravan! The best of it is, too, he holds to his "caste" like a Hindoo, and refuses all other occupation save the charge of swine. He would not aid to unload the carriage—would not lift a trunk, nor carry a carpet-bag; and when admonished by Paddy for his laziness, showed two inches of a broad knife up his sleeve with a grin meant to imply that he knew how to resist any assault on his dignity! That the scoundrel has no respect for law is clear enough; so that my hope is, he will commit some terrible infraction, and that we may be able to send him to the galleys for the rest of his days. How I'm to keep him and Paddy apart is more than yet appears to me. I suppose, in the end, one of them will kill the other. From what I see here, the expense of keeping this beast—at a Hotel at least—will be equal to the cost of three ordinary servants; for he has no regular meal times, but has food cooked for him "promiscuously," and eats—if I'm to credit the landlord—either a kid or a lamb per diem. A bear wouldn't be half the

expense, and a far more companionable beast besides. It is but fair to say that Betty seems to adore him; she crams the monster all day with stolen victuals, and appears to have no other care in life than in watching after him.

What induces Mrs. D. to feel this sudden attachment to Betty herself I can't imagine. Up to this she railed at her unceasingly, and deplored the day and the hour she took her from home. But now, when this alliance really makes her insupportable, she won't hear of parting with her, and submits to a degree of tyranny from this woman that is utterly inexplicable. It's another of those feminine anomalies, Tom, that neither you nor I, nor, maybe, anybody else, will ever be able to reconcile.

You will probably wonder how, at a moment like this, smarting, as I am, under the combined effects of insult and disappointment, I can turn my attention to a matter of this trifling nature; but I confess to you that the admission of this uncivilised element into the circle of my family inspires me with feelings of disgust, not unmixed with terror; for what he may do in any access of fury the Infernal Gods alone can say. So long as we are here, in this remote and little-visited town, the notice he attracts is confined to the troop of street loungers who follow him; but I have yet to learn how we are ever to make our appearance in a regular city in his company.

Now to another matter, Tom, and the most essential of all. What are we to do for money? for, whether we go on or go back, we must have it. I haven't the heart to go over the accounts; nor would it put sixpence more in my pockets if I was like Babbage's calculating machine! Screw up the tenants, and make them pay the arrears. Healey owes us at least two hundred pounds. Try if he can't pay half. See, besides, if you cannot find a tenant for the place, even for a year. This Exhibition in Dublin will fill the country with strangers; and a good advertisement of Dodsborough, with an account of the "shooting and fishing, capital society, and two packs of hounds in the neighbourhood," might take the notice of some aspiring Cockney. From what I see in the papers, Ireland is going to be the fashion this summer. I suppose that she is starved down to the pitch to be "thin and genteel," and that's the reason of it.

Tell me what you think of this great display of "Industrial products," as they call it. Are we as wonderful as the Irish papers say, or are we really as backward as the *Times* pronounces us? My own notion is, that the whole thing proceeds on a misconception of the country and its capabilities. These Exhibitions are essentially dependent on manufacturing skill for their excellence. Now, we are not a manufacturing people. We are agriculturists, and so

are the Yankees; and, consequently, the utmost we can do is to show off the clever inventions and cunning products of our neighbours. Writing, as I do, confidentially to yourself, I will own, too, that I am not one of those sanguine admirers of these raree-shows, nor do I see in them the seeds of all that progress that others prophesy. Looking at a wonderful mechanical invention will no more teach me to imitate it, than going to Batty's Circus will enable me to jump through a hoop, or ride on my head! Amusement, pleasure, interest, there is in one as much as the other; but as for any educational advantage, Tom, I don't believe in it. To the scientific man these things are all familiar—to the peasant they are all miraculous; and though the Electric Telegraph be really a wonderful thing, after one sees the miracles of the Church it ceases to surprise you! At all events, give me some account of the place and the people in your next, and write soon.

I have kept this a day back, hoping to announce James's arrival here, but up to this there is no tidings of him.

Yours, ever faithfully,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

P.S. I find now that this town is not in Switzerland, but in Baden, for the Police have been here to know "who we are?" and "why we have come?"—two questions that would take longer to answer than they suspect. How absurd these little bits of national prejudice sound, when the symbol of nationality is only a blue post or a white one, and no geographical limit announces a new country. Droll enough, too, they are most importunate in their inquiries after James; as if the appearance of his name in the passport requires that he should be forthcoming when asked for. Ah, Tom! if the fellows that knocked old Europe about in '48 had resolutely set their faces against these stumbling-blocks to civilisation—Passports, Police spies, Town dues, and Gate imposts—they'd have won the sympathies of millions, who do not care a rush about Universal Suffrage and the Liberty of the Press—and, what is more, the concessions could never have been revoked nor recalled!

To myself, individually, the system presents few annoyances; for I sit serene behind my ignorance of all Continental languages, and say to myself, "Touch me if you dare." Maybe they half suspect the substance of my meditations, for they show the greatest deference towards my condition of passive resistance. The Brigadier has just bowed himself out of the room, with what sounded like a hearty curse, but what Mary Anne assures me was a sincere protestation of his sentiment of "high consideration and esteem." And now to dinner.

LETTER XLI.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Constance on the Lake.

DEAREST KITTY,

WITH what rapture do I once more throw myself into the arms of your affection! How devotedly do I seek the sanctuary of my dearest Kitty's heart! It is all over, my sweet friend, all over! I see you start—your cheek is bloodless, and your lips tremble—but reassure yourself, Kitty, and hear me. If there be anything against which I am weak and powerless—if there be aught in life to oppose which I have neither strength or energy—it is the reproach of one I love! Already do I stand accused before you, even now have you arraigned me, and my condemnation is trembling on your lips. Avow it—own it, dear girl. Your heart, at least, has said the words of my sentence: "All over! so then Mary Anne has jilted him—changed her mind in the last hour—trifled with his affections, and made a sport of his feelings." Yes, such is the charge against me; and, trembling as I stand before you, I syllable the word "Guilty." "Guilty, but with extenuating circumstances." Be calm then, be patient; and, above all, be merciful, while I plead before you.

I deny nothing, I evade nothing. I cannot even pretend that my altered feelings originated in any long process of reason or reflection. I will not affect to say that I struggled against conflicting doubts, and only yielded when powerless to resist them. No, dearest, I am above every such shallow artifice; and I own that it was on the very morning your letter arrived—at the moment when my hot tears were falling over the characters traced by your hand—as, enraptured, I kissed the lines that breathed your love—then there suddenly broke upon me a light illumining the dark horizon around me. Space became peopled with forms and images, voices and warnings floated around and above me, and as I read your words—"If, then, your whole heart be his"—I trembled, Kitty, my eyes grew dim, my bosom heaved in agony, and, in my heart-wrung misery, I cried aloud, "Oh save me from this perfidy—save me from myself!"

Save that the letter which my fingers grasped convulsively was the offspring of friendship and not of love betrayed, the scene was precisely like that which closes the second act of the "Lucia di Lam-





... and ...

mermoor." Mamma, the Baron, James, even to the Priest, all were there; and, like *Lucia*, dressed in my bridal robe, the orange flowers in my hair, and such a love of a Brussels veil fastened mantilla-wise to the back of the head. I stood pale, trembling, and conscience-stricken! the awful words of your question ringing in my ears, like the voice of an angel come to call me to judgment. "If your whole heart be his!" But it is not," cried I, aloud. "It is not—it never can be!" I know not in what wild rhapsody my emotions found utterance. I have no memory of that gushing cataract in which overwrought feelings found their channel. I spoke in that rapt enthusiasm in which, as we are told, the ancient Priestesses delivered their dream-revealings, for I, too, was as one inspired, as agony alone can inspire. Of myself I know nothing, but I have since heard that the scene was harrowing to a degree that no words can convey. The Baron, mounted on his fastest courser, fled into the woods; James, spirited on by some imagined sense of injury, thirsting for a vengeance on he knew not what or whom, pursued him; Mamma was seized with frantic screaming; and even Papa himself, whose lethargic humour stands him like an armour of proof—even he swore and imprecated in a manner that called forth a most impressive rebuke from the Chaplain.

The scene changes—we are away! The Castle and its deep woods grow dim behind us; the wild mountains of the Schwartz Wald rise before and around us. The dark pines wave their stately tops, the wood-pigeon cries his plaintive note; rocky glen and rugged precipice, foaming waterfalls and wooded slopes pass swiftly by, and on we hasten—on and on; but, with all our speed, dark, brooding care can still outstrip us, and sorrow follows faster than the wind.

We arrived at Constance by midnight, when I soon betook me to bed, and cried myself to sleep. Sweet—sweet tears were they, flowing like the crystal drops from the margin of an over-charged fountain; for such was the heart of your afflicted Mary Anne.

It is not by any casuistry about the injustice I should have done, had I bestowed a moiety where I had promised a whole heart. It is not by any pretence that I felt this to be an unworthy artifice, that I now appeal to your merciful consideration. It is simply as one suddenly awakened to the terrible conviction that she cannot be loved as she is capable of loving; or, in other words, that she despairs of even inspiring that passion which alone could requite her for the agony of love. Oh, Kitty, it is an agony, and such a one as no torture of human wickedness ever equalled. May you never feel it in that intensity of suffering which is alike its ecstasy and its woe

Do not reproach me, Kitty: my heart has already done so, bitterly—terribly! Again and again have I asked myself, “Who, and what are you, that dares to reject rank, wealth, station, glorious lineage, and a noble name? If these and the most devoted love cannot move you, what are the ambitions that rise before you?” Over and over do I interrogate myself thus, and yet the only reply is, a heart-heaved sigh—the spirit-wrung voice of inward suffering! You, dearest, who know your friend, will not accuse her of exaggerated or overwrought vanity. None so well as you, are aware that these are not my characteristic failings.

An excess of humility may depreciate me, even to the lowliest condition of humble fortune; and if happiness be but there, I will not deem the choice a mean one! You will judge of the sincerity of my words, when I tell you that I have just been unpacking all my things, and putting them away in drawers and wardrobes; and oh, Kitty, if you could but see them! Papa was really splendid, and allowed me to order everything I could fancy. Of course his generosity fettered instead of stimulated my extravagance, so that I merely took the absolute *nécessaire*. Of these I may mention two cashmeres and three Brussels scarfs, one a perfect love; twelve morning, eighteen evening dresses, of which one for the altar is covered with Valenciennes, looped up with pearls and brilliants; the corsage ornamented down the front with a bouquet of the same stones, arranged to represent lily of the valley, with dewdrops—a pretty device, and quite simple, to suit the occasion. The presentation robe is actually magnificent, and only needs a diamond *parure* to be queenly. How I dote, too, on these dear little bonnets. I never weary of trying them on: they sit so coquettishly on the back of the head, and make one look sly and modest, and gentle and saucy all at once! In this walk of art the French are incomparably above us. Dress with them observes all the harmony of colour and the keeping of a great picture. No lilac bonnets and blue shawls—no scarlets and pinks alternately killing and marring each other—none of that false heraldry of costume by which your Englishwoman displays her vulgar wealth and ill-assorted finery. All is graceful, well toned, and harmonious. Your *mise* is, so to say, the declaration of your sentiments just as the signal of a man-of-war proclaims her intention; and how ingenious to think that your stately cashmere suggests homage, your ermined mantle, watchful devotion, your muslin peignoir, confidence and intimate intercourse.

Now, your “English” must *look* all these to be intelligible, and constantly converts herself into a great staring, ogling, leering machine, very shocking to contemplate.

I need scarcely remark to you, dearest, that the step I have just taken has made my position in the family like that of the young lady who refused Louis Napoleon before Europe. Our situations, if you come to consider them, are wonderfully alike; and there are extraordinary points of resemblance between the Gentlemen, to which I cannot at present more fully allude. The ungenerous observations and slighting allusions to which I am exposed would actually wring your heart. Even James remarked that the whole affair reminded him of Joe Hudson, who, after accepting an Indian appointment, refused to sail when he had obtained the outfit. "Mary Anne only wanted the kit," was the vulgar impertinence by which he closed this piece of flattery; and this was in allusion to the *trousseau*! Men are so shallow, so meanly-minded, Kitty; and, above all, so ungenerous in the measure of our motives. They really think that we value dress for itself, and not as a means to an end—that end being their own subjection! Mamma, I must say, is truly kind; she regrets, naturally enough you will think, the loss of a great alliance. She had pictured to herself the quartering of the M'Carthy's with the house of W——, and ranged in imagination over various remote, but ambitious, contingencies; but, with true maternal affection, she has effaced all these memories from her heart, only to think of me and of my emotions. I have also been able to supply her with a consolation, no less great than unexpected, in this wise: Papa, from one cause or other, had been of late seriously meditating a return to Ireland; I shame to say, Kitty, that he never valued, never understood the Continent; its habits, its ways, and its wines, all disagreed with him; financial reasons, too, influenced him; for somehow, up to this, we have been forced to overlook the claims of economy, and only regard those which refer to the station we are to maintain in society. Now, from all these causes, he had brought himself to think the only safety lay in a speedy retreat! Mamma had ascertained this beyond a doubt by some passages in Mr. Purcell's letters to Papa; how obtained I know not. From these she gathered that at any moment he was capable of abandoning the campaign, and embarking the whole army! The misery such a course would entail upon us I have no need to enlarge upon; nor could I, if I tried, find words to depict the condition of suffering that would be ours if again domesticated in that dreadful Island. Forgive me, dearest, if I wound one susceptibility of your tender heart—I would not ruffle even a rose-leaf of your gentle nature; but I cannot refrain from saying that Ireland is very dreadful! Philosophers affect to tell us, Kitty, that from the chemical properties of meteoric stones we can predicate the nature of the planets from which they have fallen;

and the most ingenious theories as to the structure, size, and conformation of their bodies, are built upon such slender materials. Now, would it be too wide a stretch of ingenuity to apply this theory to home affairs, and argue from the specimen one sees of the dear country, "What must be the land that has reared them?" And, oh, Kitty, if so, what a sentence we should be condemned to pass!

But to the consolation of which I spoke, and which in this diversion I was nigh forgetting. Papa, as I mentioned, was bent on going home; and now these costly preparations of wedding finery offer the means of opposing him, for of what use could they possibly be at Dodsborough; Kitty? To what end that enormous outlay, if brought back to the regions of Bruff? Here is an expensive armament—all the *materiel* of a campaign provided; who would counsel the consigning it to rust and decay? who would advise giving over to moths what might be made the adornment of some brilliant capital? Whether we consider the question morally, financially, or strategically, we arrive at the same conclusion. Such a display as this, if exhibited at home, would revolutionise the whole neighbourhood, disgust them with home-grown gowns and bonnets, and lead to irrepressible extravagance, debt, and ruin. So far for moral considerations. Financially, the cost is incurred, and it only remains to make the outlay profitable; this, it is needless to say, cannot be done at Dodsborough. And now for the strategy, the tactical part, Kitty. We all know, that whenever a marriage is broken off, Scandal seizes the occasion for any reports she likes to circulate, and the good-natured world always agrees in condemning "the Lady." If her character or conduct be unimpeachable, then they make searches as to her temper. She was a termagant, that ruled her whole family, scolded her sisters, bullied her brothers, and was the terror of every one. If this indictment cannot be sustained, they find a flaw in her fortune; her twenty thousand was "only ten;" ten, Irish currency; perhaps on an Irish mortgage of an Irish property, mayhap charged with Heaven knows what of annuities to Irish relations! Now, Kitty, it is essential to avoid every one of these evil imputations, and I have supplied Mamma with so good a brief in the cause, so carefully drawn up, and so well argued, that I don't think Papa will let the case go to a jury; or, in other words, that he will give in his submission at once. I have much more to tell you, and will write again to-morrow.

Ever yours in affection,

MARY ANNE DODD.

LETTER XLII.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Lake of Constance.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

TRUE to my pledge, I sit down to continue the revelations, the first volume of which is already before you; and, as I left off in a chapter of "désagréables," let me finish the theme ere I proceed to pleasanter paths and greener pastures.

Betty Cobb has gone and taken to herself a husband; and such a husband as really I did not fancy could be found nearer us than the Waterkloof, if that be the correct spelling of the pleasant locality in Kaffirland, where some of the something—Fifth, or Eighth—are always getting surprised and cut to pieces! The creature is a Swineherd—one of those dreadful semi-savages that Germany rears out of respect to its ancient traditions about Wood Demons and Kobolds. So terrific an object I never beheld, and his "get up," as James would call it, equals his natural advantages.

You may remember the wretches who are thrusting the Page into the furnace, in Retsch's Illustrations of Schiller's Poem, "Der Gang auf den Eisenhammer"—one of these is a flattering likeness of him. Betty, however, whose taste in manly beauty is not formed on the Antinois' model, believes him to be perfection. At all events, no promise of double wages, presents, or other seductions, could warp her allegiance from this seductive object; and as Mamma suddenly discovered that she was quite indispensable to her, the consequence is, that we have to accept the company and companionship of the graceful "Taddy," who is now part of our Legation as a Swineherd unattached. You must know, Kitty, that these worthy people, who are brought up from infancy to regard pigs as the most important part of the creation, are impressed with a profound contempt for the human species—that all their habits are imbued with swinish tastes, modes, and prejudices—that they love to live in woods, sleep on the ground, and grunt their sentiments, when they have any. Whether these be the characteristics of conjugalism, or the features which, as the book says, "Make Home happy," Time and Betty alone can tell. I must say that fear and disgust are, for the present, the impressions his appearance suggests to me, but Betty is clearly of a different mind.

Meanwhile, as regards ourselves, he is really a most embarrassing

element of the state. He is totally unacquainted with all laws, Divine and Human, and only sufficiently gifted with speech as to convey his commonest wishes; and, from what I can learn, Gasper Hauser was a man of the world in comparison to him. Papa is, of course, frantic at the thought of his pertaining to us—but what is to be done? Betty has declared that she will follow him to Jericho; by which she means, to some fabulous land of unreal geography; and Mamma will not part with Betty. To-morrow, or next day, I expect to hear that Taddy protests he can't live without his pigs, and that a legion of swine become part of our travelling equipment. Already has his presence on our staff called for the attention of the authorities, who are, very naturally, curious to know what we mean by such a functionary. Papa, on his side, thinks it part of an Englishman's birthright to resist, oppose, and torment the Police; and, of course, will give no information whatever as to why he is here, but avows his determination to retain him in his service, just on that account.

These complications—to give them a mild name—have so absorbed me, that I have forgotten to tell you about our present place of sojourn. The Lake of Constance sounds pretty, dearest. It seems to address itself at once to our sense of the beautiful, and our moral attachment to the true! As we approached it, I looked eagerly from the carriage, at each turning of the mountain road, for some glimpses of the scenery; but night fell suddenly, and closed all in darkness. Early on the following morning I arose, and taking Augustine with my sketch-book, hurried down to the border of the Lake; for our most quaint and ancient "Hostelry" stands in the very centre of the town, and fully fifteen minutes' walk from the water. We reached it suddenly, on turning the angle of a narrow lane, and came out upon a small stone pier projecting into the water, and this was the Lake—the Lake of Constance! Only think, Kitty, of a great wide expanse of bleak water, with low shores; no glaciers, no alps, no sublimity! I could have cried with disappointment. The Custom-house people—very nice-looking men, with a becoming uniform of green and gold—assured me that at the upper end of the Lake I should see the Mountains of the Vorarlberg, and also the range of the Swiss Alps, and have abundant material for my pencil. Meanwhile, they made an old boatman sit while I sketched him; he was mending his net, and with his long blue nightcap, and scarf of the same colour, his snow-white beard, and fine Rembrandt colour, he really made a charming study. The chief officer of the Customs—a remarkably handsome man, with the very blackest moustaches—was in downright enthusiasm at the success of my little sketch; and



Madame de D'Artois

really, as it was utterly valueless, I could not resist Augustine's entreaty to tear it out of my book and give it to him.

You can't think, Kitty, with what a graceful mixture of gratitude and dignity he accepted my worthless present. He might, so far as breeding went, have been a Captain of Hussars. He accompanied us all the way back to the Hotel, having previously placed his boat and his boat's crew at my disposal during our stay here. Ah, Kitty, what a charm there is in the amiable tone of foreigners! How striking the contrast between their cultivated politeness and the rude barbarism of our own people! Fancy for a moment what is our home notion of a Custom-house official!—a shabby-genteel individual, with a week's beard and a brandy-and-water eye, that pokes into your trunk after French gloves, and searches your brother's pocket for cheroots. Imagine *him* beside one of these magnificently-dressed and really splendid-looking men, with all the air of an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen! How naturally are we led to estimate the style in which people live by the dress and appointment of their household; and should we not pass a similar judgment on States, and argue, from the appropriate costume of the functionaries, to their own completeness and perfection of system!

I said nothing to Mamma of our newly-made acquaintance; for as I entered the Inn I learned that James and another Gentleman had just arrived, but so tired and fatigued, that they both had given orders that they should not be disturbed on any account. You may be sure, Kitty, I was intensely curious to know who the stranger was; but all my inquiries were only so many additional provocatives to my eagerness, without any satisfaction! I learned, indeed, that he was young, handsome, tall, and spoke French and German fluently; so much so, indeed, that the Waiter hesitated whether to call him English or not! James and his fellow-traveller had arrived by the Diligence from Schaffhausen, so that there was really nothing by which we could catch a clue to his friend; and I was left to my patience and my conjectures till breakfast time.

I own to you, Kitty, the trial was too much for my nerves, overstrung as they have been by late events. I fancied a thousand things. I imagined incidents, events, casualties, of which, even to you, dearest, I cannot give the interpretation. Unable, at last, to resist the working of a curiosity that had risen to a torture, I took the resolution to awake James, and ask "Who was his friend?" I traversed the corridor with stealthy footsteps, and sought out the number of his room. It was 43, the Waiter said, and the last on the gallery; and so I found it. I turned the handle noiselessly, and entered. The window-

curtains were closely drawn, and all was in deep shadow. In one corner of the chamber stood the bed, from which the deep respirations of the sleeper issued; and, poor fellow, it must have been more than common fatigue and weariness that could have caused such sounds. As with cat-like stillness I stole across the chamber, my eyes, growing accustomed to the dim half-light, began to discover objects on each side of me. For instance, I perceived a splendid dressing-gown of amber-coloured silk, lined with pale blue, and gorgeously embroidered; a cap of the same colours, with a silver tassel of a foot in length, lay beside it. Slippers of costly embroidery in silver thread, and a most magnificent meerschaum, with a mounting of gold and rubies, was on the table, beside a pair of pistols, whose carved stocks were inlaid with a tracery of the finest workmanship. These I knew to be James's, for I had seen them with him; and there were various other articles equally splendid and costly, all new to me—such as card-cases, tablets, cigar-holders, and a most gorgeous dressing-case of gold and Bohemian glass, from which, really, I could scarcely tear myself away. I was well aware that James had set no limit to his personal extravagance; but these, and the display of rings, pins, buttons, shirt-studs, chains, and trinkets of all kinds, perfectly astounded me. And here let me remark, Kitty, that the young men of the present day far exceed us in all that pertains to this taste for ornamental jewellery. As my eyes ranged over these attractive and beautiful objects, I was particularly struck with an opal brooch, representing a parrot in the midst of palm leaves. It was a most beautiful piece of enamel work, studded with gems of every brilliant hue.

It was, as you may imagine, far too pretty for a man's wear, and I resolved to profit by the occasion, to appropriate, or, as the Americans say, to "annex," it to my own possessions. I had just fastened it in the front of my dress, when the handle of the door turned, and—oh, Kitty! conceive my agony as I heard James's voice speaking from without! It was therefore not *his* chamber where I was standing, nor could the sleeper be *him*! Escape and concealment were my first thought, and I sprang behind a screen at the very moment the door opened. Should I live a hundred years, I shall never cease to remember the intense misery of that moment. You need only picture my situation to your own mind, to see how distressing it must have been. The certainty of being discovered if I made the slightest noise saved me from fainting, but I almost fancied that the loud beating of my heart might have betrayed me.

James came in without any peculiar deference for the sleeper's nerves, and, upsetting a chair or two, stumbled across the room



Mary Anne "de trop."



towards the bed, on which he seated himself, calling out "George—Tiverton—old fellow! don't you mean to get up at all, to-day?"

Oh, Kitty! fancy my trembling terror as I heard that I was in the chamber of Lord George Tiverton. The very utmost I could do was to refrain from a scream; nor do I now know how I succeeded in repressing it.

It was not till after repeated efforts that James succeeded in awaking his friend, who at length, with a long-drawn sigh, exclaimed, "By Jove, Jemmy! I'm glad you routed me up. I've had a horrid dream. Only think, I imagined that I was still in the House of Lords listening to that confounded case! I fancied that Scratchley was addressing their Lordships in reply, and pledging himself to show that gross neglect, and even cruelty, could be proved against me. The old scoundrel's harsh voice is still ringing in my ears, and I hear him tearing me to very tatters!"

"Was there anything of that sort?" said James, as he struck a light for his cigar and began smoking.

"Why, I must say, he was *not* complimentary. These fellows, you are aware, have a vocabulary of their own, and when setting up a defence for a pretty woman, married at seventeen, they pitch into one's little frailties at a very cruel rate. Not exactly that the narrative is very detrimental to a man's future prospects; what really damages you is what they call Cruelty, and your wife's maid—particularly if she be a Frenchwoman—can always prove this."

"Indeed!" exclaimed James, in some astonishment.

"To be sure she can. Why, everything that thwarts her Mistress in anything—good, bad, or indifferent—is Cruelty in the French sense. You are rather given to fast acquaintances; you bring home with you to supper, some three or four times a week, detachments of that respectable company one meets at Tattersall's Yard, or in the Turf Club; chicken hazard and the Coulistes of the Opera are amongst your weaknesses; you have a taste for sport, and would rather take the odds against the favourite than lay out your spare cash at Howell and James's. That's Cruelty! When regularly done up in Town, you make a bolt for Boulogne, or rush down to your shooting-box in the Highlands. That's more Cruelty, and neglect besides! Terribly pressed for money, you try to bully your wife's Uncle, one of the Trustees to her settlement, and threaten to kick him down stairs. Gross Cruelty! Harder up again, you pledge her diamonds. Shocking Cruelty! Cleared out and sold up, you suggest the propriety of her sending away the French maid, and travelling up to Paris alone. That's monstrous Cruelty! And, in fact, all together

establish a clear justification for anything that may befall you. Besides this, Jemmy, if you marry a girl of good family, she is sure to have either a father, an uncle, or a brother, or perhaps some three or four cousins in the Lords: now, whatever comes off, they oppose your Bill, and as their Lordships only want to hear your story, to listen to the piquant narrative of domestic differences and conjugal jarrings, nobody cares a straw whether you succeed or not. Give me a light, Jem."

They both continued to puff their cigars for some time in silence, during which my sufferings rose to absolute torture, for, in addition to the shocking circumstances of my own situation, was now the fact of my having overheard a most private conversation.

"So they threw out your Bill?" asked James, after a pause.

"Deferred judgment!" replied the other, puffing, "which comes to pretty nigh the same thing. Asked for further evidence, explanations, what not—cursed cigars, don't draw at all."

"They're Bollards' best Havannahs."

"Well, perhaps I've been unlucky in my choice; if so, it's not the first time, Jem;" and he laughed heartily at the notion. "I say, take care and don't say anything about this affair of mine."

"But it will be in all the papers. The *Times* will give it to-morrow or next day."

"Not a bit of it—had a private hearing, old fellow. Too many good names compromised to have the thing made town talk—you understand."

"Ah, that's it!" said James.

"Yes, it's one of the few privileges remaining to what Lord Grey calls 'our order,' except, perhaps, the judgments of the London Magistrates. To do *them* justice, the fellows do know what a Lord is, and 'they act accordingly.' There, it's out at last"—and he threw away his cigar—"and I suppose I may as well think of getting up. Just draw that curtain, Jem, and open the shutter."

Oh, Kitty, dearest, can you form to yourself any idea of my situation! James had already risen from the bedside, and was groping his way to the window. Another moment, and a flood of light would pour into the room and inevitably discover me. My agitation almost choked me; it was like a sense of drowning, and at the same time accompanied by the terrible thought that I must not dare to cry for succour. James was busy with the button of the window-fastening—another instant and it would be too late—and with the energy of utter despair I sprang from behind the screen, and then pushing it with all my force, upset it over the toilet-table, the whole tumbling

against James with a horrid crash, and laying him prostrate beneath the ruins. I dashed from the room with the speed of lightning; I know not how I flew along the gallery, up the stairs, and gained my own chamber, but, as I turned the key inside, all consciousness left me, and I fell fainting on the floor. The noise of many footsteps on the corridor outside, and the sound of voices, aroused me. The fragments I could collect showed me that all were discussing the late catastrophe, and none able to explain it. Oh, Kitty, what a gush of delight rushed through me to hear that I had escaped unseen, unknown, unsuspected!

The general voice attributed the accident to James's awkwardness, and I could perceive that he had not escaped without some bruises.

It was a long time, too, ere I could turn my thoughts from my late peril to think of the strange revelation I had been witness to; nor was it without a certain shock to my feelings that I learned Lord George was married. His attentions to me were certainly particular, Kitty. No girl, with any knowledge of life, makes any mistake on the subject, because, if she entertains a doubt, she knows how at once to resolve it by tests as unerring as those a Chemist employs to discover arsenic.

Now, I had submitted him to one or two of these at times, and they all showed him to be "infallibly affected." With what a sense of disappointment, then, was I to hear that he was already married, the only alleviation being that he was seeking to dissolve the tie! Poor fellow! how completely did this unhappy circumstance explain many expressions whose meaning had hitherto puzzled me! How I saw through clouds and mists that once obscured the atmosphere of my hopes! And how readily did I forgive him for vacillation and uncertainty, which before had often distressed and displeased me. Until free, it was of course impossible that he could avow his sentiments undisguisedly, and now, I recognised the noble character of the struggle that he had maintained with himself. Oh, Kitty, it is not only that "the course of true love never did run smooth," but it really could not be true love if it did so. The sluggish stream of common affection flows lazily along between the muddy banks and sedgy sides of ordinary life, but the boiling torrent of passionate love requires the rocks of difficulty to dam its course, and impart that character of foamy impetuosity that sweeps away every obstacle and dashes onward to its goal regardless of danger! I'm sure I feel quite convinced that such is the nature of Lord G.'s passion; and that now these stupid "Lords" have rejected his plea for a divorce, if he be not rescued by the hand of devoted affection, he may rush madly into every

excess, and dissipate the great talents with which he is so remarkably gifted.

Be candid now, my darling Kitty, and confess frankly that you are greatly shocked at these doctrines, and your dear little Irish prudery blushes crimson at the bare thought of feeling even an interest in a man already married, and horrified at the notion of his hypothetical attentions. Yes, I see it all; your sweetly-dimpled mouth is pursed up with conscious propriety, and you are arranging your features into all the sternness of judicial severity; but hear me for one moment in defence, if not in justification. All these things seem very dreadful to you in the solitudes of Tipperary, simply because of their infrequency. The man who has separated from his wife, or the woman divorced from her husband, are great criminals to your homebred notions, and by your social code they are sentenced at once to a life of solitude and isolation; but in the real world, my dear Kitty, on the great stage of life, this severity would be downright absurdity: the category so mercilessly condemned by you, is exactly that which contains the true salt of society; these are the very people that everybody calls charming, fascinating, delightful! All the elastic, buoyant natures, the joyous spirits, the invariable good tempers, the generous hearts, one meets with, are amongst them. Why such happily-gifted creatures should not have made their homes a Paradise, is a problem none can solve. It is like the squaring of the circle—the cause of Irish misery—or anything else you can think of equally inscrutable; but the fact is as I tell you; and if you will just run your eye over any list of fashionable company, and select such as I speak of, believe me you will have extracted all the plums from the pudding. As for Lord George himself, a more delightful creature does not exist; and one has only to know him to be convinced that the woman who could not be happy with him must be a demon. Of the generous character he possesses, and at the same time the consummate tact of his manner, an instance grew out of the little event I have just related. In my confusion and embarrassment after escaping from the room, I totally forgot the brooch which I had placed in my dress, and actually came down to breakfast with it still there. Guess my shame and horror, Kitty, when James called out, across the table, “I say, Mary Anne, what a smart pin you’ve got there—one of the neatest things I have seen.” I grew scarlet—then pale; and felt as if I was going to faint; when Lord George cried out, “It is, really, very tasty. I had one myself something like it, but the stones were emeralds, not rubies; and I think Miss Dodd’s is prettier.”

The man who could rescue one at such a conjuncture, Kitty, is worthy of all confidence, and so I told him by a glance. Meanwhile, he gave the conversation another turn by proposing a fishing excursion on the Lake, and immediately after breakfast we all sallied forth to the water.

Notwithstanding his agreeability—and he never displayed it to greater advantage—I was silent and abstracted during the entire day. The embarrassment of my position was almost unendurable; and it was only as he took my arm, to conduct me back to the Hotel, that I regained anything like courage.

“Why are you so serious?” said he. “Mind, I don’t want a confession; only, that I have a secret for *your* ear, whenever you will trust *me* with one of yours.”

I made him no answer, Kitty, but walked along in silence, and with my veil down.

I write all these things to my dearest friend with less reserve than I could recal them to my own memory in solitude. I tell her everything; and she is the true partner of my joys, my sorrows, my hopes, and my terrors. Yet must I leave much to her imagination to picture forth the state of my affections, and the troubled sea of my heart’s emotions. And, oh! dearest, kindest, tenderest of all friends, do not mistake, do not misconstrue the feelings of your ever attached and devoted

MARY ANNE.

I wanted to tell you something of our future destination, and I have detained this for that purpose, but still everything is uncertain and undecided. Papa received a large packet, like law papers and leases, from Mr. Purcell yesterday, and has been occupied in perusing them ever since. We are in terror lest he should decide on going back; and every time he enters the room, we are trembling in dread of the announcement. Mamma has had a hysterical attack, in preparation for the moment, for the last twenty-four hours; and even if “no cause be shown,” I fancy she will not throw away so much good agony for nothing, but take it out for what Sir Boyle Roach fought his duel—“Miscellaneous reasons.”

Cary is still staying with the Morrises. How she endures it I can’t conceive: a half-pay lover, and a half-pay *ménage*, are two things that, to *me* at least, would be insupportable. The girl is really totally destitute of all proper pride, and makes the silly mistake of supposing that a spirit of independence is the best form of self-esteem. I suppose it will end by the “Captain’s” proposing for her; but up to this, I believe, it is all friendship, regard, and so on.

LETTER XLIII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

Constance.

MY DEAR TOM,

I GOT the papers all safe. I am sure the account is perfectly correct. I only wish the balance was bigger. I waited here to receive these things, and now I discover that I can't sign the warrant of Attorney except before a Consul, and there is none in this place, so that I must keep it over till I can find one of those pleasant functionaries—a class that, between ourselves, I detest heartily. They are a presumptuous, under-bred, consequential race—a cross between a small skipper, and smaller Secretary of Legation, with a mixture of official pedantry and maritime off-handedness that is perfectly disgusting. Why our reforming economists don't root them all out I cannot conceive. Nobody wants, nobody benefits by them; and save that you are now and then called on for a "Consular fee," you might never hear of their existence.

I don't rightly understand what you say about the loan from that Land Improvement Society. Do you mean that the money lent must be laid out on the land as a necessary condition? Is it possible that this is what I am to infer? If so, I never heard anything half so preposterous! Sure, if I raise five hundred pounds from a Jew, he has no right to stipulate that I must spend the cash on copper coal-scuttles or potted meats! I want it for my own convenience; enough for him that I comply with his demands for interest and repayment. Anything else would be downright tyranny and oppression, Tom—as a mere momentary consideration of the matter will show you. At all events, let us get the money, for I'd like to contest the point with these fellows; and if ever there was a man heart and soul determined to break down any antiquated barrier of cruelty or domination, it is your friend Kenny Dodd! As to that printed paper, with its twenty-seven queries, it is positive balderdash from beginning to end. What right have they to conclude that I approve of sub-soil draining? When did I tell them that I believed in Smith of Deanstown? Where is it on record that I gave in my adhesion to model cottages, Berkshire pigs, green crops, and guano manure? In what document do these appear? Maybe I have my

own notions on these matters—maybe I keep them for my own guidance, too!

You say that the Gentry is all changing throughout the whole land, and I believe you well, Tom Purcell. Changed indeed must they be if they subscribe to such preposterous humbug as this! At all events, I repeat we want the money, so fill up the blanks as you think best, and remit me the amount at your earliest, for I have barely enough to get to the end of the present month. I don't dislike this place at all. It is quiet, peaceful—humdrum, if you will; but we've had more than our share of racket and row lately, and the reclusion is very grateful. One day is exactly like another with us. Lord George—for he is back again—and James go a fishing as soon as breakfast is over, and only return for supper. Mary Anne reads, writes, sews, and sings. Mrs. D. fills up the time discharging Betty, settling with her, searching her trunks for missing articles, and being reconciled to her again, which, with occasional crying fits, and her usual devotions, don't leave her a single moment unoccupied! As for me, I'm trying to learn German, whenever I'm not asleep. I've got a Master—he is a Swiss, and maybe his accent is not of the purest; but he is an amusing old vagabond—an umbrella-maker, but in his youth a travelling servant. His time is not very valuable to him, so that he sits with me sometimes for half a day; but still I make little progress. My notion is, Tom, that there's no use in either making love, or trying a new language, after you're five or six-and-twenty. It's all up-hill work after that, believe me. Neither your declensions nor declarations come natural to you, and it's a bungling performance at the best. The first condition of either is, to have your head perfectly free—as little in it as need be. So long as your thoughts are jostled by debts, duns, mortgages, and marriageable daughters, you'll have no room for vows or irregular verbs! It's lucky, however, that one can dispense both with the love and the learning, and indeed of the two—with the last best, for of all the useless, unprofitable kinds of labour ever pursued out of a goal, acquiring a foreign language is the most. The few words required for daily necessities, such as snaps and cigars, are easily learnt; all beyond that is downright rubbish.

For what can a man express his thoughts in so well as his mother tongue? with whom does he want to talk but his countrymen? Of course you come out with the old cant about “intelligent natives,” “information derived at the fountain head,” “knowledge obtained by social intimacy with people of the country.” To which I briefly reply, “It's all gammon and stuff from beginning to end;” and what between

your blunders in grammar and your informant's ignorance of fact, all such information isn't worth a "trauneen." Now, once for all, Tom, let me observe to you, that ask what you will of a foreigner, be it an inquiry into the financial condition of his country, its military resources, prison discipline, law, or religion, he'll never acknowledge his inability to answer, but give you a full and ready reply, with facts, figures, dates, and data, all in most admirable order. At first you are overjoyed with such ready sources of knowledge. You flatter yourself that even with the most moderate opportunities you cannot fail to learn much; by degrees, however, you discover errors in your statistics, and at last, you come to find out that your accomplished friend, too polite to deny you a reasonable gratification, had gone to the pains of inventing a Code, a Church, and a Coinage for your sole use and benefit, but without the slightest intention of misleading, for it never once entered his head that you could possibly believe him! I know it will sound badly. I am well aware of the shock it will give to many a nervous system; but for all that I will not blink the declaration—which I desire to record as formally and as flatly as I am capable of expressing it—which is, that of one hundred statements an Englishman accepts and relies upon abroad, as matter of fact, ninety-nine are untrue. Full fifty being lies by premeditation, thirty, by ignorance, ten, by accident or inattention, and the remainder, if there be a balance, for I'm bad at figures, from any other cause you like.

It is no more disgrace for a foreigner not to tell the truth than to own that he does not sing, nor dance the Mazurka; not so much, indeed, because these are marks of a polite education. And yet it is to hold conversation with these people we pore over dictionaries, and Ollendorfs, and Hamiltonian Gospels. As for the enlargement and expansion of the intelligence that comes of acquiring languages, there never was a greater fallacy. Look abroad upon your acquaintances: Who are the glib Linguists, who are the faultless in French genders, and the immaculate in German declensions? the flippant Boarding-School Miss, or the brainless, unpaid Attaché, that cannot compose a note in his own language. Who are the bungling conversers that make drawing-rooms blush, and dinner-tables titter? your first-rate debater in the Commons, your leader at the Bar, your Double First, or your great Electro-Magnetic fellow that knows the secret laws of water-spouts and whirlpools, and can make thunder and lightning just to amuse himself. Take my word for it, your Linguist is as poor a creature as a dancing-master, and just as great a formalist.

If you ask me, then, why I devote myself to such unrewarding

labour, I answer, "It is true I know it to be so, but my apology is, that I make no progress." No, Tom, I never advance a step. I can neither conjugate nor decline, and the auxiliary verbs will never aid me in anything. So far as my lingual incapacity goes, I might be one of the great geniuses of the age; and very probably I am, too, without knowing it!

I have little to tell you of the place itself. It is a quaint old town on the side of the Lake; the most remarkable object being the Minster, or cathedral. They show you the spot in the aisle where old Huss stood to receive his sentence of death. Even after a lapse of centuries, there was something affecting to stand where a man once stood to hear that he was to be burned alive. Of course I have little sympathy with a heretic, but still I venerate the martyr, the more, since I am strongly disposed to think that it is one of those characters which are not the peculiar product of an age of railroads and submarine telegraphs. The expansion of the intelligence, Tom, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the expansion of the conscience, and the stubborn old spirit of right that was once the mode, would, now-a-days, be construed into a dogged, stupid bullheadedness, unworthy of the enlightenment of our glorious era. Take my word for it, there's a great many eloquent and indignant letter-writers in the newspapers would shrink from old Huss's test for their opinions, and a fossil elk is not a greater curiosity than would be a man ready to stake life on his belief. When a fellow tells you of "dying on the floor of the House," he simply means that he'll talk till there's a "count out;" and as for "registering vows in heaven," and "wasting out existence in the gloom of a dungeon," it's just balderdash, and nothing else.

The simple fact is this, Tom Purcell: we live in an age of universal cant, and I swallow all *your* shams on the easy condition that you swear to *mine*, and whenever I hear people praising the present age, and extolling its wonderful progress, and all that, I just think of all the quackery I see advertised in the newspapers, and sigh heartily to myself at our degradation! Why, man, the "Patent Pills for the cure of Cancer," and the Agapemone, would disgrace the middle ages! And it is not a little remarkable that England, so prone to place herself at the head of civilisation, is exactly the very metropolis of all this humbug!

To come back to ourselves, I have to report that James arrived here a couple of days ago. He followed that scoundrel "the Baron" for thirty hours, and only desisted from the pursuit when his horse could go no further. The Police Authorities mainly contributed to

the escape of the fugitive, by detaining James on every possible occasion, and upon any or no pretext. The poor fellow reached Freyburg dead beat, and without a sou in his pocket; but good luck would have it that Lord George Tiverton had just arrived there, so that by his aid he came on here, where they both made their appearance at breakfast on Tuesday morning.

Lord George, I suspect, has not made a successful campaign of it lately; though in what he has failed—if it be failure—I have no means of guessing. He looks a little out at elbows, however, and travels without a servant. In spirits and bearing, I see no change in him; but these fellows, I have remarked, never show depression, and india-rubber itself is not so elastic as a bad character! I don't half fancy his companionship for James; but I know well that this opinion would be treated by the rest of the family as downright heresy; and certainly he is an amusing dog, and it is impossible to resist liking him; but there lies the very peril I am afraid of. If your loose fish, as the slang phrase calls them, were disagreeable chaps—prosy, selfish, sententious—vulgar in their habits, and obtrusive in their manners, one would run little risk of contamination; but the reverse is the case, Tom—the very reverse! Meet a fellow that speaks every tongue of the Continent, dresses to perfection, rides and drives admirably, a dead shot with the pistol, a sure cue at billiards—if he be the delight of every circle he goes into—look out sharp in the *Times*, and the odds are, that there's a handsome reward offered for him, and he's either a forger or a defaulter. The truth is, a man may be ill-mannered as a great lawyer, or a great physician; he may make a great figure in the field or the Cabinet; there may be no end to his talents as a Geometrician or a Chemist; it's only your Adventurer must be well-bred, and swindling is the solitary profession to which a man must bring fascinating manners, a good address, personal advantages, and the power of pleasing. I own to you, Tom Purcell, I like these fellows, and I can't help it! I take to them as I do to twenty things that are agreeable at the time, but are sure to disagree with me—afterwards. They rally me out of my low spirits, they put me on better terms with myself, and they administer that very balmy flattery that says, "Don't distress yourself, Kenny Dodd. As the world goes, you're better than nine-tenths of it. You'd be hospitable, if you could; you'd pay your debts, if you could; and there wouldn't be an easier-tempered, more good-natured creature breathing than yourself, if it was only the Will was wanting!" Now, these are very soothing doses when a man is scarified by Duns, and flayed alive by Law-suits; and when a fellow comes to my time of life, he can no

more bear the candid rudeness of what is called friendship than an ex-Lord Mayor could endure Penitentiary diet!

I must confess, however, that whenever we come to divide on any question, Lord George always votes with Mrs. D. He told me once, that with respect to Parliament, he always sided with the Government, whatever it was, when he could, and perhaps he follows the same rule in private life. Last night, after tea, we discussed our future movements, and I found him strongly in favour of getting us on to Italy for the winter. I didn't like to debate the matter exactly on financial grounds, but I hazarded a half-conjecture that the expedition would be a costly one. He stopped me at once. "Up to this time," said he, "you have really not benefited by the cheapness of Continental living"—that was certainly true—"and for this simple reason, you have always lived in the beaten track of the wandering Cockney. You must go further away from England. You must reach those places where people settle as residents, not ramble as tourists; you will then be rewarded, not only economically, but socially. The markets and the morals are both better; for our countrymen filter by distance, and the further from home the purer they become." To Mrs. D. and Mary Anne he gave a glowing description of Trans-Alpine existence, and rapturously pictured forth the fascinations of Italian life. I can only give you the items, Tom; you must arrange them for yourself. So make what you can of starry skies, olives, ices, tenors, volcanoes, music, mountains, and maccaroni. He appealed to *me* by the Budget. Never was there such cheapness in the known world. The Italian nobility were actually crushed down with house-accommodation, and only entreated a stranger to accept of a Palace or a Villa. The climate produced everything without labour, and consequently without cost. Fruit had no price; wine was about twopence a bottle; a strong tap rose to two and a half! Clothes one scarcely needed; and, except for decency, "nothing, and a cocked hat" would suffice. These were very seductive considerations, Tom; and I own to you that, even allowing a large margin for exaggeration, there was a great amount of solid advantage remaining. Mrs. D. adduced an additional argument when we were alone, and in this wise: What was to be done with the wedding finery, if we should return to Ireland; for all purposes of home life they would be totally inapplicable. You might as well order a service of plate to serve up potatoes as introduce Paris fashions and foreign elegance into our provincial circle. "We have the things now," said she; "let us have the good of them." I remember a cask of Madeira being left with my Father once, by a mistake, and that was the very reason he

gave for drinking it. She made a strong case of it, Tom; she argued the matter well, laying great stress upon the duty we owed our girls, and the necessity of "getting them married before we went back." Of course, I didn't give in. If I was to give her the notion that she could convince me of anything, we'd never have a moment's peace again; so I said I'd reflect on the subject, and turn it over in my mind. And now, I want you to say what disposable cash can we lay our hands on for the winter! I am more than ever disinclined to have anything to say to these Drainage Commissioners. It's our pockets they drain, and not our farms. I'd rather try and raise a trifle on mortgage; for you see, now-a-days they have got out of the habit of doing it, and there's many a one has money lying idle and doesn't know what to do with it. Look out for one of these fellows, Tom; and see what you can do with him. Dear me, isn't it a strange thing the way one goes through life, and the contrivances they're put to to make two ends meet!

I remember the time, and so do you, too, when an Irish Gentleman could raise what he liked; and there wasn't an estate in my own county wasn't encumbered, as they call it, to more than double its value. There's fellows will tell you "that's the cause of all the present distress." Not a bit of it. They're all wrong! It is because that system has come to an end that we are ruined; "that's the root of the evil," Tom Purcell; and if I was in Parliament I'd tell them so. Where will you find any one willing to lend money now, if the estate wouldn't pay it? We may thank the English Government for that; and, as poor Dan used to say, "They know as much about us as the Chinese!"

I can't answer your question about James. Vickars has not replied to my last two letters; and I really see no opening for the boy whatever. I mean to write, however, in a day or two to Lord Muddleton, to whom Lord George is nearly related, and ask for something in the Diplomatic way. Lord G. says it's the only career now-a-days doesn't require some kind of qualification—since even in the Army they've instituted a species of examination. "Get him made an Attaché somewhere," says Tiverton, "and he must be a 'Plenipo' at last." J. is good-looking, and a great deal of dash about him; and I'm informed that's exactly what's wanting in the career! If nothing comes of this application, I'll think seriously of Australia; but, of course, Mrs. D. must know nothing about it; for, according to *her* notions, the boy ought to be Chamberlain to the Queen, or Gold-stick, at least.

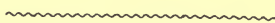
I don't know whether I mentioned to you that Betty Cobb had

entered the holy bonds with a semi-civilised creature she picked up in the Black Forest. The ourang-outang is now a part of our household—at least so far as living at rack and manger at my cost—though in what way to employ him I have not the slightest notion. Do you think if I could manage to send him over to Ireland, that we could get him indicted for any transportable offence? Ask Curtis about it; for I know he did something of the kind once in the case of a natural son of Tony Barker's, and the lad is now a Judge, I believe, in Sydney.

Cary is quite well. I heard from her yesterday, and when I write, I'll be sure to send her your affectionate message. I don't mean to leave this till I hear from you. So write immediately, and believe me,

Very sincerely your friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.



LETTER XLIV.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Bregenz.

MY DEAR BOB,

I HAD made up my mind not to write to you till we had quitted this place, where our life has been of the "slowest;" but this morning has brought a letter with a piece of good news which I cannot defer imparting to you. It is a communication from the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Governor, to say, that I have been appointed to something somewhere, and that I am to come over to London, and be examined by somebody. Very vague all this, but I suppose it's the style of Diplomacy, and one will get used to it. The real bore is the examination, for George told "Dad" that there was none, and, in fact, that very circumstance it was which gave the peculiar value to the "service." Tiverton tells me, however, he can make it "all safe;" whether you "tip" the Secretary, or some of the underlings, I don't know. Of course there is a way in all these things, for half the fellows that pass are just as ignorant as your humble servant.

I am mainly indebted to Tiverton for the appointment, for he wrote to everybody he could think of, and made as much interest as if it was for himself. He tells me in confidence, that the list of names down is about six feet long, and actually wonders at the good fortune of my success. From all I can learn, however, there is no salary at first, so that the Governor must "stump out handsome,"

for an Attaché is expected to live in a certain style, keep horses, and, in fact, come it "rayther strongish." In some respects, I should have preferred the Army; but then there are terrible drawbacks in Colonial banishment, whereas, in Diplomacy, you are, at least, stationed in the vicinity of a Court, which is always something.

I wonder where I am to be gazetted for, I hope Naples, but even Vienna would do. In the midst of our universal joy at my good fortune, it's not a little provoking to see the Governor pondering over all it will cost for outfit, and wondering if the post be worth the gold lace on the uniform. Happily for me, Bob, he never brought me up to any profession, as it is called, and it is too late now to make me anything either in Law or Physic. I say happily, because I see plainly enough that he'd refuse the present opportunity if he knew of any other career for me. My mother does not improve matters by little jokes on his low tastes and vulgar ambitions; and, in fact, the announcement has brought a good deal of discussion and some discord amongst us.

I own to you, frankly, that once named to a Legation, I will do my utmost to persuade the Governor to go back to Ireland. In the first place, nothing but a very rigid economy at Dodsborough will enable him to make me a liberal allowance; and secondly, to have my family prowling about the Legation to which I was attached, would be perfectly insufferable. I like to have my Father and Mother what theatrical folk call "practicable," that is, good for all efficient purposes of bill paying, and such like; but I shudder at the notion of being their pioneer into fashionable life, and indeed I am not aware of any one having carried his parent on his back since the days of Æneas.

I am obliged to send you a very brief despatch, for I'm off tomorrow for London, to make my bow at "F. O.," and kiss hands on my appointment. I'd have liked another week here, for the fishing has just come in, and we killed yesterday, with two rods, eleven large, and some thirty small trout. They are a short, thick-shouldered kind of fish, ready enough to rise, but sluggish to play afterwards. The place is pretty, too—the Swiss Alps at one side, and the Tyrol mountains at the other. Bregenz itself stands well, on the very verge of the Lake, and although not ancient enough to be curious in architecture, has a picturesque air about it. The people are as primitive as anything one can well fancy, and wear a costume as ungracefully barbarous as any lover of nationality could desire. Their waists are close under their arms, and the longest petticoats I have yet seen finish at the knee! They affect, besides, a round low-

crowned cap, like a fur turban, or else a great piece of filigree silver, shaped like a peacock's tail, and fastened to the back of the head. Nature, it must be owned, has been somewhat ungenerous to them; and with the peculiar advantages conferred on them by costume, they are the ugliest creatures I've ever set eyes on.

It is only just to remark that Mary Anne dissents from me in all this, and has made various "studies" of them, which are, after all, not a whit more flattering than my own description. As to a good-looking peasantry, Bob, it's all humbug. It's only the well-to-do classes, in any country, have pretensions to beauty. The woman of rank numbers amongst her charms the unmistakable stamp of her condition. Even in her gait, like the Goddess in Virgil, she displays her divinity. The pretty "bourgeoise" has her peculiar fascination in the brilliant intelligence of her laughing eye, and the sly archness of her witty mouth; but your peasant beauty is essentially heavy and dull. It is of the earth—earthy; and there is a bucolic grossness about the lips the very antithesis to the pleasing. I'm led to these remarks by the question in your last as to the character of Continental physiognomy. Up to this, Bob, I have seen nothing to compare with our own people, and you will meet more pretty faces between Stephen's Green and the Rotunda than between Schaffhausen and the sea. I'm not going to deny that they "make up" better abroad, but our boast is the raw material of beauty. The manufactured article we cannot dispute with them. It would be, however, a great error to suppose that the artistic excellence I speak of is a small consideration; on the contrary, it is a most important one, and well deserving of deep thought and reflection, and, I must say, that all our failures in the decorative arts are as nothing to our blunders when attempting to adorn beauty. A French woman, with a skin like an old drumhead, and the lower jaw of a baboon, will actually "get herself up" to look better than many a really pretty girl of our country, disfigured by unbecoming hairdressing, ill-assorted colours, ill put on clothes, and that confounded walk, which is a cross between the stride of a Grenadier and running in a sack!

With all our parade of Industrial Exhibitions, and shows of National productions lately, nobody has directed his attention to this subject, and for *my* part, I'd infinitely rather know that our female population had imbibed some notions of dress and self-adornment from their French neighbours, than that Glasgow could rival Genoa in velvet, or that we beat Bohemia out of the field in coloured glass. If the proper study of mankind be man—which of course includes woman—we are throwing a precious deal of time away on centrifugal

pumps, sewing machines, and self-acting razors. If I ever get into Parliament, Bob, and I don't see why I should not, when once fairly launched in the Diplomatic line, I'll move for a Special Commission, not to examine into foreign railroads, or mines, or schools, or smelting-houses, but to inquire into, and report upon, how the women abroad, with not a tenth of the natural advantages, contrive to look—I won't say better—but more fascinating than our own, and how it is that they convert something a shade below plainness, into features of downright pleasing expression!

Since this appointment has come, I have been working away to brush up my French and German, which you will be surprised to hear is pretty nearly where it was when we first came abroad. We English herd so much together, and continue to follow our home habits, and use our own language, wherever we happen to be, that it is not very easy to break out of the beaten track. This observation applies only to the men of the family, for our Sisters make a most astonishing progress, under the guidance of those mustachioed and well-whiskered Gents they meet at Balls. The Governor and my Mother of course believe that I am as great a linguist as Mezzofanti, if that be the fellow's name, and I shall try and keep up the delusion to the last. It is not quite impossible I may have more time for my studies here than I fancy, for "Dad" has come in, this moment, to say that he hasn't got five shillings towards the expenses of my journey to London, nor has he any very immediate prospect of a remittance from Ireland. What a precious mess will it be if my whole career in life is to be sacrificed for a shabby hundred or two. The Governor appears to have spent about three times as much as he speculated on, and our affairs at this moment present as pleasant a specimen of hopeless entanglement as a Counsel in Bankruptcy could desire.

I wish I was out of the ship altogether, Bob, and would willingly adventure on the broad ocean of life in a punt, were it only my own. I trust that by the time this reaches you, her Majesty's gracious pleasure will have numbered me amongst the servants of the Crown, but whether in high or humble estate, believe me ever

Unalterably yours,

JAMES DODD.

P.S.—My Sister Cary has written to say she will be here to-night or to-morrow; she is coming expressly to see me before I go; but from all that I can surmise she need not have used such haste. What a bore it will be if the Governor should not be able to "stump out." I'm in a perfect fever at the very thought.

LETTER XLV.

CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

MY DEAR MISS COX,

IT would appear from your last, that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried; for I most distinctly remember having written to you on the topics you allude to, and, so far as I was able, answered all your kind inquiries about myself and my pursuits. Lest my former note should ever reach you, I do not dare to go over again the selfish narrative, which would task even your friendship to peruse once.

I remained with my kind friend, Mrs. Morris, till three days ago, when I came here to see my brother James, who has been promised some Government employment, and is obliged to repair at once to London. Mamma terrified me greatly by saying that he was to go to China or to India, so that I hurried back to see and stay with him as much as I could before he left us. I rejoice, however, to tell you that his prospects are in the Diplomatic service, and he will be most probably named to a Legation in some European capital.

He is a dear, kind-hearted boy; and, although not quite untainted by the corruptions which are more or less inseparable from this rambling existence, is still as fresh in his affections, and as generous in nature, as when he left home. Captain Morris, whose knowledge of life is considerable, predicts most favourably of him, and has only one misgiving—the close intimacy he maintains with Lord George Tiverton. Towards this young Nobleman the Captain expresses the greatest distrust and dislike; feelings that I really own seem to me frequently tinged by a degree of prejudice rather than suggested by reason. It is true, no two beings can be less alike than they are. The one, rigid and unbending in all his ideas of right, listening to no compromise, submitting to no expediency, reserved towards strangers even to the verge of stiffness, and proud from a sense that his humble station might by possibility expose him to freedoms he could not reciprocate. The other, all openness and candour, pushed probably to an excess, and not unfrequently transgressing the barrier of

an honourable self-esteem; without the slightest pretension to principle of any kind, and as ready to own his own indifference as to ridicule the profession of it by another. Yet, with all this, kind and generous in all his impulses, ever willing to do a good-natured thing; and, so far as I can judge, even prepared to bear a friendly part at the hazard of personal inconvenience.

Characters of this stamp are, as you have often observed to me, far more acceptable to very young men than those more swayed by rigid rules of right; and when they join to natural acuteness considerable practical knowledge of life, they soon obtain a great influence over the less gifted and less experienced. I see this in James; for, though not by any means blind to the blemishes in Lord George's character, nor even indifferent to them, yet is he submissive to every dictate of his will, and an implicit believer in all his opinions. But why should I feel astonished at this? Is not his influence felt by every member of the family; and Papa himself, with all his native shrewdness, strongly disposed to regard his judgments as wise and correct. I remark this the more, because I have been away from home; and after an absence one returns with a mind open to every new impression; nor can I conceal from myself that many of the notions I now see adopted and approved of, are accepted as being those popular in high society, and not because of their intrinsic correctness. Had we remained in Ireland, my dear Miss Cox, this had never been the case. There is a corrective force in the vicinity of those who have known us long and intimately, who can measure our pretensions by our station, and pronounce upon our mode of life from the knowledge they have of our condition; and this discipline, if at times severe and even unpleasant, is, upon the whole, beneficial to us. Now, abroad, this wholesome—shall I call it—"surveillance" is wanting altogether, and people are induced by its very absence to give themselves airs, and assume a style quite above them. From that very moment they insensibly adopt a new standard of right and wrong, and substitute fashion and conventionality for purity and good conduct. I'm sure I wish we were back in Dodsborough with all my heart! It is not that there are not objects and scenes of intense interest around us here on every hand. Even I can feel that the mind expands by the variety of impressions that continue to pour in upon it. Still, I would not say that these things may not be bought too dearly; and that if the price they cost is discontent at our lot in life, a craving ambition to be higher and richer, and a cold shrinking back from all of our own real condition, they are unquestionably not worth the sacrifice.

To really enjoy the Continent, it is not necessary—at least for people bred and brought up as we have been—to be very rich; on the contrary, many—ay, and the greatest—advantages of Continental travel are open to very small fortunes, and very small ambitions. Scenery, climate, inexpensive acquaintanceship, galleries, works of art, public libraries, gardens, promenades, are all available. The Morrisises have certainly much less to live on than we have, and yet they have travelled over every part of Europe, know all its cities well, and never found the cost of living considerable. You will smile when I tell you that the single secret for this is, not to cultivate English society. Once make up your mind abroad to live with the people of the country, French, German, and Italian—and there is no class of these above the reach of well-bred English—and you need neither shine in equipage, nor excel in a cook. There is no pecuniary test of respectability abroad; partly because this vulgarity is the offspring of a commercial spirit, which is of course not the general characteristic, and partly from the fact, that many of the highest names have been brought down to humble fortunes by the accidents of war and revolution, and poverty is consequently no evidence of deficient birth. Our gorgeous notions of hospitality are certainly very fine things, and well become great station and large fortune, but are ruinous when they are imitated by inferior means and humble incomes. Foreigners are quite above such vulgar mimicry; and nothing is more common to hear than the avowal, “I am too poor to do this; my fortune would not admit of that;” not uttered in a mock humility, or with the hope of a polite incredulity, but in all the unaffected simplicity with which one mentions a personal fact, to which no shame or disgrace attaches. You may imagine, then, how unimpressively fall upon the ear all those pompous announcements by which we travelling English herald our high and mighty notions; the Palaces we are about to hire, the fêtes we are going to give, and the other splendours we mean to indulge in.

I have read and re-read that part of your letter wherein you speak of your wish to come and live abroad, so soon as the fruits of your life of labour will enable you. Oh, my dear, kind Governess, with what emotion the words filled me—emotions very different from those you ever suspected they would call up; for I bethought me how often I and others must have added to that toilsome existence by our indolence, our carelessness, and our wilfulness. In a moment there rose before me the anxieties you must have suffered, the cares you must have endured, the hopes for those who threw all their burdens upon

you, and left to *you* the blame of *their* short-comings and the reproach of *their* insufficiency.

What rest, what repose would ever requite such labour! How delighted am I to say, that there are places abroad where even the smallest fortunes will suffice. I profited by the permission you gave me to show your letter to Mrs. Morris, and she gave me in return a list of places for you to choose from, at any one of which you could live with comfort for less than you speak of. Some are in Belgium, some in Germany, and some in Italy. Think, for instance, of a small house on the "Meuse," in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, and with a country teeming in every abundance around you, for twelve pounds a year, and all the material of life equally cheap in proportion. Imagine the habits of a Grand Ducal capital, where the Prime Minister receives three hundred per annum, and spends two; where the admission to the theatre is fourpence, and you go to a Court dinner on foot at four o'clock in the day, and sit out of an evening with your work in a public garden afterwards.

Now, I know that in Ireland or Scotland, and perhaps in Wales too, places might be discovered where all the ordinary wants of life would not be dearer than here, but then remember, that to live with this economy at home, you subject yourself to all that pertains to a small estate; you endure the barbarising influences of a solitary life, or, what is worse, the vulgarity of village society. The well-to-do classes, the educated and refined, will not associate with you. Not so here. Your small means are no barrier against your admission into the best circles; you will be received anywhere. Your black silk gown will be "toilet" for the "Minister's reception," your white muslin will be good enough for a ball at Court! When the Army numbers in its cavalry fifty Hussars, and one battalion for its infantry, the simple resident need never blush for his humble retinue, nor feel ashamed that a maid-servant escorts him to a Court entertainment with a lantern, or that a latch-key and a lucifer-match do duty for a hall-porter and a chandelier!

One night—I was talking of these things—Captain Morris quoted a Latin author to the effect, "That Poverty had no such heavy infliction as in its power to make people ridiculous." The remark sounds at first an unfeeling one, but there is yet a true and deep Philosophy in it, for it is in our own abortive and silly attempts to gloss over narrow fortune that the chief sting of poverty resides, and the ridicule alluded to is all of our making! The poverty of two thousand a year can be thus as glaringly absurd—as ridiculous, as that of

two hundred, and even more so, since its failures are more conspicuous.

Now, had we been satisfied to live in this way, it is not alone that we should have avoided debt and embarrassment, but we should really have profited largely besides. I do not speak of the negative advantages of not mingling with those it had been better to have escaped; but that in the society of these smaller capitals there is, especially in Germany, a highly cultivated and most instructive class, slightly pedantic, it may be, but always agreeable and always affable. The domesticity of Germany is little known to us, since even their writers afford few glimpses of it. There are no Bulwers, nor Bozes, nor Thackerays to show the play of passion, nor the working of deep feeling around the family board and hearth. The cares of fathers, the hopes of sons, the budding anxieties of the girlish heart, have few chroniclers. How these people think, and act, and talk at home, and in the secret circle of their families, we know as little as we do of the Chinese. It may be that the inquiry would require long, and deep, and almost microscopic study. Life with them is not as with us, a stormy wave-tossed ocean; it is rather a calm and land-locked bay. They have no Colonial empires, no vast territories for military ambition to revel in, nor great enterprise to speculate on. There are neither gigantic schemes of wealth, nor gold-fields to tempt them. Existence presents few prizes, and as few vicissitudes. The march of events is slow, even, and monotonous, and men conform themselves to the same measure! How, then, do they live—what are their loves, their hates, their ambitions, their crosses, their troubles, and their joys? How are they moved to pity—how stirred to revenge? I own to you I cannot even fancy this. The German heart seems to me a clasped volume; and even Goethe has but shown us a chance page or two, gloriously illustrated, I acknowledge, but closed as quickly as displayed.

Is Marguerite herself a type? I wish some one would tell me. Is that childlike gentleness, that trustful nature, that resistless, passionate devotion, warring with her piety, and yet heightened by it—are these German traits? They seem so; and yet do these *Fräuleins* that I see, with yellow hair, appear capable of this headlong and impetuous love? Faust, I'm convinced, is true to his nationality. He loves like a German—and is mad, and mystical, fond, dreamy, and devoted by turns.

But all these are not what I look for. I want a family picture—a Teerburgh or a Mieris—painted by a German Dickens, or touched

by a native Titmarsh. So far as I have read of it too, the German Drama does not fill up this void; the Comedies of the stage present nothing identical of the people, and yet it appears to me they are singularly good materials for portraiture. The stormy incidents of University life, its curious vicissitudes, and its strange, half-crazed modes of thought, blend into the quiet realities of after-life, and make up men such as one sees nowhere else. The tinge of Romance they have contracted in boyhood is never thoroughly washed out of their natures, and although Statecraft may elevate them to be grave Privy Counsellors, or good fortune select them for its Revenue Officers, they cherish the old memories of Halle and Heidelberg, and can grow valorous over the shape of a rapier, or pathetic about the colour of Fräulein Lydchen's hair.

It is, doubtless, very presumptuous in *me* to speak thus of a people of whom I have seen so little; but bear in mind, my dear Miss Cox, that I'm rather giving Mrs. Morris's experiences than my own, and, in some cases, in her own very words. She had a very extensive acquaintance in Germany, and corresponds besides with many very distinguished persons of that country. Perhaps private letters give a better insight into the habits of a people than most other things, and if so, one should pronounce very favourably of German character from the specimens I have seen. There are, everywhere, great truthfulness, great fairness; a willingness to concede to others a standard different from their own; a hopeful tone in all things, and extreme gentleness towards women and children. Of rural life, and of scenery, too, they speak with true feeling; and, as Sir Walter said of Goethe, "They understand trees."

You will wish to hear something of Bregenz, where we are staying at present, and I have little to say beyond its situation in a little bay on the Lake of Constance, begirt with high mountains, amidst which stretches a level flat, traversed by the Rhine. The town itself is scarcely old enough to be picturesque, though from a distance on the Lake the effect is very pleasing. A part is built upon a considerable eminence, the ascent to which is by a very steep street, impassable save on foot; at the top of this is an old gateway, the centre of which is ornamented by a grotesque attempt at sculpture, representing a female figure seated on a horse, and to all seeming, traversing the clouds. The phenomenon is explained by a legend, that tells how a Bregenzer maiden, some three and a half centuries ago, had gone to seek her fortune in Switzerland, and becoming domesticated there in a family, lived for years among the natural enemies

of her people. Having learned, by an accident one night, that an attack was meditated on her native town, she stole away unperceived, and taking a horse swam the current of the Rhine, and reached Bregenz in time to give warning of the threatened assault, and thus rescued her kinsmen and her birthplace from sack and slaughter. This is the act commemorated by the sculpture, and the stormy waves of the river are doubtless typified in what seem to be clouds.

There is, however, a far more touching memory of the heroism preserved than this, for, each night, as the watchman goes his round of the village, when he comes to announce midnight, he calls aloud the name of her who at the same dead hour, three centuries back, came to wake the sleeping town and tell them of their peril. I do not know of a monument so touching as this! No bust nor statue, no group of marble or bronze, can equal in association the simple memory transmitted from age to age, and preserved ever fresh and green in the hearts of a remote generation. As one thinks of this, the mind at once reverts to the traditions of the early Church, and insensibly one is led to feel the beauty of those transmitted words and acts, which, associated with place, and bound up with customs not yet obsolete, gave such impressive truthfulness to all the story of our Faith. At the same time, it is apparent that the current of tradition cannot long run pure. Even now there are those who scoff at the grateful record of the Bregenzer maiden! Where will her memory be five years after the first railroad traverses the valley of the Vorarlberg? The shrill whistle of the "express" is the death-note to all the romance of life!

Some deplore this, and assert that, with this immense advancement of scientific discovery, we are losing the homely virtues of our fathers. Others pretend that we grow better as we grow wiser, and that increased intelligence is but another form of enlarged goodness. To myself, the great change seems to be, that every hour of this progress diminishes the influence of woman, and that, as men grow deeper and deeper engaged in the pursuits of wealth, the female voice is less listened to, and its counsels less heeded and cared for.

But why do I dare to hazard such conjectures to you, so far more capable of judging, so much more able to solve questions like this!

I am sorry not to be able to speak more confidently about my music; but although Germany is essentially the land of song, there is less domestic cultivation of the art than I had expected; or, rather, it is made less a matter of display. Your mere acquaintances seldom or never will sing for your amusement; your friends as rarely refuse

you. To our notions, also, it seems strange that men are more given to the art here than women. The Frau is almost entirely devoted to household cares. Small fortunes and primitive habits seem to require this, and certainly no one who has ever witnessed the domestic peace of a German family could find fault with the system.

What has most struck me of all here, is the fact, that while many of the old people retain a freshness of feeling, and a warm susceptibility that is quite remarkable—the children are uniformly grave, even to sadness. The bold, dashing, half-reckless boy; the gay, laughing, high-spirited girl, have no types here. The season of youth, as we understand it, in all its jocund merriment, its frolics, and its wildness, has no existence amongst them. The child of ten seems weighted with the responsibilities of manhood; the little sister carries her keys about, and scolds the maids with all the semblance of maternal rigour. Would that these liquid blue eyes had a more laughing look, and that pretty mouth could open to joyous laughter!

With all these drawbacks, it is still a country that I love to live in, and should leave with regret; besides that, I have as yet seen but little of it, and its least remarkable parts.

Whither we go hence, and when, are points that I cannot inform you on. I am not sure, indeed, if any determination on the subject has been come to. Mamma and Mary Anne seem most eager for Rome and Naples; but though I should anticipate a world of delight and interest in these cities, I am disposed to think that they would prove far too expensive—at least with our present tastes and habits.

Wherever my destiny, however, I shall not cease to remember my dear Governess, nor to convey to her, in all the frankness of my affection, every thought and feeling of her sincerely attached

CAROLINE DODD.

LETTER XLVI.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

Bregenz.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

It's well I ever got your last letter, for it seems there's four places called Freyburg, and they tried the three wrong ones first, and I believe they opened and read it everywhere it stopped. "Much good may it do them," says I, "if they did!" They know at least the price of wool in Kinnegad, and what boneens is bringing in Ballinasloe, not to mention the news you tell of Betty Walsh! I thought I cautioned you before not to write anything like a secret when the letter came through a foreign post, seeing that the Police reads everything, and if there's a word against themselves, you're ordered over the frontier in six hours. That's Liberty, my dear! But that is not the worst of it, for nobody wants these dirty spalpeens to read about their private affairs, nor to know the secrets of their families. I must say, you are very unguarded in this respect, and poor Betty's mishap is now known to the Emperor of Prussia and the King of Sweden, just as well as to Father Luke and the Coadjutor; and as they say that these Courts are always exchanging gossip with each other, it will be back in England by the time this reaches you! Let it be a caution to you in future, or, if you must allude to these events, do it in a way that can't be understood, as you may remark they do in the newspapers. I wish you wouldn't be tormenting me about coming home and living among my own people, as you call it. Let them pay up the arrears first, Molly, before they think of establishing any claim of the kind on your humble servant. But the fact is, my dear, the longer you live abroad, the more you like it; and going back to the strict rules and habits of England, after it, is for all the world like putting on a strait-waistcoat. If you only heard foreigners the way they talk of us, and we all the while thinking ourselves the very pink of the creation!

But of all the things they're most severe upon is Sunday. The manner we pass the day, according to their notions, is downright barbarism. No diversion of any kind, no dancing, nor theatres; shops shut up, and nothing legal but intoxication. I always tell them that the fault isn't ours, that it's the Protestants that do these

things; for, as Father Maher says, "They'd put a bit of crape over the blessed sun if they could." But between ourselves, Molly, even we Catholics are greatly behind the foreigners on all matters of civilisation. It may be out of fear of the others, but really we don't enjoy ourselves at all like the French or the Germans. Even in the little place I'm writing now, there's more amusement than in a big city at home; and if there's anything I'm convinced of at all, Molly, it's this: that there is no keeping people out of great wickedness except by employing them in small sins; and, let me tell you, there's not a Political Economist that ever I heard of has hit upon the secret.

We are all in good health, and except that K. I. is in one of his habitual moods of discontent and grumbling, there's not anything particular the matter with us. Indeed, if it wasn't for his natural perverseness of disposition, he oughtn't to be cross and disagreeable, for dear James has just been appointed to an elegant situation, on what they call the "Diplomatic Service." When the letter came first, I was almost off in a faint. I didn't know where it might be they might be sending the poor child—perhaps to Great Carey-o, or the Hymenæal Mountains of India; but Lord George says that it's at one of the great Courts of Europe he's sure to be; and, indeed, with his figure and advantages, that's the very thing to suit him. He's a picture of a young man, and the very image of poor Tom M'Carthy, that was shot at Ballyhealey the year of the great frost. If he doesn't make a great match I'm surprised at it; and the young ladies must be mighty different in their notions from what I remember them, besides. Getting him ready and fitting him out has kept us here; for whenever there's a call upon K. I.'s right-hand pocket, he buttons up the left at once; so that, till James is fairly off, there's no hope for us of getting away from this. That once done, however, I'm determined to pass the winter in Italy. As Lord George says, coming abroad and not crossing the Alps, is like going to a dinner-party and getting up after the "roast"—"You have all the solids of the entertainment, but none of the light and elegant trifles that aid digestion, and engage the imagination." It's a beautiful simile, Molly, and very true besides; for, after all, the heart requires more than mere material enjoyments!

You're maybe surprised to hear that Lord G. is back here; and so was I to see him. What his intentions are, I'm unable to say; but it's surely Mary Anne at all events; and as she knows the world well, I'm very easy in my mind about her. As I told K. I. last night—"Abuse the Continent as you like, K. I., waste all your bad

words about the cookery, and the morals, and the light wines and women, but there's one thing you can't deny to it—there's no falling in love abroad, that I maintain!" And when you come to think of it, I believe that's the real evil of Ireland! Everybody there falls in love, and the more surely when they haven't a sixpence to 'marry on! All the young Lawyers without briefs—all the young Doctors in Dispensaries—every marching Lieutenant living on his pay—every young Curate with seventy pounds a year—in fact, Molly, every case of hopeless poverty—all what the newspapers call heartrending distress—is sure to have a sweetheart! When you think of the misery that brings on a single family, you may imagine the ruin that it entails on a whole country. And I don't speak in ignorance, Mrs. Gallagher; I've lived to see the misery of even a tincture of love in my own unfortunate fate. Not that indeed I ever went far in my feelings towards K. I., but my youth and inexperience carried me away; and see where they've left me! Now that's an error nobody commits abroad; and as to any one being married according to their inclination, it's quite unheard of; and if they have less love, they have fewer disappointments, and 'that same is something!

Talking of marriage brings me to Betty—I suppose I mustn't say Betty Cobb, now that she calls herself the Frau Taddey. Hasn't she made a nice business of it? "They're fighting," as K. I. says, "like man and wife, already!" The creature is only half human; and when he has gorged himself with meat and drink, he sometimes sleeps for twenty-four, or maybe thirty hours, and if there's not something ready for him when he wakes up, his passion is dreadful. I'm afraid of my life lest K. I. should see the bill for his food, and told the Landlord only to put down his four regular meals, and that I'd pay the rest, which I have managed to do, up to this, by disposing of K. I.'s wearing apparel. And would you believe it, that the beast has already eaten a brown surtout, two waistcoats, and three pair of kerseymere shorts and gaiters, not to say a spencer that he had for his lunch, and a Mackintosh cape that he took the other night before going to bed! Betty is always crying from his bad usage, and consequently of no earthly use to any one; but if a word is said against him she flies out in a rage, and there's no standing her tongue!

Maybe, however, it's all for the best; for without a little excitement to my nervous system, I'd have found this place very dull. Doctor Morgan Moore, that knew the M'Carthy constitution better than any one living, used to say, "Miss Jemima requires movement and animation;" and, indeed, I never knew any place agree with me like the "Sheds" of Clontarf.

Mary Anne keeps telling me that this is now quite vulgar, and that your people of first fashion are never pleased with anybody, or anything; and whenever a place, or a party, or even an individual is peculiarly tiresome, she says, "Be sure, then, that it's quite the mode." That is possibly the reason why Lord George recommends us passing a few weeks on the Lake of Comus; and if it's the right thing to do I'm ready and willing; but I own to you, Molly, I'd like a little sociality, if it was only for a change. At any rate, Comus is in Italy; and if we once get there, it will go far with me if I don't see the Pope. I'm obliged to be brief this time, for the post closes here whenever the Postmaster goes to dinner; and to-day I'm told he dines early. I'll write you, however, a full and true account of us all next week, till when, believe me your ever affectionate and attached friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P.S.—Mary Anne has just reconciled me to the notion of Comus. It is really the most aristocratic place in Europe, and she remarks that it is exactly the spot to make excellent acquaintances in for the ensuing winter; for you see, Molly, that is really what one requires in summer and autumn, and the English that live much abroad study this point greatly. But, indeed, there's a wonderful deal to be learned before one can say that they know Life on the Continent; and the more I think of it, the less am I surprised at the mistakes and blunders of our travelling countrymen—errors, I am proud to say, that we have escaped up to this.

LETTER XLVII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

Bregenz.

MY DEAR TOM,

ALTHOUGH it is improbable I shall be able to despatch this by the post of to-day, I take the opportunity of a few moments of domestic peace to answer your last—I wish I could say—agreeable letter. It is not that your intentions are not everything that consists with rectitude and honour, or that your sentiments are not always those of a right-minded man, but I beg to observe to you, Tom Purcell, in all the candour of a five-and-forty years' friendship, that you have about the same knowledge of life and the world that a toad has of Lord Rosse's telescope.

We have come abroad for an object, which, whether attainable or not, is not now the question; but if there be any prospect whatever of realising it—confound the phrase, but I have no other at hand—is surely by an ample and liberal style of living, such as shall place us on a footing of equality with the best society, and make the Dodds eligible anywhere.

I suppose you admit that much. I take it for granted that even bucolic dulness is capable of going so far. Well, then, what do you mean by your incessant appeals to “retrenchment” and “economy?” Don't you see that you make yourself just as preposterous as Cobden, when he says, cut down the estimates, reduce the navy, and dismiss your soldiers, but still be a first-rate power. Tie your hands behind your back, but cry out, “Beware of me, for I'm dreadful when I'm angry.”

You quote me against myself; you bring up my old letters, like Hansard, against me, and say that all our attempts have been failures; but without calling you to order for referring to “what passed in another place,” I will reply to you on your own grounds. If we have failed, it has been because our resources did not admit of our maintaining to the end what we had begun in splendour—that our means fell short of our requirements—that, in fact, with a well-chosen position and picked troops, we lost the battle only for want of ammunition, having fired away all our powder in the beginning of the engagement. Whose fault was *that*, I beg to ask? Can the Commissary-General Purcell come clear out of *that* charge?

I know your hair-splitting habit—I at once anticipate your reply. An Agent and a Commissary are two very different things! And just as flatly I tell you, you are wrong, and that, rightly considered, the duties of both are precisely analogous, and that a General commanding an army, and an Irish Landlord travelling on the Continent, present a vast number of points of similitude and resemblance. In the one case as in the other, supplies are indispensable—come what will, the forces must be fed, and if it would be absurd for the General to halt in his march and inquire into all the difficulties of providing stores, it would be equally preposterous for the Landlord to arrest his career by going into every petty grievance of his tenantry, and entering into a minute examination of the state of every cottier on his land. Send the rations, Tom, and I'll answer for the campaign. I don't mean to say that there are not some hardships attendant upon this. I know that to raise contributions an occasional severity must be employed; but is the fate of a great engagement to be jeopardised for the sake of such considerations? No, no, Tom. Even your spirit will recoil from such an admission as this!

It is only fair to mention that these are not merely my own sentiments. Lord George Tiverton, to whom I happened to show your letter, was really shocked at the contents. I don't wish to offend you, Tom, but the expression he used was, "It is fortunate for your friend Purcell that he is not *my* Agent." I will not repeat what he said about the management of English landed property, but it is obvious that our system is not their system, and that such a thing as a Landlord in *my* position is actually unheard of. "If Ireland were subject to earthquakes," said he, "if the arable land were now and then covered over ten feet deep with lava, I could understand your Agent's arguments; but wanting these causes, they are downright riddles to me."

He was most anxious to obtain possession of your letter; and I learned from Mary Anne that he really meant to use it in the House, and show you up bodily as one of the prominent causes of Irish misery. I have saved you from this exposure, but I really cannot spare you some of the strictures your conduct calls for.

I must also observe to you that there is, what the Duke used to call, "a terrible sameness" about your letters. The potatoes are always going to rot, the people always going to leave. It rains for ten weeks at a time, and if you have three fine days you cry out that the country is ruined by drought. Just for sake of a little variety, can't you take a prosperous tone for once instead of "drawing my attention," as you superciliously phrase it, to the newspaper announcement

about "George Davis and other petitioners, and the lands of Ballyclough, Kiltimaon, and Knocknaslattery, being part of the Estate of James Kenny Dodd, Esq., of Dodsborough." I have already given you my opinion about that Encumbered Estates Court, and I see no reason for changing it. Confiscation is a mild name for its operation. What Ireland really wanted was a Loan Fund—a good round sum, say three and a half or four millions, lent out on reasonable security, but free from all embarrassing conditions. Compel every proprietor to plant so much potatoes for the use of the poor, and get rid of those expensive absurdities called "Unions," with all the lazy, indolent officials; do that, and we might have a chance of prospering once more.

It makes me actually sick to hear you, an Irishman born and bred, repeating all that English balderdash about "a cheap and indisputable title," and so forth. Do you remember about four-and-twenty years ago, Tom, when I wanted to breach a place for a window in part of the old house at Dodsborough, and Hackett warned me that if I touched a stone of it I'd maybe have the whole edifice come tumbling about my ears. Don't you see the analogy between that and our condition as Landlords, and that our real security lay in the fact that nobody could dare to breach us? Meddle with us once, and who could tell where the ruin would fall! So long as the system lasted we were safe, Tom. Now, your Encumbered Court, with its Parliamentary title, has upset all that security; and that's the reason of all the distress and misfortune that have overtaken us.

I think, after the specimen of my opinions, I'll hear no more of your reproaches about my "growing indifference to home topics," my "apparent apathy regarding Ireland," and other similar reflections in your last letter. Forget my country, indeed! does a man ever forget the cantharides when he has a blister on his back. If I'm warm, I'm sorry for it; but it's your own fault, Tom Purcell. You know me since I was a child, and understand my temper well; and whatever it was once, it hasn't improved by conjugal felicity.

And now for the Home Office. James started last night for London, to go through whatever formalities there may be before receiving his appointment. What it is to be, or where, I have not an idea; but I cling to the hope that when they see the lad, and discover his utter ignorance on all subjects, it will be something very humble, and not requiring a sixpence from me. All that I have seen of the world, shows me that the higher you look for your children, the more they cost you; and for that reason, if I had my choice, I'd rather have him a Guager than in the Grenadier Guards. Even as it is, the

outfit for this journey has run away with no small share of your late remittance; and now that we have come to the end of the M'Carthy legacy—the last fifty was “appropriated” by James before starting—it will require all the financial skill you can command to furnish me with sufficient means for our new campaign.

Yes, Tom, we are going to Italy. I have discussed the matter so long, and so fully argued it in every shape, artistical, philosophical, economical, and moral, that I verily believe that our dialogues would furnish a very respectable manual to Trans-Alpine travellers; and if I am not a convert to the views of my opponents, I am so far vanquished in the controversy as to give in.

Lord George put the matter, I must say, very strongly before me. “To turn your steps homeward from the Alps,” said he, “is like the act of a man who, having dressed for an evening party, and ascended the stairs, wheels round at the door of the drawing-room, and quits the house. All your previous knowledge of the Continent, so costly and so difficult to attain, is about, at length, to become profitable; that insight into foreign life and habits, which you have arrived at by study and observation, is now about to be available. Italy is essentially the land of taste, elegance, and refinement; and there, will all the varied gifts and acquirements of your accomplished family be appreciated.” Besides this, Tom, he showed me that the “Snobs,” as he politely designated them, are all “Cis-Alpine;” strictly confining themselves to the Rhine and Switzerland, and never descending the southern slopes of the Alps. According to his account, therefore, the climate of Italy is not more marked by superiority than the tone of its society. There, all is polished, elegant, and refined; and if the men “be not all brave, and the women all virtuous,” it is because “their moral standard is one more in accordance with the ancient traditions, the temper, and the instincts of the people.” I quote you his words here, because very possibly they may be more intelligible to you than to myself. At all events, one thing is quite clear—we ought to go and judge for ourselves, and to this resolve have we come. Tiverton—without whom we should be actually helpless—has arranged the whole affair, and, really with a regard to economy that, considering his habits and his station, can only be attributed to a downright feeling of friendship for us. By a mere accident he hit upon a Villa at Como, for a mere trifle—he won't tell me the sum, but he calls it a “nothing”—and now he has, with his habitual good luck, chanced upon a return carriage going to Milan, the driver of which horses our carriage, and takes the servants with him, for very little more than the keep of his beasts on the road. This piece of intelligence will

tickle every stingy fibre in your economical old heart, and at last shall I know you to mutter, "K. I. is doing the prudent thing."

Tiverton himself says, "It's not exactly the most elegant mode of travelling; but as the season is early, and the Splugen a pass seldom traversed, we shall slip down to Como unobserved, and save some forty or fifty 'Naps.,' without any one being the wiser." Mrs. D. would of course object if she had the faintest suspicion that it was inexpensive; but "my Lord," who seems to read her like a book, has told her that it is the very mode in which all the Aristocracy travel, and that by a happy piece of fortune we have secured the Vetturino that took Prince Albert to Rome, and the Empress of Russia to Palermo!

He has, or he is to find, four horses for our coach, and three for his own; we are to take the charge of bridges, barriers, rafts, and "re-mounts," and give him besides five Napoleons per diem, and a "Buona Mano," or gratuity, of three more, if satisfied, at the end of the journey. Now, nothing can be more economical than this; for we are a large party, and with luggage enough to fill a ship's jolly-boat.

You see, therefore, what it is to have a shrewd and intelligent friend. You and I might have walked the main street of Bregenz till our shoes were thin, before we discovered that the word "Gelegenheit," chalked up on the back-leather of an old calèche, meant "A return conveniency to be had cheap." The word is a German one, and means "Opportunity;" and ah, my dear Tom, into what a strange channel does it entice one's thoughts! What curious reflections come across the mind, as we think of all our real Opportunities in this world, and how little we did of them. Not but there might be a debit side to the account, too, and that some two or three may have escaped us, that it was just as well we let pass!

We intended to have left this to-morrow, but Mrs. D. won't travel on a Friday. "It's an unlucky day," she says, and maybe she's right. If I don't mistake greatly, it was on a Friday I was married, but of course this is a reminiscence I keep to myself. This reminds me of the question in your postscript, and to which I reply: Not a bit of it, nothing of the kind. So far as I see, Tiverton feels a strong attachment to James, but never even notices the girls. I ought to add, that this is not Mrs. D.'s opinion; and she is always flouncing into my dressing-room, with a new discovery of a look that he gave Mary Anne, or a whisper that he dropped into Cary's ear. Mothers would be a grand element in a Detective Police, if they didn't now and then see more than was in sight; but that's their failing, Tom. The same generous zeal which they employ in magnifying their husband's faults,

helps them to many another exaggeration. Now Mrs. D. is what she calls fully persuaded—in other words, she has some shadowy suspicions—that Lord George has formed a strong attachment to one or other of her daughters, the only doubtful point being which of them is to be “my Lady.”

Shall I confess to you, that I rather cherish the notion than seek to disabuse her of it, and for this simple reason: Whenever she is in full cry after grandeur, whether in the shape of an acquaintance, an invitation, or a match for the girls, she usually gives me a little peace and quietness. The Peerage, “God bless our old Nobility,” acts like an anodyne on her.

I give you, therefore, both sides of the question, repeating once more my own conviction, that Lord G. has no serious intentions, to use the phrase maternal, whatever. And now to your second query: If not, is it prudent to encourage his intimacy? Why, Tom Purcell, just bethink you for a moment, and see to what a strange condition would your theory, if acted on, resolve all the inhabitants of the globe. Into one or other category they must go infallibly. “Either they want to marry one of the Dodds, or they don’t.” Now, though the fact is palpable enough, it is for all purposes of action a most embarrassing one, and if I proceed to make use of it, I shall either be doomed to very tiresome acquaintances, or a life of utter solitude and desertion.

Can’t a man like your society, your dinners, your port, your jokes, and your cigars, but he must perforce marry one of your daughters! Is your house to be like a rat-trap, and if a fellow puts his head in must he be caught! I don’t like the notion at all; and not the less, that it rather throws a slight over certain convivial gifts and agreeable qualities for which, once upon a time at least, I used to have some reputation. As to Tiverton, I like *him*, and I have a notion that he likes *me*. We suit each other as well as it is possible for two men bred, born, and brought up so perfectly unlike. We both have seen a great deal of the world, or rather of two worlds, for *his* is not *mine*. At the same time, every remark he makes—and all his observations show me that mankind is precisely the same thing everywhere, and that it is exactly with the same interests, the same impulses, and the same passions, my Lord bets his thousands at “Crocky’s,” that Billy Healey, or Father Tom, ventures his half-crown at the Pig and Pincers, in Bruff. I used to think that what with races, elections, horse-fairs, and the like, I had seen my share of rascality or roguery; but, compared to my Lord’s experiences, I might be a babe in the nursery. There isn’t a dodge—not a piece of knavery that was ever invented, he doesn’t know. Trickery and deception of every kind

are all familiar to him, and, as he says himself, he only wants a few weeks in a convict settlement to put the finish on his education.

You'd fancy, from what I say, that he must be a cold, misanthropic, suspicious fellow, with an ill-natured temper, and a gloomy view of everybody and everything. Far from it; his whole theory of life is benevolent; and his maxim, to believe every one honourable, trustworthy, and amiable. I see the half-cynical smile with which you listen to this, and I already know the remark that trembles on your lip. You would say, that such a code cuts both ways, and that a man who pronounces so favourably of his fellows almost secures thereby a merciful verdict on himself. In fact, that he who passes base money can scarcely refuse, now and then, to accept a bad halfpenny in change. Well, Tom, I'll not argue the case with you, for if not myself a disciple of this creed, I have learned to think that there are very few indeed who are privileged to play censor upon their acquaintances, and that there is always the chance that when you are occupied looking at your neighbour drifting on a lee shore, you may bump on a rock yourself.

You said in your last that you thought me more lax than I used to be about right and wrong, "less straightlaced," you were polite enough to call it; and with an equal urbanity you ascribed this change in me to the habits of the Continent. I am proud to say "Guilty" to the charge, and I believe you are right as to the cause. Yes, Tom, the tone of society abroad is eminently merciful, and it must needs be a bad case where there are no attenuating circumstances. So much the worse, say you; where vice is leniently looked on, it will be sure to flourish. To which I answer: Show me where it does not! Is it in the modern Babylon, is it in moral Scotland, or drab-coloured Washington? On my conscience, I don't believe there is more of wickedness in a foreign city than a home one; the essential difference being that we do wrong with a consciousness of our immorality; whereas the foreigner has a strong impression that after all it's only a passing frailty, and that human nature was not ever intended to be perfect. Which system tends most to corrupt a people, and which creates more hopeless sinners I leave to you, and others as fond of such speculations, to ponder over.

Another charge—for your letter has as many counts as an indictment—another you make against me is, that I seem as if I was beginning to like—or as you modestly phrase it—as if I was getting more reconciled to the Continent. Maybe I am, now that I have learned how to qualify the light wines with a little brandy, and to make my dinner of the eight or nine, instead of the two-and-thirty dishes they

serve up to you ; and since I have trained myself to walk the length of a street, in rain or sunshine, without my hat, and have attained to the names of the cards at whist in a foreign tongue, I believe I do feel more at home here than at first ; but still I am far, very far, in arrear of the knowledge that a man bred and born abroad would possess at my age. To begin, Tom : He would be a perfect cook ; you couldn't put a clove of garlic too little, or an olive too much, without his detecting it in the dish. Secondly, he would be curious in snuffs, and a dead hand at dominoes ; then he would be deep in the private histories of the Ballet, and tell you the various qualities of short-drapiered damsels that had figured on the boards for the last thirty years. These, and such like, would be the consolations of his declining years ; and of these I know absolutely next to nothing. Who knows, however, but I may improve ? The world is a wonderful schoolmaster, and if Mrs. D. is to be believed, I am an apt scholar whenever the study is of an equivocal kind.

We hope to spend the late autumn at Como, and then step down into some of the cities of the South for the winter months. The approved plan is Florence till about the middle of January, Rome till the beginning of Lent, then Naples till the Holy Week, whence back again for the ceremonies. After that, northward wherever you please. All this sounds like a good deal of locomotion, and consequently of expense, but Lord G. says, "Just leave it to *me*. I'll be your Courier ;" and as he not only performs that function, but unites with it that of Banker—he can get anything discounted at any moment—I am little disposed to depose him from his office. Now no more complaints that I have not replied to you about this, that, and t'other, not informed you about our future movements, nor given you any hint as to our plans : you know everything about us, at least so far as it is known to your

Very sincere friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

As I mentioned in the beginning, I am too late for the post, so I'll keep this open if anything should occur to me before the next mail.

The Inn. Splugen, Monday.

I thought this was already far on its way to you ; but to my great surprise, on opening my writing-desk this morning, I discovered it there still. The truth is, I grow more absent, and what the French call "distracted," every day ; and it frequently happens that I forget some infernal bill or other, till the fellow knocks at the door with

“the notice.” Here we are, at a little Inn on the very top of the Alps. We arrived yesterday, and, to our utter astonishment, found ourselves suddenly in a land of snow and icebergs. The whole way from Bregenz the season was a mellow autumn: some of the corn was still standing, but most was cut, and the cattle turned out over the stubble: the trees were in full leaf, and the mountain rivulets were clear and sparkling, for no rain had fallen for some time back. It was a picturesque road, and full of interest in many ways. From Coire we made a little excursion across the Rhine to a place called Ragatz—a kind of summer resort for visitors who come to bathe and drink the waters of Pfeffers, one of the most extraordinary sights I ever beheld. These Baths are built in a cleft of the mountain, about a thousand feet in depth, and scarcely thirty wide in many parts: the sides of the precipices are straight as a wall, and only admit of a gleam of the sun when perfectly vertical. The gloom and solemnity of the spot, its death-like stillness and shade, even at noonday, are terribly oppressive. Nor is the sadness dispelled by the living objects of the picture! Swiss, Germans, French, and Italians, swathed in flannel dressing-gowns and white dimity cerements, with nightcaps and slippers, steal along the gloomy corridors and the gloomier alleys, pale, careworn, and cadaverous. They come here for health, and their whole conversation is sickness. Now, however consoling it may be to an invalid to find a recipient of his sorrows, the price of listening in turn is a tremendous infliction. Nor is the character of the scene such as would probably suggest agreeable reflections: had it been the portico to the nameless locality itself, it could not possibly be more dreary and sorrow-stricken. Now, whatever virtues the waters possess, is surely antagonised by all this agency of gloom and depression; and except it be as a preparation for leaving the world without regret, this place seems to be marvellously ill adapted for its object. It appears to me, however, that foreigners run into the greatest extremes in these matters; a sick man must either live in a perpetual Vauxhall of fireworks, music, dancing, dining, and gambling, as at Baden, or be condemned to the worse than Penitentiary diet and prison discipline of Pfeffers! Surely there must be some halting-place between the Ball-room and the Cloister, or some compromise of costume between silk stockings and bare feet! But really, to a thinking, reasonable being, it appears very distressing that you must either dance out of the world to Strauss’s music, or hobble miserably out of life to the sound of the falling waters of Pfeffers.

Does it not sound also very oddly to our Free-trade notions of

malady, that the Doctor of these places is appointed by the State; that without his sanction and opinion of your case, you must neither bathe nor drink: that no matter how satisfied you may be with your own Physician, nor how little to your liking the Government Medico, he has the last word on the subject of your disorder, and without his wand the pool is never to be stirred in your behalf. You don't quite approve of this, Tom—neither do I. The State has no more a right to choose my Doctor than to select a Wife for me. If there be anything essentially a man's own prerogative, it is his—what shall I call it?—his caprice about his medical adviser. One man likes a grave, sententious, silently-disposed fellow, who feels his pulse, shakes his head, takes his fee, and departs, with scarcely more than a muttered monosyllable; another prefers the sympathetic Doctor, that goes half-and-half in all his sufferings, lies awake at night thinking of his case, and seems to rest his own hopes of future bliss in life on curing him. As for myself, I lean to the fellow that, no matter what ails me, is sure to make me pass a pleasant half hour; that has a lively way of laughing down all my unpleasant symptoms, and is certain to have a droll story about a patient that he is just come from. That's the man for my money; and I wish you could tell me where a man gets as good value as for the guinea he gives to one of these. Now, from what I have seen of the Continent, this is an order of which they have no representative. All the professional classes, but more essentially the medical, are taken from an inferior grade in society, neither brought up in intercourse with the polite world, nor ever admitted to it afterwards. The consequence is, that your Doctor comes to visit you as your Shoemaker to measure you for shoes, and it would be deemed as a great liberty were he to talk of anything but your complaint, as for Crispin to impart his sentiments about Russia or the policy of Louis Napoleon. I don't like the system, and I am convinced it doesn't work well. If I know anything of human nature, too, it is this—that nobody tells the whole truth to his Physician *till he can't help it*. No, Tom, it only comes out after a long cross-examination, great patience, and a deal of dodging; and for these you must have no vulgarly-minded, common-place, underbred fellow, but a consummate man of the world, who knows when you are bamboozling him, and when fencing him off with a sham. He must be able to use all the arts of a Priest in the confessional, and an Advocate in a trial, with a few more of his own not known to either, to extort your secret from you; and I am sure that a man of vulgar habits and low associations is not the best adapted for this.

I wanted to stop and dine with this lugubrious company. I was

curious to see what they ate, and whether their natures attained any social expansion under the genial influences of food and drink; but Mrs. D. wouldn't hear of it. She had detected, she said, an "impudent hussy with black eyes" bestowing suspicious glances at your humble servant. I thought that she was getting out of these fancies—I fondly hoped that a little peace on these subjects would in a degree reconcile me to many of the discomforts of old age; but, alas! the grey hairs and the stiff ankles have come, and no writ of ease against conjugal jealousies. Away we came, fresh and fasting, and as there was nothing to be had at Ragatz, we were obliged to go on to Coire before we got supper; and if you only knew what it is to arrive at one of these foreign Inns after the hour of the ordinary meals, you'd confess there was little risk of our committing an excess.

I own to you, Tom, that the excursion scarcely deserved to be called a pleasant one. Fatigue, disappointment, and hunger, are but ill antagonised by an outbreak of temper; and Mrs. D. lightened the way homeward by a homily on fidelity that would have made Don Juan appear deserving of being canonised as a Saint! I must also observe, that Tiverton's conduct on this occasion was the very reverse of what I expected from him. A shrewd, keen fellow like him could not but know in his heart that Mrs. D.'s suspicions were only nonsense and absurdity; and yet what did he do but play, shocked and horrified, agreed completely with every ridiculous notion of my wife, and actually went so far as to appeal to me, as a father, against myself as a profligate. I almost choked with passion; and if it was not that we were under obligations to him about James's business, I'm not certain I should not have thrown him out of the coach. I wish to the Saints that the woman would take to any other line of suspicion, even for the sake of variety—fancy me an incurable drunkard, a gambler, an uncertified bankrupt, or a forger. I'm not certain if I would not accept the charge of a transportable felony rather than be regarded as the sworn enemy of youth and virtue, and the snake in the grass to all unprotected females.

From Coire we travelled on to Reichenau, a pretty village at the foot of the Alps, watered by the Rhine, which is there a very inconsiderable stream, and with as little promise of future greatness as any Barrister of six years' standing you please to mention. There is a neat-looking Château, which stands on a small terrace above the river here, not without a certain interest attached to it. It was here that Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, taught mathematics in the humble capacity of usher to a school. Just fancy that deep politician—the wiliest head

in all Europe, with the largest views of statecraft, and the most consummate knowledge of men—instilling angles and triangles into impracticable numskulls, and crossing the Asses' bridge ten times a day with lame and crippled intellects.

It would be curious to know what views of mankind, what studies of life, he made during this period. Such a man was not made to suffer any opportunity, no matter how inconsiderable in itself, to escape him without profiting; and it may be easily believed that in the monarchy of a school he might have meditated over the rule of larger masses.

History can scarcely present greater changes of fortune than those that have befallen that family, which is the more singular, since they have been brought about neither by great talents nor great crimes. The Orleans family was more remarkable for the qualities which shine in the middle ranks of life than either for any towering genius or any unscrupulous ambition. Their strength was essentially in this mediocrity, and it was a momentary forgetfulness of that same stronghold—by the Spanish marriage—that cost the King his throne. The truth was, Tom, that the nation never liked us—they hated England just as they hated it at Cressy, at Blenheim, and at Waterloo, and will hate it, notwithstanding your great Industrial gatherings, to the end of time. They were much dissatisfied with Louis Philippe's policy of an English alliance; they deemed it disadvantageous, costly, and humiliating; but that it should be broken up and destroyed for an object of mere family, for a piece of dynastic ambition, was a gross outrage and affront to the spirit of national pride. It was the sentiment of insulted honour that leagued the followers of the Orleans branch with the Legitimists and the Republicans, and formed that terrible alliance that extended from St. Antoine to the Faubourg St. Germain, and included every one from the Peer to the common Labourer.

All this prosing about politics will never take us over the Alps; and, indeed, so far as I can see, there is small prospect of that event just now; for it has been snowing smartly all night, with a strong southerly wind, which they say always leaves heavy drifts in different parts of the mountain.

We are cooped up here in a curious, straggling kind of an Inn, that gradually dwindles away into a barn, a stable, and a great shed, filled with disabled diligences and smashed old sledges—an incurable asylum for diseased conveyances. The house stands in a cleft of the hills; but from the windows you can see the zig-zag road that ascends for miles in front, and which now is only marked out by long poles,

already some ten or twelve feet deep in snow. It is snow on every side—on the mountains, on the roofs, on the horses that stand shaking their bells at the door; on the Conducteur that drinks his schnaps; on the Postilion as he lights his pipe. The thin flakes are actually plating his whiskers and moustaches, till he looks like one of the “Old Guard,” as we see them in a Melodrama.

Tiverton, who conducts all our arrangements, has had a row with our Vetturino, who says that he never contracted to take us over the mountain in sledges; and as the carriages cannot run on wheels, here we are discussing the question. There have been three stormy debates already, and another is to come off this afternoon; meanwhile, the snow is falling heavily, and whatever chance there was of getting forward yesterday, is now ten times less practicable. The Landlord of our Inn is to be arbiter I understand; and as he is the proprietor of the sledges we shall have to hire, if defeated, without impugning in any way the character of Alpine Justice, you can possibly anticipate the verdict.

A word upon this Vetturino system ere I leave it—I hope for ever. It is a perfect nuisance from beginning to end. From the moment you set off with one of these rascals, till the hour you arrive at your journey's end, it is plague, squabble, insolence, and torment. They start at what hour of the morning they please; they halt where they like, and for as long as they like, invariably too at the worst wayside Inns—away from a town and from all chance of accommodation—since rye-bread and sour wine, with a mess of stewed garlic, will always satisfy *them*. They rarely drive at full five miles the hour, and walk every inch with an ascent of a foot in a hundred yards. If expostulated with by the wretched traveller, they halt in some public place, and appeal to the bystanders in some dialect unknown to you. The result of which is that a ferocious mob surrounds you, and with invectives, insults, and provocative gestures, assail and outrage you, till it please your tormentor to drive on; which you do at length amidst hooting and uproar that even convicted felons would feel ashamed of.

On reaching your Inn at night, they either give such a representation of you as gets you denied admittance at all, or obtain for you the enviable privilege of paying for everything “en Milor.” Between being a Swindler or an Idiot, the chance alone lies for you. Then they refuse to unstrap your luggage; or if they do so, tie it on again so insecurely that it is sure to drop off next day. I speak not of a running fire of petty annoyances: such as fumigating you with pestilent tobacco, nor the blessed enjoyment of that infernal Spitz dog

which stands all day on the roof, and barks every mile of the road from Berne to Naples. As to any redress against their insolence, misconduct, or extortion, it is utterly hopeless—and for this reason: they are sure to have a hundred petty occasions of rendering small services to the smaller Authorities of every village they frequent. They carry the Judge's Mother for nothing to a watering-place; or they fetch his Aunt to the market-town; or they smuggle for him—or thief for him—something that is only to be had over the frontier. Very probably, too, on the very morning of your appeal, you have kicked the same Judge's brother, he being the waiter of your Inn, and having given you bad money in change—at all events, *you* are not likely ever to be met with again; the Vetturino is certain to come back within the year; and, finally, you are sure to have money, and be able to pay—so that, as the Irish foreman said, as the reason for awarding heavy damages against an Englishman, “It is a fine thing to bring so much money into the country.”

Take my word for it, Tom, the system is a perfect disgust from beginning to end, and even its cheapness only a sham; for your economy is more than counterbalanced by Police fees, fines, and impositions, delays, remounts, bulls, and starved donkeys, paid for at a price they would not bring if sold at a market. Post, if you can afford it; take the public conveyances, if you must; but for the sake of all that is decent and respectable—all that consists with comfort and self-respect—avoid the Vetturino! I know that a contrary opinion has a certain prevalence in the world—I am quite aware that these rascals have their advocates—and no bad ones either—since they are women.

I have witnessed more than one Guiseppe, or Antonio, with a beard, whiskers, and general “get up,” that would have passed muster in a comic opera; and on looking at the fellow's book of certificates (for such as these always have a bound volume, smartly enclosed in a neat case), I have found that “Mrs. Miles Dalrymple and daughters made the journey from Milan to Aix les Bains with Francesco Birbante, and found him excessively attentive, civil, and obliging; full of varied information about the road, and quite a treasure to ladies travelling alone.” Another of these villains is styled “quite an agreeable companion;” one was called “charming,” and I found that Miss Matilda Somers, of Queen's-road, Old Brompton, pronounces Luigi Balderdasci, “although in the humble rank of a Vetturino, an accomplished gentleman.” I know, therefore, how ineffectual would it be for Kenny Dodd to enter the lists against such odds, and it is only under the seal of secrecy that I dare to mutter them. The widows

and the fatherless form a strong category in foreign travel; dark dresses and demure looks are very vagrant in their habits, and I am not going to oppose myself single-handed to such an united force. But to you, Tom Purcell, I may tell the truth in all confidence and security. If I was in authority, I'd shave these scoundrels to-morrow. I'd not suffer a moustache, a red sash, nor a hat with a feather amongst them; and take my word for it, the panegyrics would be toned down, and we'd read much more about the horses than the drivers, and learn how many miles a day they could travel, and not how many sonnets of Petrarch the rascal could repeat.

I have lost my John Murray. I forgot it in our retreat from Pfeffers; so that I don't remember whether he lauds these fellows or the reverse, but the chances are it is the former. It is one of the endless delusions travellers fall into, and many's the time I have had to endure a tiresome description of their delightful Vetturino, that "charming Beppo, who, 'however he got them,' had a bouquet for each of us every morning at breakfast." If I ever could accomplish the writing of that book I once spoke to you about upon the Continent and foreign travels, I'd devote a whole chapter to these fellows; and more than that, Tom, I'd have an Appendix—a book of travels is nothing without an Appendix in small print—wherein I'd give a list of all these scoundrels who have been convicted as bandits, thieves, and petty larceners; of all their misdeeds against old gentlemen with palsy, and old ladies with "nerves." I'd show them up, not as Heroes but Highwaymen; and take my word for it, I'd be doing good service to the writers of those sharply-formed little paragraphs now so enthusiastic about Giovanni, and so full of "grateful recollections" of "poor Guiseppe."

I am positively ashamed to say how many of the observations, aye, and of the printed observations of travellers, I have discovered to have their origin in this same class; and that what the Tourist jotted down as his own remark on Men and Manners, was the stereotyped opinion of these illiterate vagabonds. But as for Books of Travel, Tom, of all the humbugs of a humbugging age, there is nothing can approach them. I have heard many men TALK admirably about foreign life and customs. I have never chanced upon one who could WRITE about them. It is not only that your really smart fellows do not write; but, that to pronounce authoritatively on a people, one must have a long and intimate acquaintance with them. Now, this very fact alone, to a great degree, invalidates the freshness of observation; for what we are accustomed to see every day, ceases to strike us as worthy of remark. To the raw Tourist, all is strange, novel,

and surprising ; and if he only record what he sees, he will tell much that everybody knows, but also some things that are not quite so familiar to the multitude. Now, your old resident abroad knows the Continent too well, and too thoroughly, to find any one incident or circumstance peculiar. To take an illustration : A man who had never been at a Play in his life would form a far better conception of what a Theatre was like from hearing the description of one from an intelligent child, who had been there once, than from the most laboured criticism on the acting from an old frequenter of the Pit. Hence the majority of these tours have a certain success at home ; but for the man who comes abroad, and wishes to know something that may aid to guide his steps, form his opinions, and direct his judgment, believe me, they are not worth a brass farthing. There is this also to be taken into account—that every observer is, more or less, recounting some trait of his own nature, of his habits, his tastes, and his prejudices ; so that before you can receive his statement, you have to study his disposition. Take all these adverse and difficult conditions into consideration—give a large margin for credulity, and a larger for exaggeration—bethink you of the embarrassments of a foreign tongue, and then I ask you how much real information you have a right to expect from Journals of the long vacation, or “ Winters ” in Italy, or Tyrol Rambles in autumn ? I say it in no boastfulness, Tom, nor in any mood of vanity ; but if I was some twenty years younger, with a good income, and no encumbrances, well versed in languages, and fairly placed as regards social advantages, that I, myself, could make a very readable volume about foreign life, and foreign manners. You laugh at the notion of Kenny Dodd on a title-page ; but haven’t we one or two of our acquaintances that cut just as ridiculous a figure ?

Tiverton has come in to tell me that the judgment of the Court has been given against him, and consequently against us, “ *in re* Veterino ; ” and the award of the Judge is, “ That we pay all the expenses for the journey to Milan, the gratuity—that was only to be given as an evidence of our perfect satisfaction—and anything more that our sense of honour and justice may suggest, as compensation for the loss of time he has sustained in litigating with us.” On these conditions he is to be free to follow his road, and we are to remain here till—I wish I could say the time—but, according to present appearances, it may be spring before we get away. When I tell you that the decision has been given by the Landlord of the Inn, where we must stop—as no other exists within twenty miles of us—you may guess the animus of the judgment-seat. It requires a great degree

of self-restraint not to be carried into what the law calls an overt act, by a piece of iniquity like this. I have abstained, by a great effort; but the struggle has almost given me a fit of apoplexy. Imagine the effrontery of the rascal, Tom; scarcely had he counted over his Napoleons, and made his grin of farewell, than he mounted his box and drove away over the mountain, which had just been declared impassable—a feat witnessed by all of us—in company with the Landlord who had pronounced the verdict against us. I stormed—I swore. In short, I worked myself into a sharp fit of the gout, which flew from my ankle to my stomach, and very nigh carried me off. A day of extreme suffering has been succeeded by one of great depression; and here I am now, with the snow still falling fast; the last Courier who went by, saying, “that all the Inns at Chiavenna were full of people, none of whom would venture to cross the mountain.” It appears that there are just two peculiarly unpropitious seasons for the passage—when the snow falls first, and when it begins to melt in spring. It is needless to say that we have hit upon one of these, with our habitual good fortune!

Thursday. The Inn, Splugen.

Here we are still in this blessed place, this being now our seventh day in a hole you wouldn't condemn a dog to live in. How long we might have continued our sojourn it is hard to say, when a mere accident has afforded us the prospect of liberation. It turns out that two families arrived and went forward last night, having only halted to sup and change horses. On inquiry why we couldn't be supposed capable of the same exertion, you'll not believe me when I tell you the answer we got. No, Tom! The enormous power of lying abroad is clear and clean beyond your conception. It was this, then. We could go when we pleased—it was entirely a caprice of our own that we had not gone before. “How so, may I ask?” said I, in the meekest of inquiring voices. “You wouldn't go like others,” was the answer. “In what respect—how?” asked I again. “Oh, your English notions rejected the idea of a sledge. You insisted upon going on wheels, and as no wheeled carriage could run——” Grant me patience, or I'll explode like a shell. My hand shakes, and my temples are throbbing so that I can scarcely write the lines. I made a great effort at a calm and discretionary tone, but it wouldn't do; a certain fulness about the throat, a general dizziness, and a noise like the sea in my ears, told me that I'd have been behaving basely to the “Guardian” and the “Equitable Fire and Life” were I to continue the debate. I sat down, and with a sponge and water and loose cravat, I got better. There was considerable confusion in

my faculties on my coming to myself; I had a vague notion of having conducted myself in some most ridiculous and extravagant fashion—having insisted upon the horses being harnessed in some impossible mode, or made some demand or other totally impracticable. Cary, like a dear, kind girl as she is, laughed and quizzed me out of my delusion, and showed me that it was the cursed imputation of that scoundrel of a Landlord had given this erratic turn to my thoughts. The gout has settled in my left foot, and I now, with the exception of an occasional shoot of pain that I relieve by a shout, feel much better, and hope soon to be fit for the road. Poor Cary made me laugh by a story she picked up somewhere of a Scotch gentleman who had contracted with his Vetturino to be carried from Genoa to Rome and fed on the road—a very common arrangement. The journey was to occupy nine days; but wishing to secure a splendid “Buona Mano,” the Vetturino drove at a tremendous pace, and actually arrived in Rome on the eighth day, having almost killed his horses and exhausted himself. When he appeared before his traveller, expecting compliments on his speed, and a handsome recognition for his zeal, guess his astonishment to hear his self-panegyrics cut short by the pithy remark: “You drove very well, my friend; but we are not going to part just yet—you have still another day to *feed* me.”

Tiverton has at length patched up an arrangement with our Landlord for twelve sledges—each only carries one and the driver—so that if nothing adverse intervene we are to set forth to-morrow. He says that we may reasonably hope to reach Chiavenna before evening. I’ll therefore not detain this longer, but in the prospect that our hour of liberation has at length drawn nigh, conclude my long despatch.

Our Villa at Como will be our next address, and I hope to find a letter there from you soon after our arrival. Remember, Tom, all that I have said about the supplies, for though they tell me Italy be cheap, I have not yet discovered a land where the population believes gold to be dross. Adieu!

LETTER XLVIII.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

On the Splugen Alps.

DEAREST KITTY,

I WRITE these few lines from the Refuge-house on the Splugen Pass. We are seven thousand feet above the level of something, with fifty feet of snow around us, and the deafening roar of avalanches thundering on the ear. We set out yesterday from the village of Splugen, contrary to the advice of the Guides, but Papa insisted on going. He declared, that if no other means offered, he'd go on foot, so that opposition was really out of the question. Our departure was quite a picture. First came a long, low sledge, with stones and rocks to explore the way, and show where the footing was secure. Then, came three others with our luggage; after that Mamma, under the guidance of a most careful person, a certain Bernardt something, brother of the man who acted as Guide to Napoleon; Cary followed her in another sledge, and I came third, Papa bringing up the rear, for Betty and the other servants were tastefully grouped about the luggage. Several additional sledges followed with spade and shovel-folk, ropes, drags, and other implements most suggestive of peril and adventure. We were perfect frights to look at, for, in addition to fur boots and capes, tarpaulins and hoods, we had to wear snow-goggles as a precaution against the fine drifting snow, so that really for very shame sake I was glad that each sledge only held one, and the driver, who is fortunately, also, at your back.

The first few miles of ascent were really pleasurable, for the snow was hard, and the pace occasionally reached a trot, or at least such a resemblance to one as shook the conveniency, and made the bells jingle agreeably on the harness. The road, too, followed a zig-zag course on the steep side of the mountain, so that you saw at moments some of those above and some beneath you, winding along exactly like the elephant procession in Bluebeard. The voices sounded cheerily in the sharp morning air, itself exhilarating to a degree, and this, with the bright snow peaks, rising one behind the other in the distance, and the little village of Splugen in the valley, made up a scene strikingly picturesque and interesting. There was a kind of adventure, too, about it all, dearest Kitty, that never loses its charm for the soul deeply

imbued with a sense of the beautiful and the imaginative. I fancied myself at moments carried away by force into the Steppes of Tartary, or that I was Elizabeth crossing the Volga, and I believe I even shed tears at my fancied distress. To another than you, dearest, I might hesitate even if I confessed as much, but you, who know every weakness of a too feeling heart, will forgive me for being what I am.

My Guide, a really fine-looking mountaineer, with a magnificent beard, fancied that it was the danger that had appalled me. He hastened to offer his rude but honest consolations; he protested that there was nothing whatever like peril, and that if there were—but why do I go on? even to my dearest friend may not this seem childish? and is it not a silly vanity that owns it can derive pleasure from every homage, even the very humblest?

We gradually lost sight of the little smoke-wreathed village, and reached a wild, but grandly desolate region, with snow on every side. The pathway, too, was now lost to us, and the direction only indicated by long poles at great intervals. That all was not perfectly safe in front might be apprehended, for we came frequently to a dead halt, and then the Guides and the shovel-men would pass rapidly to and fro, but, muffled as we were, all inquiry was impossible, so that we were left to the horrors of doubt and dread without a chance of relief. At length we grew accustomed to these interruptions, and felt in a measure tranquil. Not so the Guides, however; they frequently talked together in knots, and I could see from their upward glances, too, that they apprehended some change in the weather. Papa had contrived to cut some of the cords with which they had fastened his muffles, and by great patience and exertion succeeded in getting his head out of three horsecloths, with which they had swathed him.

“Are we near the summit?” cried he in English—“how far are we from the top?”

His question was of course unintelligible, but his action not; and the consequence was, that three of our followers rushed over to him, and after a brief struggle, in which two of them were tumbled over in the snow, his head was again enclosed within its woolly cenotaph; and, indeed, but for a violent jerking motion of it, it might have been feared that even all access to external air was denied him. This little incident was the only break to the monotony of the way, till nigh noon, when a cold, biting wind, with great masses of misty vapour, swept past and around us, and my Guide told me that we were somewhere, with a hard name, and that he wished we were somewhere else, with a harder.

I asked why, but my question died away in the folds of my head-

gear, and I was left to my own thoughts, when suddenly a loud shout rung through the air. It was a party about to turn back, and the sledges stopped up the road. The halt led to a consultation between the Guides, which I could see turned on the question of the weather. The discussion was evidently a warm one, a party being for, and another against it. Hearing what they said was of course out of the question, muffled as I was; but their gestures clearly defined who were in favour of proceeding, and who wished to retrace their steps. One of the former particularly struck me; for, though encumbered with fur boots and an enormous mantle, his action plainly indicated that he was something out of the common. He showed that air of command, too, Kitty, that at once proclaims superiority. His arguments prevailed, and after a considerable time spent, on we went again. I followed the interesting stranger till he was lost to me; but guess my feelings, Kitty, when I heard a voice whisper in my ear, "Don't be afraid, dearest; I'll watch over *your* safety." Oh! fancy the perturbation of my poor heart, for it was Lord George who spoke. He it was whose urgent persuasions had determined the Guides to proceed, and he now had taken the place behind my own sledge, and actually drove instead of the Postilion. Can you picture to yourself heroism and devotion like this? And while I imagined that he was borne along with all the appliances of ease and comfort, the poor dear fellow was braving the storm *for me*, and *for me* enduring the perils of the raging tempest.

From that instant, my beloved Kitty, I took little note of the dangers around me. I thought but of him who stood so near to me; so near, and yet so far off; so close, and yet so severed! I bethought me, too, how unjust the prejudice of the vulgar mind that attributes to our youthful Nobility habits of selfish indolence and effeminate ease. Here was one reared in all the voluptuous enjoyment of a splendid household, trained from his cradle to be waited on and served, and yet was he there wilfully encountering perils and hardships from which the very bravest might recoil. Ah, Kitty! it is impossible to deny it—the highly-born have a native superiority in everything. Their nobility is not a thing of crosses and ribbons, but of blood. They feel that they are of Earth's purest clay, and they assert the claim to pre-eminence by their own proud and lofty gifts. I told you, too, that he said "dearest." I might have been deceived; the noise was deafening at the moment; but I feel as if my ears could not have betrayed me. At all events, Kitty, his hand sought mine while he spoke, and though in his confusion it was my elbow he caught, he pressed it tenderly. In what a delicious dream did I revel

as we slid along over the snow. What cared I for the swooping wind, the thundering avalanche, the drifting snow-wreath—was he not there, my protector and my guide? Had he not sworn to be my succour and my safety? We had just arrived at a lofty table-land—some few peaks appeared still above us, but none very near—when the wind, with a violence beyond all description, bore great masses of drift against us, and effectually barred all farther progress. The stone sledge, too, had partly become embedded in the soft snow, and the horse was standing powerless, when suddenly Mamma's horse stumbled and fell. In his efforts to rise he smashed one of the rope traces, so that when he began to pull again, the unequal draught carried the sledge to one side, and upset it. A loud shriek told me something had happened, and at the instant Lord G. whispered in my ear, "It's nothing—she has only taken a 'header' in the soft snow, and won't be a bit the worse."

Further questioning was vain; for Cary's sledge-horse shied at the confusion in front, and plunged off the road into the deep snow, where he disappeared all but the head, fortunately flinging her out into the Guide's arms. My turn was now to come; for Lord G., with his mad impetuosity, tried to pass on and gain the front, but the animal, by a furious jerk, smashed all the tackle, and set off at a wild, half-swimming pace through the snow, leaving our sledge firmly wedged between two dense walls of drift. Papa sprung out to our rescue; but so helpless was he, from the quantity of his integuments, that he rolled over, and lay there on his back, shouting fearfully.

It appeared as if the violence of the storm had only waited for this moment of general disaster; for now the wind tore along great masses of snow, that rose around us to the height of several feet, covering up the horses to their backs, and embedding the men to their armpits. Loud booming masses announced the fall of avalanches near, and the sky became darkened, like as if night was approaching. Words cannot convey the faintest conception of that scene of terror, dismay, and confusion. Guides shouting and swearing; cries of distress, and screams of anguish, mingled with the rattling thunder and the whistling wind. Some were for trying to go back; others proclaimed it impossible; each instant a new disaster occurred. The baggage had disappeared altogether, Betty Cobb being saved, as it sunk, by almost superhuman efforts of the Guides. Paddy Byrne, who had mistaken the kick of a horse on the back of his head for a blow, had pitched into one of the Guides, and they were now fighting in four feet of snow, and likely to carry their quarrel out of the world with them. Taddy was "nowhere." To add to this uproar, Papa had, in mistake for

brandy, drank two-thirds of a bottle of complexion wash, and screamed out that he was poisoned. Of Mamma I could see nothing, but a dense group surrounded her sledge, and showed me she was in trouble.

I could not give you an idea of what followed, for incidents of peril were every moment interrupted by something ludicrous. The very efforts we made to disengage ourselves were constantly attended by some absurd catastrophe, and no one could stir a step without either a fall, or a plunge up to the waist in soft snow. The horses, too, would make no efforts to rise, but lay to be snowed over as if perfectly indifferent to their fate. By good fortune our britschka, from which the wheels had been taken off, was in a sledge to the rear, and Mamma, Cary, and myself, were crammed into this, to which all the horses, and men also, were speedily harnessed, and by astonishing efforts were we enabled to get on. Papa and Betty were wedged fast into one sledge, and attached to us by a tow-rope, and thus we at length proceeded.

When Mamma found herself in comparative safety, she went off into a slight attack of her nerves; but fortunately Lord G. found out the bottle Papa had been in vain in search of, and she got soon better. Poor fellow, no persuasion could prevail on him to come inside along with us. How he travelled, or how he contrived to brave that fearful day, I never learned! From this moment our journey was at the rate of about a mile in three hours, the shovel and spade men having to clear the way as we went; and what between horses that had to be dug out of holes, harness repaired, men rescued, and frequent accident to Papa's sledge, which on an average was upset every half hour, our halts were incessant. It was after midnight that we reached a dreary-looking stone edifice in the midst of the snow. Anything so dismal I never beheld, as it stood there surrounded with drift-snow, its narrow windows strongly barred with iron, and its roof covered with heavy masses of stone to prevent it being carried away by the hurricane. This we were told was the Refuge-house, on the summit, and here, we were informed, we should stay till a change of weather might enable us to proceed.

But does not the very name "Refuge-house" fill you with thoughts of appalling danger? Do you not instinctively shudder at the perils to which this is the haven of succour?

"I see we are not the first here," cried Caroline; "don't you see lights moving yonder?"

She was right, for as we drew up we perceived a group of Guides

and drivers in the doorway, and saw various conveyances and sledges within the shed at the side of the building.

A dialogue in the wildest shouts was now conducted between our party and the others, by which we came to learn that the Travellers were some of those who had left Splugen the night before ourselves, and whose disasters had been even worse than our own. Indeed, so far as I could ascertain, they had gone through much more than we had.

Our first meeting with Papa—in the kitchen, as I suppose I must call the lower room of this fearful place—was quite affecting, for he had taken so much of the Guide's brandy as an antidote to the supposed poison, that he was really overcome, and, under the delusion that he was at home in his own house, ran about shaking hands with every one, and welcoming them to Dodsborough. Mamma was so convinced that he had lost his reason permanently, that she was taken with violent hysterics. The scene baffles all description, occurring as it did in presence of some twenty Guides and spade-folk, who drank their "schnaps," eat their sausages, smoked, and dried their wet garments all the while, with a most well-bred inattention to our sufferings. Though Cary and I were obliged to do everything ourselves—for Betty was insensible, owing to her having travelled in the vicinity of the same little cordial flask, and my maid was sulky in not being put under the care of a certain good-looking Guide—we really succeeded wonderfully, and contrived to have Papa put to bed in a little chamber with a good mattress, and where a cheerful fire was soon lighted. Mamma also rallied, and Lord George made her a cup of tea in a kettle, and poured her out a cup of it into the shaving dish of his dressing-box, and we all became as happy as possible.

It appeared that the other arrivals, who occupied a separate quarter, were not ill provided for the emergency, for a servant used to pass and repass to their chamber with a very savoury odour from the dish he carried, and Lord G. swore that he heard the pop of a Champagne cork. We made great efforts to ascertain who they were, but without success. All we could learn was, that it was a gentleman and a lady, with their two servants, travelling in their own carriage, which was unmistakeably English.

"I'm determined to run them to earth," exclaimed Lord G. at last. "I'll just mistake my way, and blunder into their apartment."

We endeavoured to dissuade him, but he was determined, and when he is so, Kitty, nothing can swerve him. Off he went, and after a pause of a few seconds we heard a heavy door slammed, then

another. After that both Cary and myself were fully persuaded that we heard a hearty burst of laughter ; but though we listened long and painfully, we could detect no more. Unhappily, too, at this time Mamma fell asleep, and her deep respirations effectually masked everything but the din of the avalanches. After a while Cary followed Ma's example, leaving me alone to sit by the " watch-fire's light," and here, in the regions of eternal snow, to commune with her who holds my heart's dearest affections.

It is now nigh three o'clock. The night is of the very blackest, neither moon nor stars to be seen ; fearful squalls of wind—gusts strong enough to shake this stronghold to its foundation—tear wildly past, and from the distance comes the booming sound of thundering avalanches. One might fancy, easily, that escape from this was impossible, and that to be cast away here implied a lingering but inevitable fate. No great strain of fancy is needed for such a consummation. We are miles from all human habitation, and three yards beyond the doorway the boldest would not dare to venture ! And you, Kitty, at this hour are calmly sleeping to the hum of " the spreading sycamore ;" or, perchance, awake, and thinking of her who now pours out her heart before you ; and oh, blame me not if it be a tangled web that I present to you, for such will human hopes and emotions ever make it. My poor heart is indeed a battle-ground for warring hopes and fears, high-soaring ambitions, and depressing terrors. Would that you were here to guide, console, and direct me !

Lord George has not returned. What can his absence mean ? All is silent, too, in the dreary building. My anxieties are fearful—I dread I know not what. I fancy a thousand ills that even possibility would have rejected. The Courier is to pass this at five o'clock, so that I must perchance close my letter in the same agony of doubt and uncertainty.

Oh, dearest, only fancy the *mal apropos*. Who do you think our neighbours are ? Mr. and Mrs. Gore Hampton, on their way to Italy ! Can you imagine anything so unfortunate and so distressing ? You may remember all our former intimacy—I may call it friendship—and by what an unpropitious incident it was broken up. Lord George has just come to tell me the tidings, but, instead of participating in my distress, he seems to think the affair an admirable joke. I need not tell you that he knows nothing of Mamma's temper nor her manner of acting. What may come of this there is no saying. It seems that there is scarcely a chance of our being able to get on to-day ; and here we are all beneath one roof, our mutual passions of jealousy, hatred, revenge, and malice, all snowed up on the top of the Splügen Alps !

I have asked of Lord George, almost with tears, what is to be done? but to all seeming he sees no difficulty in the matter, for his reply is always, "Nothing whatever." When pressed closely, he says, "Oh, the Gore Hamptons are such thoroughly well-bred folk, there is never any awkwardness to be apprehended from *them*. Be quite easy in your mind, *they* have tact enough for any emergency." What this may mean, Kitty, I cannot even guess; for the "situation," as the French would call it, is peculiar. And as to tact, it is, after all, like skill in a game which, however available against a clever adversary, is of little value when opposed to those who neither recognise the rules, nor appreciate the nice points of the encounter.

But I cannot venture to inquire further; it would at once convict me of ignorance, so that I appear to be satisfied with an explanation that explains nothing. And now, Kitty, to conclude, for, though dying to tell you that this knotty question has been fairly solved, I must seal my letter and despatch it by Lord George, who is this moment about to set out for the Toll-house, three miles away. It appears that two of our Guides have refused to go farther, and that we must have recourse to the Authorities to compel them. This is the object of Lord George's mission; but the dear fellow braves every hardship and every peril for us, and says that he would willingly encounter far more hazardous dangers for one "kind word, or one kind look," from your distracted, but ever devoted,

MARY ANNE.

They begin to fear now that some accident must have befallen the Courier with the mails; he should have passed through here at midnight. It is now daybreak, and no sign of him! Our anxieties are terrible, and what fate may yet be ours there is no knowing.

LETTER XLIX.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, PRIEST'S HOUSE, BRUFF.
Colico, Italy.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

AFTER fatigues and distresses that would have worn out the strength of a rhinoceras, here we are at length in Italy. If you only saw the places we came through, the mountains upon mountains of snow, the great masses that tumbled down on every side of us, and we lost, as one might call it, in the very midst of eternal dissolution, you'd naturally exclaim that you had got the last lines ever to be traced by your friend Jemima. Two days of this, no less, my dear,

with fifteen degrees below "Nero," wherever he is, that's what I call suffering and misery. We were twice given up for lost, and but for Providence and a Guide called—I'm afraid to write it, but it answers to Barny with us—we'd have soon gone to our long account; and, oh, Molly! what a reckoning will that be for K. I. If ever there was a heart jet black with iniquity and baseness, it is his; and he knows it; and he knows I know it; and more than that, the whole world shall know it. I'll publish him through what the Poet calls the "infamy of space;" and, so long as I am spared, I'll be a sting in his flesh, and a thorn in his side.

I can't go over our journey—the very thought of it goes far with me—but if you can imagine three females along with the Arctic voyagers, you may form some vague idea of our perils. Bitter winds, piercing snow-drift, pelting showers of powdered ice, starvation, and danger—dreadful danger—them was the enjoyments that cost us something over eighteen pounds! Why?—you naturally say—Why? And well may you ask, Mrs. Gallagher. It is nothing remarkable in your saying, that this is singular and almost unintelligible. The answer, however, is easy, and the thing itself no mystery. It's as old as Adam, my dear, and will last as long as his family. The natural baseness and depravity of the human heart! Oh, Molly, what a subject that is! I'm never weary thinking of it: and, strange to say, the more you reflect the more difficult does it become. Father Shea had an elegant remark that I often think over: "Our bad qualities," says he, "are like noxious reptiles. There's no good trying to destroy them, for they're too numerous; nor to reclaim them, for they're too savage; the best thing is to get out of their way." There's a deal of fine philosophy in the observation, Molly; and if, instead of irritating, and vexing, and worrying our infirmities, we just treated them the way we would a shark or a rattlesnake, depend upon it we'd preserve our unanimity undisturbed, and be happier as well as better. Maybe you'll ask why I don't try this plan with K. I.? But I did, Molly. I did so for fifteen years. I went on never minding his perfidious behaviour; I winked at his frailties, and shut my eyes, as you know yourself, to Shusy Connor; but my leniency only made him bolder in wickedness, till at last we came to that elegant business, last summer, in Germany, that got into all the newspapers, and made us the talk of the whole world.

I thought the lesson he got at that time taught him something. I fondly dreamed that the shame and disgrace would be of service to him; at all events, that it would take the conceit out of him. Vain hopes, Molly dear—vain and foolish hopes! He isn't a bit better;

the bad dross is in him; and my silent tears does no more good than my gentle remonstrances.

It was only the other day we went to see a place called Pfeffers, a dirty, dismal hole as ever you looked at. I thought we were going to see a beautiful something like Ems or Baden, with a Band and a Pump-room, and fine company, and the rest of it. Nothing of the kind—but a gloomy old building, in a cleft between two mountains, that looked as if they were going to swallow it up. The people, too, were just fit for the place—a miserable set of sickly creatures in flannel dresses, either sitting up to their necks in water, or drying themselves on the rocks. To any one else the scene would be full of serious reflections about the uncertainty of human life, and the certainty of what was to come after it. Them wasn't K. I.'s sentiments, my dear, for he begins at once what naval men call "exchanging signals" with one of the patients. "This is the Bad-house, my dear," says he. "I think so, Mr. D.," said I, with a look that made him tremble. He had just ordered dinner, but I didn't care for that; I told them to bring out the horses at once. "Come, girls," said I, "this is no place for you; your father's proceedings are neither very edifying nor exemplary."

"What's the matter now," says he. "Where are we going before dinner?"

"Out of this, Mr. Dodd," said I. "Out of this, at any rate."

"Where to—what for?" cried he.

"I think you might guess," said I, with a sneer; "but if not, perhaps that hussy with the spotted gingham could aid you to the explanation."

He was so overwhelmed at my discovering this, Molly, that he was speechless: not a word—not a syllable could he utter. He sat down on a stone, and wiped his head with a handkerchief.

"Don't make me ill, Mrs. D.," said he, at last. "I've a notion that the gout is threatening me."

"If that's all, K. I.," said I, "it's well for you—it's well if it is not worse than the gout. Aye, get red in the face—be as passionate as you please, but you shall hear the truth from *me*, at least; I mayn't be long here to tell it. Sufferings such as I've gone through will do their work at last; but I'll fulfil my duty to my family till I'm released——" With that I gave it to him, till we arrived at Coire, eighteen miles, and a good part of it up hill, and you may think what that was. At all events, Molly, he didn't come off with flying colours, for when we reached a place called Splugen he was seized with the gout in earnest. I only wish you saw the hole he pitched

upon to be laid up in; but it's like everything else the man does. Every trait of his character shows that he hasn't a thought, nor a notion, but about his own comforts and his own enjoyments. And I told him so. I said to him, "Don't think that your self-indulgence and indolence go down with *me* for easiness of temper: that's an imposture may do very well for the *world*, but your wife can't be taken in by it." In a word, Molly, I didn't spare him, and, as his attack was a sharp one, I think it's likely he doesn't look back to the Splügen with any very grateful reminiscences.

Little, I thought, all the time, what good cause I had for my complaints, nor what was in store for me in the very middle of the snow! You must know that we had to take the wheels off the carriage and put it on something like a pair of big skates, for the snow was mountains high, and as soft as an egg-pudding. You may think what floundering we had through it for twelve hours, sometimes sinking up to the chin, now swimming, now digging, and now again being dragged out of it by ropes, till we came to what they call the "Refuge-house;" a pretty refuge, indeed, with no door, and scarcely a window, and everybody, Guides, Postboys, Diggers, and Travellers, all hickledy-pickledy inside! There we were, my dear, without a bed, or even a mattress, and nothing to eat but a bottle of Sir Robert Peel's sauce, that K. I. had in his trunk, with a case of Eau de Cologne to wash it down. Fortunately for me my feelings got the better of me, and I sobbed and screeched myself to rest. When I awoke in the morning I heard from Mary Anne that another family, and English too, were in the Refuge with us, and to all appearance not ill-supplied with the necessaries of life. This much I perceived myself, for the Courier lit a big fire on the hearth, and laid a little table beside it, as neat and comfortable as could be. After that he brought out a coffee-pot and boiled the coffee, and made a plate of toast, and fried a dish of ham-rashers and eggs. The very fizzing of them on the fire, Molly, nearly overcame me! But that wasn't all, but he put down on the table a case of Sardines and a glass bowl of beautiful honey, just as if he wanted to make my suffering unbearable. It was all I could do to stand it. At last, when he had everything ready, he went to a door at the end of the room and knocked. Something was said inside that I didn't catch, but he answered quickly, "Oui, Madame," and a minute after out they walked. Oh, Molly! there's not words in the language to express even half of my feelings at that moment. Indeed, for a minute or two I wouldn't credit my senses, but thought it was an optical confusion. In she flounced, my dear, just as if she was walking into

the Court at St. James's, with one arm within his, and the other hand gracefully holding up her dress, and *he*, with a glass stuck in his eye, gave us a look as he passed just as if we were the people of the place.

Down they sat in all state, smiling at each other, and settling their napkins as coolly as if they were at the Clarendon. "Will you try a rasher, my dear?" "Thanks, love; I'll trouble you." It was "love" and "dear" every word with them, and such looks as passed Molly, I am ashamed even to think of it! Heaven knows I never looked that way at K. I. There I sat watching them; for worlds I couldn't take my eyes away; and though Mary Anne whispered and implored, and even tried to force me, I was chained to the spot. To be sure, it's little they minded me! They talked away about Lady Sarah This and Sir Joseph That; wondered if the Marquis had gone down to Scotland, and whether the Duchess would meet them at Milan. As I told you before, Molly, I wasn't quite sure my eyes didn't betray me, and while I was thus struggling with my doubts, in came K. I. "I was over the whole place, Jemi," said he, "and there's not a scrap of victuals to be had for love or money. They say, however, that there's an English family——" When he got that far, he stopped short, for his eyes just fell on the pair at breakfast.

"May I never, Mrs. D.," said he, "but that's our friend Mrs. G. H. As sure as I'm here, that's herself and no other."

"And of course quite a surprise to *you*," said I, with a look, Molly, that went through him.

"Faith, I suppose so," said he, trying to laugh. "I wasn't exactly thinking of her at this moment. At all events, the meeting is fortunate; for one might die of hunger here."

I needn't tell you, Molly, that I'd rather endure the trials of Tartary than I'd touch a morsel belonging to her; but before I could say so, up he goes to the table, bowing, and smiling, and smirking, in a way that I'm sure he thought quite irresistible. She, however, never looked up from her teacup, but her companion stuck his glass in his eye, and stared impudently without speaking.

"If I'm not greatly mistaken," said K. I., "I have the honour and the happiness to see before me——"

"Mistake—quite a mistake, my good man. Au! au!" said the other, cutting him short. "Never saw you before in my life!"

"Nor are *you*, Sir, the object of my recognition. It is this lady—Mrs. Gore Hampton."

She lifted her head at this, and stared at K. I. as coldly as if he was a wax image in a hairdresser's window.



Rather cutting.



“Don’t you remember me, Ma’am?” says he, in a soft voice; “or must I tell you my name?”

“I’m afraid even that, Sir, would not suffice,” said she, with a most insulting smile of compassion.

“Ain’t you Mrs. Gore Hampton, Ma’am?” asked he, trembling all over between passion and astonishment.

“Pray, do send him away, Augustus,” said she, sipping her tea.

“Don’t you perceive, Sir—eh, au—don’t ye see—that it’s a au—au, eh—a misconception—a kind of a demned blunder?”

“I tell you what I see, Sir,” said K. I.—“I see a lady that travelled day and night in my company, and with no other companion, too, for two hundred and seventy miles. That lived in the same Hotel, dined at the same table, and, what’s more——”

But I couldn’t bear it any longer, Molly. Human Nature is not strong enough for trials like this—to hear him boasting before my face of his base behaviour, and to see her sitting coolly by listening to it. I gave a screech that made the house ring, and went off in the strongest fit of screaming ever I took in my life. I tore my cap to tatters, and pulled down my hair—and, indeed, if what they say be true, my sufferings must have been dreadful; for I didn’t leave a bit of whisker on one of the Guides, and held another by the cheek till he was nigh insensible. I was four hours coming to myself; but many of the others weren’t in a much better state when it was all over. The Girls were completely overcome, and K. I. taken with spasms, that drew him up like a football. Meanwhile, *she* and her friend were off; never till the last minute as much as saying one word to any of us; but going away, as I may say, with colours flying, and all the “horrors of war.”

Oh, Molly, wasn’t that more than mere human fragility is required to bear, not to speak of the starvation and misery in my weak state? Black bread and onions, that was our dinner, washed down with the sourest vinegar, called wine forsooth, I ever tasted. And that’s the way we crossed the Alps, my dear, and them the pleasures that accompanied us into the beautiful South.

If I wanted a proof of K. I.’s misconduct, Molly, wasn’t this scene decisive? Where would be the motive of her behaviour, if it wasn’t conscious guilt? That was the ground I took in discussing the subject as we came along; and a more lamentable spectacle of confounded iniquity than he exhibited I never beheld. To be sure, I didn’t spare him much, and jibed him on the ingratitude his devotion met with, till he grew nearly purple with passion.

“Mrs. D.,” said he at last, “when we lived at home, in Ireland, we

had our quarrels like other people, about the expense of the house, the waste in the kitchen, the time the horses was kept out under the rain, and such like—but it never occurred to you to fancy me a gay Lutheran. What the —— has put that in your head now? Is it coming abroad? for, if so, that's another grudge I owe this infernal excursion!"

"You've just guessed it, Mr. Dodd, then," said I. "When you were at home in your own place, you were content, like the other old fools of your own time of life, with a knowing glance of the eye, a sly look, and maybe a passing word or two, to a pretty girl; but no sooner did you put foot on foreign ground, than you fancied yourself a Lady-killer! You never saw how absurd you were, though I was telling it to you day and night. You wouldn't believe how the whole world was laughing at you, though I said so to the Girls."

I improved on this theme till we came at nightfall to the foot of the Alps, and by that time—take my word for it, Mrs. Gallagher—there wasn't much more to be said on the subject.

New troubles awaited us here, Molly. I wonder will they ever end? You may remember that I told you how the wheels was taken off our carriage to put it on a sledge on account of the snow. Well, my dear, what do you think the creatures did, but they sent our wheels over the Great St. Bernardt—I think they call it—and when we arrived here we found ourselves on the hard road without any wheels to the coach, but sitting with the axles in the mud! I only ask you where's the temper can stand that? and worse, too, for K. I. sat down on a stone to look at us, and laughed till the tears run down his wicked old cheeks and made him look downright horrid.

"May I never!" said he, "but I'd come the whole way from Ireland for one hearty laugh like this. It's the only thing I've yet met that requites me for coming! If I live fifty years I'll never forget it."

I perceive that I haven't space for the reply I made him, so that I must leave you to fill it up for yourself, and believe me your

Ever attached and suffering

JEMIMA DODD.





LETTER I.

JAMES DODD TO LORD GEORGE TIVERTON, M.P., POSTE RESTANTE,
BREGENZ.

Hotel of All Nations, Baths of Homburg.

MY DEAR TIVERTON,

YOU often said I was a fellow to make a spoon or spoil a—something which I have forgotten—and I begin to fancy that you were a better Prophet than that fellow in *Bell's Life*, who always predicts the horse that does *not* win the Oaks. When we parted a few days ago, my mind was resolutely bent on becoming another Metternich or Palmerston. I imagined a whole life of brilliant diplomatic successes, and thought of myself receiving the Freedom of the City of London, dining with the Queen, and making “very pretty running” for the Peerage. What will you say, then, when I tell you that I despise the highest honours of the entire career, and wouldn't take the seals of the Foreign Office, if pressed on my acceptance this minute.

To save myself from even the momentary accusation of madness, I'll give you—and in as few words as I can—my explanation. As I have just said, I set out with my head full of Ambassadorial ambitions, and jogged along towards England, scarcely noticing the road or speaking to my fellow-travellers. On arriving at Frankfort, however, I saw nothing on all sides of me but announcements and advertisements of the Baths of Homburg—“The last week of the season, and the most brilliant of all.” Gorgeous descriptions of the voluptuous delights of the place—lists of distinguished visitors, and spicy bits of scandal—alternated with anecdotes of those who had “broke the Bank,” and were buying up all the Châteaux and Parks in the neighbourhood. I tried to laugh at these pictorial puffs; I did my best to treat them as mere humbugs; but it wouldn't do. I went to bed so full of them, that I dreamed all night of the play-table, and fancied myself once again the terror of Croupiers, and the admired of the fashionable circle in the *salon*. To crown all, a waiter called me, to say that the carriage I had ordered for the Baths was at the door. I attempted to undeceive him; but even there my effort was a failure: and, convinced that there was a Fate in the matter, I jumped out of bed, dressed, and set off, firmly impressed with the

notion that I was not a free agent, but actually impelled and driven by Destiny to go and win my millions at Homburg.

Perhaps my ardour was somewhat cooled down by the aspect of the place. It has few of the advantages Nature has so lavishly bestowed on Baden, and which really impart to that delightful resort a charm that totally disarms you of all distrust, and make you forget that you are in a land of "Legs" and Swindlers, and that every second man you meet is a rogue or a runaway. Now, Homburg does not, as the French say, "Impose" in this way. You see at once that it is a "Hell," and that the only amusement is to ruin or be ruined.

"No matter," thought I; "I have already graduated at the green table; I have taken my degree in arts at Baden, and am no young hand fresh from Oxford and new to the Continent; I'll just go down and try my luck—as a fisherman whips a stream. If they rise to my fly—well; if not, pack up the traps, and try some other water." You know that my capital was not a strong one—about a hundred and thirty in cash, and a Bill on Drummond for a hundred more—and with this, the Governor had "cleared me out" for at least six months to come. I was, therefore, obliged to "come it small;" and merely dabbled away with a few "Naps.," which, by dint of extraordinary patience and intense application, I succeeded in accumulating to the gross total of sixty. As I foresaw that I couldn't loiter above a day longer, I went down in the evening to experimentalise on this fund; and, after a few hours, rose a winner of thirty-two thousand odd hundred francs. The following morning, I more than doubled this; and, in the evening, won a trifle of twenty thousand francs; when, seeing the game take a capricious turn, I left off, and went to supper.

I was an utter stranger in the place; had not even a passing acquaintance with any one; so that, although dying for a little companionship, I had nothing for it but to order my roast partridge in my own apartment, and hob-nob with myself. It is true I was in capital spirits—I had made glorious running, and no mistake—and I drank my health, and returned thanks for the toast with an eloquence that really astonished me. Egad, I think the waiter must have thought me mad, as he heard me hip, hiping, with "one cheer more," to the sentiment.

I suppose I must have felt called on to sing; for sing I did, and, I am afraid, with far more of zeal than musical talent; for I overheard a tittering of voices outside my door, and could plainly perceive that



*Dodd, Jun.^r (following the fashion) plays a solo
on his own trumpet.*



the household had assembled as audience. What cared I for this? The world had gone too well with me of late to make me thin-skinned or peevishly disposed. I could afford to be forgiving and generous; and I revelled in the very thought that I was soaring in an atmosphere to which trifling and petty annoyances never ascended. In this enviable frame of mind was I, when a waiter presented himself with a most obsequious bow, and, in a voice of submissive civility, implored me to moderate my musical transports, since the lady who occupied the adjoining apartment was suffering terribly from headache.

“Certainly; of course,” was my reply at once; and as he was leaving the room—just by way of having something to say—I asked, “Is she young, waiter?”

“Young and beautiful, Sir.”

“An angel—eh?”

“Quite handsome enough to be one, Sir, I’m certain.”

“And her name?”

“The Countess de St. Auber, widow of the celebrated Count de St. Auber, of whom Monsieur must have read in the newspapers.”

But Monsieur had not read of him, and was therefore obliged to ask further information; whence it appeared that the Count had accidentally shot himself on the morning of his marriage, when drawing the charge of his pistols, preparatory to putting them in his carriage. The waiter grew quite pathetic in his description of the young bride’s agonies, and had to wipe his eyes once or twice during his narrative.

“But she has rallied by this, hasn’t she?” asked I.

“If Monsieur can call it so,” said he, shrugging his shoulders. “She never goes into the world. Knows no one—receives no one—lives entirely to herself; and, except her daily ride in the wood, appears to take no pleasure whatever in life.”

“And so she rides out every day?”

“Every day, and at the same hour too. The carriage takes her about a league into the forest, far beyond where the usual promenade extends, and there her horses meet her, and she rides till dusk. Often it is even night ere she returns.”

There was something that interested me deeply in all this. You know that a pretty woman on horseback is one of my greatest weaknesses; and so I went on weaving thoughts and fancies about the charming young widow till the Champagne was finished, after which I went off to bed, intending to dream of her, but, to my intense disgust, to sleep like a sea-calf till morning.

My first care on waking, however, was to despatch a very humble apology by the waiter for my noisy conduct on the previous evening, and a very sincere hope that the Countess had not suffered on account of it.

He brought me back for answer, "That the Countess thanked me for my polite inquiry, and was completely restored."

"Able to ride out as usual?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How do you know that?"

"She has just given orders for the carriage, Sir."

"I say, waiter, what kind of a hack can be got here? Or, stay, is there such a thing as a good-looking saddle-horse to be sold in the place?"

"There are two at Lagrange's stables, Sir, this moment. Prince Guiciatelli has left them and his groom to pay about thirty thousand francs he owes here."

In less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed and at the stables. The nags were a neat pair; the groom, an English fellow, had just brought them over. He had bought them at Anderson's, and paid close upon three hundred for the two. It was evident that they were "too much," as horses, for the Prince, for he had never backed either of them. Before I left I had bought them both for six thousand francs, and taken "Bob" himself, a very pretty specimen of the short-legged, red-whiskered tribe, into my service.

This was on the very morning, mark! when I should have presented myself before the Dons of Downing-street, and been admitted a something into her Majesty's service!

"I wish they may catch me at red-tapery!" thought I, as I shortened my stirrups, and sat down firmly in the saddle. "I'm much more at home here than perched on an office-stool in that pleasant den they call the 'Nursery' at the Foreign Office."

Guided by a groom, with a led horse beside him, I took the road to the forest, and soon afterwards passed a dark-green barouche, with a lady in it, closely veiled, and evidently avoiding observation. The wood is intersected by alleys, so that I found it easy, while diverging from the carriage-road, to keep the equipage within view, and after about half an hour's sharp canter, I saw the carriage stop, and the Countess descend from it.

Even *you* admit that I am a sharp critic about all that pertains to riding gear; and that as to a woman's hat, collar, gloves, habit, and whip, I am a first-rate opinion. Now, in the present instance, everything was perfect. There was a dash of "costume" in the long,





A. Fleming Mason

drooping feather and the snow-white gauntlets, but then all was strictly toned down to extreme simplicity and quiet elegance. I had just time to notice this much, and catch a glimpse of such a pair of dark eyes! when she was in the saddle at once. I only want to see a woman gather up her reins in her hand, shake her habit back with a careless toss of her foot, and square herself well in the saddle, to say, "That's a horsewoman!" Egad, George, her every gesture and movement were admirable, and the graceful bend forwards with which she struck out into a canter was actually captivating. I stood watching her till she disappeared in the wood, perfectly entranced. I own to you I could not understand a Frenchwoman sitting her horse in this fashion. I had always believed the accomplishment to be more or less English, and I felt ashamed at the narrow prejudice into which I had fallen.

"What an unlucky fellow that same Count must have been!" thought I; and with this reflection I spurred my nag into a sharp pace, hoping that fast motion might enable me to turn my thoughts into some other channel. It was to no use. Go how I would, or where I would, I could think of nothing but the pretty widow—whither she might be travelling—where she intended to stop—whether alone, or with others of her family—her probable age—her fortune?—all would rise up before me, to trouble my curiosity or awaken my interest.

I was deep in my speculations, when suddenly a horse bounded past me by a cross path. I had barely time to see the flutter of a habit, when it was lost to view. I waited to see her groom follow, but he did not appear. I listened, but no sound of a horse could be heard approaching. Had her horse run away? Had her servant lost trace of her? were questions that immediately occurred to me; but there was nothing to suggest the answer or dispel the doubt. I could bear my anxiety no longer, and away I dashed after her. It was not till after a quarter of an hour that I came in sight of her, and then she was skimming along over the even turf at a very slapping pace, which, however, I quickly perceived was no run-away gallop.

This fact proclaimed itself in a most unmistakable manner, for she suddenly drew up, and wheeled about, pointing at the same time to the ground, where her whip had just fallen. I dashed up, and dismounted, when, in a voice tremulous with agitation, and with a face suffused in blushes, she begged my pardon for her gesture; she believed it was her groom who was following her, and had never noticed his absence before. I cannot repeat her words, but in

accent, manner, tone, and utterance, I never heard the like of them before. What would I have given at that moment, George, for your glib facility of French! Hang me if I would not have paid down a thousand pounds to have been able to rattle out even some of those trashy common-places I have seen you scatter with such effect in the *coulisses* of the Opera! It was all of no avail. "Where there's a will there's a way," says the adage; but it's a sorry maxim where a foreign language is concerned. All the volition in the world won't supply irregular verbs; and the most go-ahead resolution will never help one to genders.

I did of course mutter all that I could think of; and, default of elocution, I made my eyes do duty for my tongue, and with tolerable success, too, as her blush betrayed. I derived one advantage, too, from my imperfect French, which is worth recording—I was perfectly obdurate as to anything she might have replied in opposition to my wishes, and notwithstanding all her scruples to the contrary, persisted in accompanying her back to the town.

If I was delighted with her horsemanship, I was positively enchanted with her conversation; for, the first little novelty of our situation over, she talked away with a frank innocence and artless ease which quite fascinated me. She was, in fact, the very realisation of that high-bred manner you have so often told me of as characterising the best French society. How I wished I could have prolonged that charming ride. I'm not quite sure that she didn't detect me in a purpose mistake of the road, that cost us an additional mile or two; if she did, she was gracious enough to pardon the offence without even showing any consciousness of it. Short as the road was, George, it left me irretrievably in love. I know you'll not stand any raptures about beauty, but this much I must and will say, that she is incomparably handsomer than that Sicilian Princess you raved about at Ems, and in the same style too, brunette, but with a dash of colour in the cheek, a faint pink, that gives a sparkling brilliancy to the rich warmth of the southern tint. Besides this—and let me remark, it *is* something—*my* Countess is not two-and-twenty at most. Indeed, but for the story of the widowhood, I should guess her as something above nineteen.

There's a piece of fortune for you! and all—every bit of it—of my own achieving, too! No extraneous aid in the shape of friends, or introductory letters. "Alone I did it," as the fellow says in the play. Now, I do think a man might be pardoned a little boastfulness for such a victory, and I freely own I esteem Jem Dodd a sharper fellow than I ever believed him.

Perhaps you suspect all this while that I am going too fast, and that I have taken a casual success for a regular victory. If so, you're all wrong, my boy. She has struck her flag already, and acknowledged that your humble servant has effected a change in her sentiments that but a few short weeks before she would have pronounced impossible. The truth is, George, "the Tipperary tactics" that win battles in India, are just as successful in Love. Make no dispositions for a general engagement, never trouble your head about cavalry supports, reserves, or the like, but "just go in and win." It is a mighty short "General Order," and cannot possibly be misapprehended. The Countess herself has acknowledged to me, full half a dozen times within the last fortnight, that she was quite unprepared for such warfare. She expected, doubtless, that I'd follow the old rubric, with opera-boxes, bouquets, "marons glacées," and so on, for a month or two. Nothing of the kind, George. I frankly told her that she was the most beautiful creature in Europe without knowing it. That it would be little short of a sacrilege she should pass her life in solitude and sorrow, and ten times worse than sacrilege to marry anything but an Irishman. That in all other countries the men are either money-getting, ambitious, or selfish, but that Paddy turns his whole thoughts towards fun and enjoyment. That Napier's Peninsular War and Moore's Melodies might be referred to for evidence of our national tastes; and, in short, such a people for fighting and making love was never recorded in history. She laughed at me for the whole of the first week, grew more serious the second, and now, within the last three days, instead of calling me "Monsieur le Sauvage," "Cossaque Anglais," and so on, she gravely asks my advice about everything, and never ventures on a step without my counsel and approbation. I have been candid with you hitherto, Tiverton, and so I must frankly own, that profiting by the adage that says "stratagem is equally legitimate in love as in war," I have indulged slightly in the strategy of mystification. For instance, I have represented the Governor as a great Don in his own country, with immense estates, and an ancient title, that he does not assume in consequence of some old act of attainder against the family. My mother I have made a Princess in her own right; and here I am on safer ground, for if called into Court, she'll sustain me in every assertion. Of my own self and prospects I have spoken meekly enough, merely hinting that I dislike Diplomacy, and would rather live with the woman of my choice in some comparatively less distinguished station, upon a pittance of—say—three or four thousand a year!

This latter assumption, I must observe to you, is the only one ever

disputed between us, and many a debate have we had on the subject. She sees, as everybody sees here, that I spend money lavishly, that not only I indulge in everything costly, but that I outbid even the Russians whenever anything is offered for sale; and at this moment my rooms are filled with pictures, china, carved ivory, stained glass, and other such lumber, that I only bought for the *éclat* of the purchase. If you only heard her innocent remonstrances to me about my extravagance, her anxious appeals as to what "le Prince," as she calls my father, will say to all this wastefulness!

It's a great trial to me sometimes not to laugh at all this, and, indeed, if I didn't know in my heart that I'll make her the very best of husbands, I'd be even ashamed of my deceit; but it's only a pious fraud after all, and the good result will more than atone for the roguery.

I have hinted at our marriage, you see, and I may add that it is all but decided on. There is, however, a difficulty which must be got over first. She was betrothed when a child to a young Neapolitan Prince of the Blood—a brother, I take it, of the present King. This ceremony was overlooked on her first marriage, and had her husband lived, very serious consequences—but of what kind I don't know—might have resulted. Now, before contracting a second union, we must get a dispensation of some sort from the Pope, which I fear will take time, although she says that her uncle, the Cardinal, will do his utmost to expedite it.

Indeed, I may mention incidentally that she is a great favourite with his Eminence, and *we* hope to be his heirs! Egad, George, I almost fancy myself "punting" his Eminence's gold pieces at hazard, with his signet-ring on my finger! What a house I'll keep, old fellow; what a stable! what a cellar—and such cigars! Meanwhile, I look to you to aid and abet me in various ways. The Countess, like all foreigners of real rank, knows our Peerage and Nobility off by heart; and she constantly asks me if I know the Marquis of this, and the Duchess of that, and I'm sorely put to, to show cause why I'm not intimate with them all.

Now, my dear Tiverton, can't you somehow give me the Shibboleth amongst these High Priests of Fashion, and get me into the Tabernacle, if only for a season. I used myself to know some of the swells of London Life when I was at Baden, but, to be sure, I lost a deal of money to them at "creps" and "lanzquet" as the price of the intimacy; and when "*I* shut up" so did *they* too. You, I'm sure, however, will hit upon some expedient to gain me at least acceptance and recognition for a week or two. I only want the outward signs

of acquaintanceship, mark you, for I honestly own that all I ever saw during my brief intimacy with these fellows gave me anything but a high "taste of their quality."

I'll enclose you the list of the distinguished company now here, and you'll pick out any to whom you can present me. Another, and not a less important service, I also look to at your hands; which is, to break all this to the Governor, to whom I'm half ashamed to write myself. In the first place, a recent event, of which I may speak more fully to you hereafter, may have made the old Gent somewhat suspicious; and secondly, he'll be fraptious about my not going over to England; although, I'll take my oath, if he wants it, that I'd pitch up the appointment to-morrow, if I had it. At the best, I don't suppose they'd make me more than a Secretary of Legation; and *that*, perhaps, at the Hague, or Stuttgart, or some other confounded capital of fog and flunkeydom; and I needn't say your friend Jem is not going to "enter for such stakes."

You'd like to know our plans; and so far as I can make out, we're not to marry till we reach Italy. At Milan, probably, the dispensation will reach us, and the ceremony will be performed by the Arch B. himself. This she insists upon; for about Church matters and dignitaries she stickles to a degree, that I'd laugh at if I dare; and that I intend to do later on, when I can *dare* with impunity.

Except this, and a most inordinate amount of prudery, she hasn't a fault on earth. Her reserve is, however, awful; and I almost spoiled everything t'other evening by venturing to kiss her hand before she drew her glove on. By Jove, didn't she give me a lecture! If any one had only overheard her, I'm not sure they wouldn't have thought me a lucky fellow to get off with transportation for life! As it was, I had to enter into heavy recognisances for the future, and was even threatened with having Mademoiselle Pauline, her maid, present at all our subsequent meetings! The very menace made me half crazy!

After all, the fault is on the right side; and I suppose the day will come when I shall deem it the very reverse of a failing. You will be curious to know something about her fortune, but not a whit more so than I am. That her means are ample—even splendid, her style of living evidences. The whole "premier" of a fashionable hotel, four saddle-horses, two carriages, and a tribe of servants, are a strong security for a well-filled purse, but more than that I can ascertain nothing.

As for myself, my supplies will only carry me through a very short campaign, so that I am driven of necessity to hasten matters as much

as possible. Now, my dear Tiverton, you know my whole story; and I beg you to lose no time in giving me your very best and shrewdest counsels. Put me up to everything you can think of about settlements, and so forth; and tell me if marrying a foreigner in any way affects my nationality. In brief, turn the thing over in your mind in all manner of ways, and let me have the result.

She is confoundedly particular about knowing that my family approve of the match; and though I have represented myself as being perfectly independent of them on the score of fortune—which, so far as not expecting a shilling from them, is strictly true—I shall probably be obliged to obtain something in the shape of a formal consent and Paternal benediction; in which case I reckon implicitly on you to negotiate the matter.

I have been just interrupted by the arrival of a packet from Paris. It is a necklace and some other trumpery I had sent for to “Le Roux.” She is in ecstasy with it, but cannot conceal her terror at my extravagance. The twenty thousand francs it cost are a cheap price for the remark the present elicited: “My miserable ‘rente’ of a hundred thousand francs,” said she, “will be nothing to a man of such wasteful habits.” So, then, we have four thousand a year certain, George; and, as times go, one might do worse.

I have no time for more, as we are going to ride out. Write to me at once, like a good fellow, and give all your spare thoughts to the fortunes of your ever attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

Address me Lucerne, for *she* means to remove from this at once—the gossips having already taken an interest in us more flattering than agreeable. I shall expect a letter from you at the Post Office.

LETTER LI.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

Villa Della Fontana, Lake of Como.

MY DEAR MR. PURCELL,

POOR Papa has been so ill since his arrival in Italy, that he could not reply to either of your two last letters, and even now is compelled to employ me as his amanuensis. A misfortune having occurred to our carriage, we were obliged to stop at a small village called Colico, which, as the name implies, was remarkably unhealthy. Here the gout, that had been hovering over him for some days previous, seized him with great violence; no medical aid could be obtained nearer than Milan, a distance of forty miles, and you may imagine the anxiety and terror we all suffered during the interval between despatching the messenger and the arrival of the Doctor. As it was, we did not succeed in securing the person we had sent for, he having been that morning sentenced to the Gallies, for having in his possession some weapon—a surgical instrument, I believe—that was longer, or sharper, than the law permits; but Doctor Pantuccio came in his stead, and we have every reason to be satisfied with his skill and kindness. He bled Papa very largely on Monday, twice on Tuesday, and intends repeating it again to-day, if the strength of the patient allow of it. The debility resulting from all this is, naturally, very great; but Papa is able to dictate to me a few particulars in reply to your last. First, as to Crowther's bill of costs: he says, "that he certainly cannot pay it at present," nor does he think he ever will. I do not know how much of this you are to tell Mr. C——, but you will be guided by your own discretion in that, as on any other point, wherein I may be doubtful. Harris also must wait for his money—and be thankful when he gets it.

You will make no abatement to Healey, but try and get the farm out of his hands, by any means, before he sublets it and runs away to America. Tom Dunne's house, at the cross-roads, had better be repaired; and if a proper representation was made to the Castle, about the disturbed state of the country, Papa thinks it might be made a Police-station, and probably bring twenty pounds a year. He does not like to let Dodsborough for a "Union;" he says, it's time enough when we go back there to make it a Poor-house. As to Paul Davis, he says, "let him foreclose, if he likes; for there are three

other claims before his, and he'll only burn his fingers"—whatever that means.

Papa will give nothing to the School-house till he goes back and examines the children himself; but you are to continue his subscription to the Dispensary, for he thinks over-population is the real ruin of Ireland. I don't exactly understand what he says about allowance for improvements, and he is not in a state to torment him with questions; but it appears to me you are not to allow anything to anybody till some Bill passes, or does not pass, and after that it is to be arranged differently. I am afraid poor Papa's head was wandering here, for he mumbled something about somebody being on a "raft at sea," and hoped he wouldn't go adrift, and I don't know what besides.

Your Post-bill arrived quite safe; but the sum is totally insufficient, and below what he expected. I am sure if you knew how much irritation it cost him you would take measures to make a more suitable remittance. I think, on the whole, till Papa is perfectly recovered, it would be better to avoid any irritating or unpleasant topics; and if you would talk encouragingly of home prospects, and send him money frequently, it would greatly contribute to his restoration.

I may add, on Mamma's part and my own, the assurance of our being ready to submit to any privation, or even misery if necessary, to bring Papa's affairs into a healthier condition. Mamma will consent to anything but living in Ireland, which, indeed, I think is more than could be expected from her. As it is, we keep no carriage here, nor have any equipage whatever; our table is simply two courses, and some fruit. We are wearing out all our old-fashioned clothes, and see nobody. If you can suggest any additional mode of economising, Mamma begs you will favour us with a line; meanwhile, she desires me to say, that any allusion to "returning to Dodsborough," or any plan "for living abroad as we lived at home," will only embitter the intercourse, which, to be satisfactory, should be free from any irritation between us.

Of course, for the present, you will write to Mamma, as Papa is far from being fit for any communication on matters of business, nor does the Doctor anticipate his being able for such, for some weeks to come. We have not heard from James since he left this, but are anxiously expecting a letter by every post, and even to see his name in the *Gazette*. Cary does not forget that she was always your favourite, and desires me to send her very kindest remembrances, with which I beg you to accept those of very truly yours,

MARY ANNE DODD.

P.S.—As it is quite uncertain when Papa will be equal to any exertion, Mamma thinks it would be advisable to make your remittances, for some time, payable to her name.

The Doctor of the Dispensary has written to Papa, asking his support at some approaching contest for some situation—I believe under the Poor-law. Will you kindly explain the reasons for which his letter has remained unreplied to? and if Papa should not be able to answer, perhaps you could take upon yourself to give him the assistance he desires, as I know Pa always esteemed him a very competent person, and kind to the poor. Of course the suggestion is only thrown out for your own consideration, and in strict confidence besides, for I make it a point never to interfere with any of the small details of Pa's property.

LETTER LII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

I RECEIVED your letter in due course, and if it wasn't for crying, I could have laughed heartily over it! I don't know J'm sure where you got your elegant description of the Lake of Comus; but I am obliged to tell you it's very unlike the real article; at all events, there's one thing I'm sure of—it's a very different matter living here like Queen Caroline, and being shut up in the same house with K. I., and therefore no more balderdash about my "Queenly existence," and so on, that your last was full of.

Here we are, in what they call the Villa of the Fountains, as if there wasn't water enough before the door, but they must have it spouting up out of a creature's nose in one corner, another blowing it out of a shell, and three naked figures—females, Molly—dancing in a pond of it in the garden, that kept me out of the place till I had them covered with an old mackintosh of K. I.'s. We have forty-seven rooms, and there's barely furniture, if it was all put together, for four; and there's a theatre, and a billiard-room, and a chapel; but there's not a chair wouldn't give you the lumbago, and the stocks at Bruff is pleasant compared to the grand sofa. The Lake comes round three sides of the house, and a mountain shuts in the other one, for there's no road whatever to it. You think I'm not

in earnest, but it's as true as I'm here; the only approach is by water, so that everything has to come in boats. Of course, as long as the weather keeps fine, we'll manage to send into the town; but when there comes—what we're sure to have in this season—aquenoctial gales, I don't know what's to become of us. The natives of the place don't care, for they can live on figs and olives, and those great big green pumpkins they call water-melons; but, after K. I.'s experience, I don't think we'll try *them*. It was at a little place on the way here, called Colico, that he insisted on having a slice of one of these steeped in rum for his supper, because he saw a creature eating it outside the door. Well, my dear, he relished it so much that he ate two, and—you know the man—wouldn't stop till he finished a whole melon as big as one of the big stones over the gate piers at home.

“Jemi,” says he, when he'd done, “is this the place the hand-book says you shouldn't eat any fruit in, or taste the wines of the country?”

“I don't see that,” said I; “but Murray says it's notorious for March miasma, which is most fatal in the fall of the year.”

“What's the name of it?” said he.

I couldn't say the word before he gave a screech out of him that made the house ring.

“I'm a dead man,” said he; “that's the very place I was warned about.”

From that minute the pains begun, and he spent the whole night in torture. Lord George, the kindest creature that ever breathed, got out of his bed and set off to Milan for a Doctor, but it was late in the afternoon when he got back. Half an hour later, Molly, and it would have been past saving him. As it was, he bled him as if he was veal; for that's the new system, my dear, and it's the blood that does us all the harm, and works all the wickedness we suffer from. If it's true, K. I. will get up an altered man, for I don't think a horse could bear what he's gone through. Even now he's as gentle as an infant, Molly, and you wouldn't know his voice if you heard it. We only go in one at a time to him, except Cary, that never leaves him, and indeed he wouldn't let her quit the room. Sometimes I fancy that he'll never be the same again, and from a remark or two of the Doctors', I suspect it's his head they're afraid of. If it wasn't English he raved in, I'd be dreadfully ashamed of the things he says, and the way he talks of the family.

As it is, he makes cruel mistakes; for he took Lord George the other night for James, and began talking to him, and warning him

against his Lordship. "Don't trust him too far, Jemmy," said he. "If he wasn't in disgrace with his equals, he'd never condescend to keep company with us. Depend on't, boy, he's not 'all right,' and I wish we were well rid of him."

Lord George tried to make believe that he didn't understand him, and said something about the Parliament being prorogued, but K. I. went on: "I suppose, then, our noble friend didn't get his Bill through the Lords?"

"His mind is quite astray to-night," said Lord George, in a whisper, and made a sign for us to creep quietly away, and leave him to Caroline. She understands him best of any of us; and, indeed, one sees her to more advantage when there's trouble and misery in the house, than when we're all well and prosperous.

We came here for economy, because K. I. determined we should go somewhere that money couldn't be spent in. Now, as there is no road, we cannot have horses; and as there are no shops, we cannot make purchases; but, except for the name of the thing, Molly, mightn't we as well be at Bruff? I wouldn't say so to one of the family, but to you, in confidence between ourselves, I own freely, I never spent a more dismal three weeks at Dodsborough. Betty Cobb and myself spend our time crying over it the livelong day. Poor creature, she has her own troubles too! That dirty spalpeen she married ran away with all her earnings, and even her clothes; and Mary Anne's maid says that he has two other wives in his own country. She's made a nice fool of herself, and she sees it now.

How long we're to stay here in this misery, I can't guess, and K. I.'s convalescence may be, the Doctor thinks, a matter of months; and even then, Molly, who knows in what state he'll come out of it! Nobody can tell if we won't be obliged to take what they call a Confession of Lunacy against him, and make him allow that he's mad, and unfit to manage his affairs. If it was the will of Providence, I'd just as soon be a widow at once; for, after all, it's uncertainty that tries the spirits and destroys the constitution worse than any other affliction!

Indeed, till yesterday afternoon, we all thought he was going off in a placid sleep; but he opened one eye a little, and bade Cary draw the window-curtain, that he might look out. He stared for a while at the water coming up to the steps of the door, and almost entirely round the house, and he gave a little smile. "What's he thinking of?" said I, in a whisper; but he heard me at once, and said, "I'll tell you, Jemi, what it was. I was thinking this was an elegant place against the Bailiffs." From that minute I saw that the raving had left him; and he was quite himself again.

Now, my dear Molly, you have a true account of the life we lead, and don't you pity us? If your heart does not bleed for me this minute, I don't know you. Write to me soon, and send me the Limerick papers, that has all the news about the Exhibition in Dublin. By all accounts it's doing wonderfully well, and I often wish I could see it. Cary has just come down to take her half hour's walk on the terrace—for K. I. makes her do that every evening, though he never thinks of any of the rest of us—and I must go and take her place; so I write myself,

Yours in haste, but in sorrow,

JEMIMA DODD.

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### LETTER LIII.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Villa della Fontana, Como.

FORGET thee! No, dearest Kitty. But how could such cruel words have ever escaped your pen? To cease to retain you in memory would be to avow an oblivion of childhood's joys, and of my youth's fondest recollections; of those first expansions of the heart, when, "fold after fold to the fainting air," the petals of my young existence opened one by one before you; when my shadowy fancies grew into bright realities, and the dream-world assumed all the lights, and, alas! all the shadows of the actual. The fact was, dearest, Papa was very, very ill; I may, indeed, say, so dangerously, that at one time our greatest fears were excited for his state; nor was it till within a few days back that I could really throw off all apprehension, and revel in that security enjoyed by the others. He is now up for some hours every day, and able to take light sustenance, and even to participate a little in social intercourse, which of course we are most careful to moderate, with every regard to his weak state; but his convalescence makes progress every hour, and already he begins to talk and laugh, and look somewhat like himself.

So confused is my poor head, and so disturbed by late anxieties, that I quite forget if I have written to you since our arrival here; at all events, I will venture on the risk of repetition so far, and say, that we are living in a beautiful Villa, in a promontory of the Lake of

Como. It was the property of the Prince Belgiasso, who is now in exile from his share in the late struggle for Italian independence, and who, in addition to banishment, is obliged to pay above a million of livres—about forty thousand pounds—to the Austrian Government. Lord George, who knew him intimately in his prosperity, arranged to take the Villa for us; and it is confessedly one of the handsomest on the whole Lake. Imagine, Kitty, a splendid marble façade, with a Doric portico, so close to the water's edge that the whole stands reflected in the crystal flood; an Alpine mountain at the back; while around and above us the orange and the fig, the vine, the olive, the wild cactus, and the cedar, wave their rich foliage, and load the soft air with perfume. It is not alone that Nature unfolds a scene of gorgeous richness and beauty before us; that earth, sky, and water, show forth their most beautiful of forms and colouring; but there is, as it were, an atmosphere of voluptuous enjoyment, an inward sense of ecstatic delight that I never knew nor felt in the colder lands of the north. The very names have a magic in their melody—the song of the passing gondolier—the star-like lamp of the “Pescatore,” as night steals over the water—the skimming Latine sail—all breathe of Italy; glorious, delightful, divine Italy! land of song, of poetry, and of love!

Oh, how my dearest Kitty would enjoy those delicious nights upon the terrace, where, watching the falling stars, or listening to the far-off sounds of sweet music, we sit for hours long, scarcely speaking! How responsively would her heart beat to the plash of the Lake against her rocky seat! and how would her gentle spirit drink in every soothing influence of that fair and beauteous scene! With Lord George it is a passion; and I scarcely know him to be the same being that he was on the other side of the Alps. Young men of fashion in England assume a certain impassive, cold, apathetic air, as though nothing could move them to any sentiment of surprise, admiration, or curiosity, about anything; and when, by an accident, these emotions are excited, the very utmost expression in which their feelings find vent, is some piece of town slang—the Turf, the Mess-room, the Universities, and, I believe, even the House of Commons, are the great nurseries of this valuable gift; and as Lord George has graduated in each of these schools, I take it he was no mean proficient. But how different was the real metal that lay buried under that lacker of conventionality! Why, dearest Kitty, he is the very soul of passion; the wildest, most enthusiastic of creatures; he worships Byron—he adores Shelley. He has told me the whole story of his childhood—one of the most beautiful romances

I ever listened to. He passed his youth at Oxford, vacillating between the wildest dissipations and the most brilliant triumphs. After that he went into the Hussars, and then entered the House, moving the Address, as it is called, at one-and-twenty; a career exactly like the great Mr. Pitt's, only that Lord G. really possesses a range of accomplishments, and a vast variety of gifts, to which the Minister could lay no claim. Amidst all these revelations, poured forth with a frank and almost reckless impetuosity, it was still strange, Kitty, that he never even alluded to the one great and turning misfortune of his life. He did, at one time, seem approaching it; I thought it was actually on his lips; but he only heaved a deep sigh, and said, "There is yet another episode to tell you—the darkest, the saddest of all—but I cannot do it now." I thought he might have heard my heart beating, as he uttered these words; but he was too deeply buried in his own grief. At last he broke the silence that ensued, by pressing my hand fervently to his lips, and saying, "But when the time comes for this, it will also bring the hour for laying myself and my fortunes at your feet—for calling you by that dearest of all names—for——" Only fancy, Kitty—it was just as he got this far, that Cary, who really has not a single particle of delicacy in such cases, came up to ask me where she could find some lemons to make a drink for Papa! I know I shall never forgive her—I feel that I never can—for her heartless interruption. What really aggravates her conduct, too, was the kind of apology she subsequently made to me in my own room. Just imagine her saying,

"I was certain it would be a perfect boon to you to get away from that tiresome creature."

If you only saw him, Kitty; if you only heard him! But all I said was:

"There is certainly the merit of a discovery in your remark, Cary; for I fancy you are the first who has found out Lord George Tiverton to be tiresome!"

"I only meant," said she, "that his eternal egotism grows wearisome at last, and that the most interesting person in the world would benefit by occasionally discussing something besides himself."

"Captain Morris, for instance," said I, sharply.

"Even so," said she, laughing; "only I half suspect the theme is one he'll not touch upon!" and with this she left the room.

The fact is, Kitty, jealousy of Lord George's rank, his high station, and his aristocratic connexions, are the real secret of her animosity to him. She feels and sees how small "her poor Captain" appears

beside him, and, of course, the reflection is anything but agreeable. Yet I am sure she might know that I would do everything in my power to diminish the width of that gulf between them, and that I would study to reconcile the discrepancies and assuage the differences of their so very dissimilar stations. She may, it is true, place this beyond my power to effect; but the fault in that case will be purely and solely her own.

You do me no more than justice, Kitty, in saying that you are sure I will feel happy at anything which can conduce to the welfare of Doctor B.; and I unite with you in wishing him every success his new career can bestow. Not but, dearest, I must say that, judging from the knowledge I now possess of life and the world, I should augur more favourably of his prospects had he still remained in that quiet obscurity for which his talents and habits best adapt him, than adventure upon the more ambitious, but perilous, career he has just embarked in. You tell me, that having gone up to Dublin to thank one of his patrons at the late Election, he was invited to a dinner, where he made the acquaintance of the Earl of Darewood; and that the noble Lord, now Ambassador at Constantinople, was so struck with his capacity, knowledge, and great modesty, that he made him at once an offer of the post of Physician to the Embassy, which, with equal promptitude, was accepted.

Very flattering as this reads, dearest, it is the very climax of improbability; and I have the very strongest conviction that the whole appointment is wholly and solely due to the secret influence of Lord George Tiverton, who is the Earl's nephew. In the first place, Kitty, supposing that the great Earl and the small Dispensary Doctor did really meet at the same dinner-table, an incident just as unlikely as need be conceived, how many and what opportunities would there exist for that degree of intercourse of which you speak?

If the noble Lord did speak at all to the Doctor, it would have been in a passing remark; an easily answered question—as to the sanitary state of his neighbourhood, or a chance allusion to the march of the cholera in the North of Europe; so at least Lord G. says; and, moreover, that if the Doctor did, by any accident, evidence any of the qualities for which you give him credit, save the modesty, that the Earl would have just as certainly turned away from him, as a very forward, presuming person, quite forgetful of his station, and where he was then standing. You can perceive from this that I have read the paragraph in yours to Lord G.; but I have done more, Kitty; I have positively taxed him with having obtained the appointment in consequence of a chance allusion I had made to Dr. B. a few weeks

ago. He denies it, dearest; but how? He says, "Oh, my worthy uncle never reads *my* letters; he'd throw them aside after a line or two; he's angry with me besides for not going into the 'Line,' as they call Diplomacy, and would scarcely do me a favour if I pressed him ever so much."

When urged further, he only laughed, and lighting his cigar, puffed away for a moment or two, after which he said, in his careless way: "After all, it mightn't have been a bad dodge of me to send the Doctor off to Turkey. He was an old admirer, wasn't he?"

After this, Kitty, to allude to the subject was impossible, and here I had to leave it. But who could possibly have insinuated such a scandal concerning me? or how could it have occurred to malignant ingenuity to couple my name with that of a person in his station? I cried the entire evening in my own room as I thought over the disgrace to which the bare allusion exposed me.

Is there not a fatality, then, I ask you, in everything that ties us to Ireland? Are not the chance references to that country full of low and unhappy associations? and yet you can talk to me of "when we come back again."

We are daily becoming more uneasy about James. He is now several weeks gone, and not a line has reached us to say where he is, or what success has attended him. I know his high-spirited nature so well, and how any reverse or disappointment would inevitably drive him to the wildest excesses, that I am in agony about him. A letter in your brother's hand is now here awaiting him, so that I can perceive that even Robert is as ignorant of his fate as we are.

All these cares, dearest, will have doubtless thrown their shadows over this dreary epistle, the reflex of my darkened spirit. Bear with and pity me, dearest Kitty; and even when calmer reason refuses to follow the more headlong impulses of my feeling, still care for, still love

Your ever heart-attached and devoted

MARY ANNE DODD.

P.S.—The post has just arrived, bringing a letter for Lord G. in James's hand. It was addressed Bregenz, and has been several days on the road. How I long to learn its tidings; but I cannot detain this, so again good-by.



## LETTER LIV.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,  
BRUFF.

Lake of Como.

MY DEAR TOM,

THOUGH I begin this to-day, it may be it will take me to the end of the week to finish it, for I am still very weak, and my ideas come sometimes too quick and sometimes too slow, and, like an ill-ordered procession, stop the road, and make confusion everywhere. Mary Anne has told you how I have been ill, and for both our sakes I'll say little more about it. One remark, however, I will make, and it is this: that of all the good qualities we ascribe to home, there is one unquestionably pre-eminent—"It is the very best place to be sick in." The monotony and sameness so wearisome in health are boons to the sick man. The old familiar faces are all dear to him; the well-known voices do not disturb him; the little gleam of light that steals in between the curtains chequers some accustomed spot in the room that he has watched on many a former sick bed. The stray words he catches are of home and homely topics. In a word, he is the centre of a little world, all anxious and eager about him, and even the old watch-dog subdues his growl out of deference to his comfort.

Now, though I am all gratitude for the affection and kindness of every one around me, I missed twenty things I could have had at Dodsborough, not one of them worth a brass farthing, in reality, but priceless in the estimation of that peevish, fretful habit that grows out of a sick bed. It was such a comfort to me to know how Miles Dogherty passed the night, and to learn whether he got a little sleep towards morning, as I did, and what the Doctor thought of him. Then I liked to hear all the adventures of Joe Barret, when he "went in" for the leeches, how the mare threw him, and left him to scramble home on his feet. Then I revelled in all that petty tyranny illness admits of, but which is only practicable amongst one's own people, refusing this, and insisting on that, just to exercise the little despotism that none rebel against; but which declines into a mixed monarchy on the first day you eat chicken broth, and from which you are utterly deposed when you can dine at table. In good truth, Tom, I don't wonder at men becoming "malades imaginaires," seeing the un-

natural importance they attain to by a life of complaining, and days passed in self-commiseration and sorrow.

In place of all this, think of a foreign country, and a foreign Doctor; fancy yourself interrogated about your feelings in a language of which you scarcely know a word, and are conscious that a wrong tense in your verb may be your death-warrant. Imagine yourself endeavouring, through the flighty visions of a wandering intellect, to find out the subjunctive mood, or the past participle, and almost forgetting the torment of your gout in the terrors of your grammar!

This is a tiresome theme, and let us change it. Like all home-grown people, I see you expect me to send you a full account of Italy and the Italians within a month after my crossing the Alps. It is, after all, a pardonable blunder on your part, since the very titles we read to books of travels in the newspapers show, that for sketchy books there are always to be found "skipping" readers. Hence that host of surface-description that finds its way into print from men who have the impudence to introduce themselves as writers of "Jottings from my Note-Book," "Loose Leaves from my Log," "Smoke Puffs from Germany," and "A Canter over the Caucasus." Cannot these worthy folk see that the very names of their books are exactly the apologies they should offer for not having written them, had any kind but indiscreet friend urged them into letter-press? "I was only three weeks in Sweden, and therefore I wrote about it," seems to me as ugly a *non sequitor* as need be. And now, Tom, that I have inveighed against the custom, I am quite ready to follow the example, and if you could only find me a Publisher, I am open to an offer for a tight little octavo, to be called "Italy from my Bedroom Window."

Most writers set out by bespeaking your attention on the ground of their greater opportunities, their influential acquaintances, position, and so forth. To this end, therefore, must I tell you, that my bedroom window, besides a half-view of the Lake, has a full look-out over a very picturesque landscape of undulating surface, dotted with villas and cottages, and backed by a high mountain, which forms the frontier towards Switzerland. At the first glance it seems to be a dense wood, with foliage of various shades of green, but gradually you detect little patches of maize and rice, and occasionally, too, a green crop of wurtzel or turnips, which would be creditable even in England; but the vine and the olive surround these so completely, or the great mulberry-trees enshadow them so thoroughly, that at a distance they quite escape view. The soil is intersected everywhere by canals for irrigation, and water is treasured up in tanks, and conveyed in wooden troughs for miles and miles of distance, with a care that shows

the just value they ascribe to it. Their husbandry is all spade work, and I must say, neatly and efficiently done. Of course, I am here speaking of what falls under my own observation; and it is, besides, a little pet spot of rich proprietors, with tasteful villas, and handsomely laid-out gardens, on every side; but as the system is the same generally, I conclude that the results are tolerably alike also. The system is this: That the Landlord contributes the soil, and the Peasant the labour, the produce being fairly divided afterwards in equal portions between them. It reads simple enough, and it does not sound unreasonable either; while, with certain drawbacks, it unquestionably contains some great advantages. To the Landlord it affords a fair and a certain remuneration, subject only to the vicissitudes of seasons and the rate of prices. It attaches him to the soil, and to those who till it, by the very strongest of all interests, and, even on selfish grounds, enforces a degree of regard for the well-being of those beneath him. The Peasant, on the other hand, is neither a rack-rented tenant nor a hireling, but an independent man, profiting by every exercise of his own industry, and deriving direct and positive benefit from every hour of his labour. It is not alone his character that is served by the care he bestows on the culture of the land, but every comfort of himself and his family are the consequences of it; and lastly, he is not obliged to convert his produce into money to meet the rent-day. I am no political economist, but it strikes me that it is a great burden on a poor man, that he must buy a certain commodity in the shape of a legal tender, to satisfy the claim of a Landlord. Now, here the peasant has no such charge. The day of reckoning divides the produce, and the "state of the currency" never enters into the question. He has neither to hunt fairs nor markets, look out for "dealers" to dispose of his stock, nor solicit a Banker to discount his small bill. All these are benefits, Tom, and some of them great ones too. The disadvantages are, that the capabilities of the soil are not developed by the skilful employment of capital. The Landlord will not lay out money, of which he is only to receive one-half the profit. The peasant has the same motive, and has not the money besides. The result is, that Italy makes no other progress in agriculture than the skill of an individual husbandman can bestow. Here are no Smiths of Deanstown—no Sinclairs—no Mechis. The grape ripens, and the olive grows as it did centuries ago; and so will both doubtless continue to do for ages to come. Again, there is another, and, in some respects, a greater grievance, since it is one which saps the very essence of all that is good in the system. The contract is rarely a direct one between Landlord and Tenant, but is

made by the intervention of a third party, who employs the labourers, and really occupies the place of our middle-man at home. The fellow is usually a hard taskmaster to the poor man, and a rogue to the rich one; and it is a common thing, I am told, for a fine estate to find itself at last in the hands of the Fattore. This is a sore complication, and very difficult to avoid, for there are so many different modes of culture, and so varied ways of treating the crops on an Italian farm, that the overseer must be sought for in some rank above that of the peasant.

We have a notion in Ireland that the Italian lives on macaroni: depend upon it, Tom, he seasons it with something better. In the little village beside me, there are three butchers' shops; and as the wealthy of the neighbourhood all market at Como, these are the recourse of the poorer classes. Of wine he has abundance; and as to vegetables and fruits, the soil teems with them, in a rich luxuriance of which I cannot give you a notion. Great barges pass my window every morning, with melons, cucumbers, and cauliflowers, piled up half-mast high. How a Dutch painter would revel in the picturesque profusion of grapes, peaches, figs, and apricots, heaped up amidst huge pumpkins of bursting ripeness, and those brilliant "love apples," the allusion to which was so costly to Mr. Pickwick. You are smacking your lips already at the bare idea of such an existence. Yes, Tom, you are reproaching Fate for not having "raised" you, as Jonathan says, on the right side of the Alps, and left you to the enjoyments of an easy life, with lax principles, little garments, and a fine climate. But let me tell you, IDLENESS IS ONLY A LUXURY WHERE OTHER PEOPLE ARE OBLIGED TO WORK; where every one indulges in it, it is worth nothing. I remember, when sitting listlessly on a river's bank, of a sunny day, listening to the hum of the bees, or watching the splash of a trout in the water, I used to hug myself in the notion of all the fellows that were screaming away their lungs in the Law Courts; or sitting upon tall stools in dark Counting-houses; or poring over Blue-books in a Committee-room; or, maybe, broiling on the banks of the Ganges; and then bethink me of the easy, careless, happy flow of my own existence. I was quite a Philosopher in this way—I despised riches, and smiled at all ambition.

Now, there is no such resources for me here. There are eight or nine fellows that pass the day—and the night also, I believe—under my window, that would beat me hollow in the art of doing nothing, and seem to understand it as a science besides. There they lie—and a nice group they are—on their backs, in the broiling sun; heir red nightcaps drawn a little over their faces for shade; their

brawny chests and sinewy limbs displayed, as if in derision of their laziness. The very squalor of their rags seems heightened by the tawdry pretension of a scarlet sash round the waist, or a gay flower stuck jauntily in a filthy bonnet. The very knife that stands half buried in the water-melon beside them, has its significance—you have but to glance at the shape to see that, like its owner, its purpose is an evil one. What do these fellows know of labour?—Nothing; nor will they, ever, till condemned to it at the galleys. And what a contrast to all around them—ragged, dirty, and wretched, in the midst of a teeming and glorious abundance; barbarous, in a land that breathes of the very highest civilisation, and sunk in brutal ignorance, beside the greatest triumphs of human genius.

What a deal of balderdash people talk about Italian liberty, and the cause of constitutional freedom. There are—and these only in the cities—some twenty or thirty highly-cultivated, well-thinking men—Lawyers, Professors, or Physicians, usually—who have taken pains to study the institutions of other countries, and aspire to see some of the benefits that attend them applied to their own; but there ends the party. The Nobles are a wretched set, satisfied with the second-hand vices of France and England grafted upon some native rascalities of even less merit. They neither read nor think; their lives are spent in intrigue and play. Now and then a brilliant exception stands forth, distinguished by intellect as well as station; but the little influence he wields is the evidence of what estimation such qualities are held in. My Doctor is a Liberal, and a very clever fellow too; and I only wish you heard him describe the men who have assumed the part of “Italian Regenerators.”

Their “antecedents” show that in Italy, as elsewhere, Patriotism is too often but the last refuge of a scoundrel. I know how all this will grate and jar upon your very Irish ears; and, to say truth, I don’t like saying it myself; but still I cannot help feeling that the “Cause of Liberty” in the Peninsula is remarkably like the process of grape-gathering that now goes on beneath my window—there is no care, no selection—good, bad, ripe, and unripe—the clean, the filthy, the ruddy, and the sapless, are all huddled together, pressed and squeezed down into a common vat, to ferment into bad wine, or—a revolution—as the case may be. It does not require much chemistry to foresee that it is the crude, the acrid, the unhealthy, and the bad, that will give the flavour to the liquor. The small element of what is really good, is utterly overborne in the vast maelstrom of the noxious; and so we see in the late Italian struggle. Who are the men that exercised the widest influence in affairs?

Not the calm and reasoning minds who gave the first impulse to wise measures of Reform, and guided their Sovereigns to concessions that would have formed the strong foundations of future freedom. No; it was the advocate of the wildest doctrines of Socialism—the true disciple of the old guillotine school, that ravaged the earth at the close of the last century. These are the fellows who scream “Blood! blood!” till they are hoarse; but, in justice to their discretion, it must be said, they always do it from a good distance off.

Don't fancy from this that I am upholding the Austrian rule in Italy. I believe it to be as bad as need be, and exactly the kind of Government likely to debase and degrade a people, whom it should have been their object to elevate and enlighten. Just fancy a system of administration where there were all penalties and no rewards—a school with no premiums but plenty of flogging. That was precisely what they did. They put a “ban” upon the natives of the country; they appointed them to no places of trust or confidence; insulted their feelings; outraged their sense of nationality; and whenever the system had goaded them into a passionate burst of indignation, they proclaimed martial law, and hanged them.

Now, the question is not whether any kind of resistance would not be pardonable against such a state of things, but it is this: what species of resistance is most likely to succeed? That is the real inquiry; and I don't think it demands much knowledge of mankind and the world to say that stabbing a Cadet in the back as he leaves a *café*, shooting a solitary sentinel on his post, or even assassinating his Corporal as he walks home of an evening, are exactly the appropriate methods for reforming a state or remodelling a constitution. Had the Lombards devoted themselves heart and hand to the material prosperity of their country—educated their people, employed them in useful works, fostered their rising and most prosperous silk manufactories—they would have attained to a weight and consideration in the Austrian Empire which would have enabled them not to solicit, but dictate the terms of their administration.

A few years back, as late as '47, Milan, I am told, was more than the rival of Vienna in all that constitutes the pride and splendour of a Capital city; and the growing influence of her higher classes was already regarded with jealousy by the Austrian Nobility. Look what a revolution has made her now! Her palaces are barracks; her squares are encampments; artillery bivouac in her public gardens; and the rigours of a state of siege penetrate into every private house, and poison all social intercourse.

You may rely upon one thing, Tom, and it is this: that no Government ever persisted in a policy of oppression towards a country that was advancing on the road of prosperity. It is to the disaffected, dispirited, bankrupt people—idle and cantankerous, wasting their resources, and squandering their means of wealth—that Cabinets play the bully. They grind them the way a cruel Colonel flogs a condemned regiment. Let industry and its consequences flow in; let the labourer be well fed, and housed, and clothed; and the spirit of independence in him will be a far stronger and more dangerous element to deal with than the momentary burst of passion that comes from a fevered heart in a famished frame! Ask a Cabinet Minister if he wouldn't be more frightened by a deputation from the City, than if the telegraph told him a Chartist mob was moving on London? We live in an age of a very peculiar kind, and where real power and real strength are more respected than ever they were before.

Don't you think I have given you a dose of politics? Well, happily for you, I must desist now, for Cary has come to order me off to bed. It is only two P.M., but the siesta is now one of my habits; and so pleasant a one, that I intend to keep it when I get well again.

Nine o'clock, Evening.

Here I am again at my desk for you, though Cary has only given me leave to devote half-an-hour to your edification. What a good girl it is; so watchful in all her attention, and with that kind of devotion that shows her whole heart is engaged in what she is doing. The Doctor may fight the malady, Tom, but, take my word for it, it is the Nurse that saves the patient. If ever I raised my eyelids, there she was beside me! I couldn't make a sign that I was thirsty till she had the drink to my lips. She had, too, that noiseless, quiet way with her, so soothing to a sick man; and, above all, she never bothered with questions, but learned to guess what I wanted, and sat patiently watching at her post.

It is a strange confession to make, but the very best thing I know of this foreign tour of ours is, that it has not spoiled that girl; she has contracted no taste for extra finery in dress, nor extra liberty in morals; her good sense is not overlaid by the pretentious tone of those mock Nobles that run about calling each other Count and Marquis, and fancying they are the great world. There she is, as warm-hearted, as natural, and as simple—in all that makes the real excellence of simplicity—as when she left home. And now with all this, I'd wager a crown that nineteen young fellows out of twenty would prefer Mary Anne to her. She is, to be sure, a fine, showy girl, and has

taken to a stylish line of character so naturally that she never abandons it.

I assure you, Tom, the way she used to come in of a morning to ask me how I was, and how I passed the night; her graceful stoop to kiss me; her tender, little, caressing twaddle, as if I was a small child to be bribed into black bottle by sugar-candy; were as good as a play. The little extracts, too, that she made from the newspapers to amuse me, were all from that interesting column called fashionable intelligence and the movements in fashionable life, as if it amused me to hear who Lady Jenima married, and who gave away the bride. Cary knew better what I cared for, and told me about the harvest and the crops, and the state of the potatoes; with now and then a spice of the foreign news, wherever there was anything remarkable. To all appearance, we are not far from a war; but where it's to be, and with whom, is hard to say. There's no doubt but fighting is a costly amusement; and I believe no country pays so heavily for her fun in that shape as England; but, nevertheless, there is nothing would so much tend to revive her drooping and declining influence on the Continent as a little brush at sea. She is, I take it, as good as certain to be victorious; and the very fervour of the enthusiasm success would evoke in England, would go far to disabuse the foreigner of his notion that we are only eager about printing calicoes, and sharpening Sheffield ware. Believe me, it is vital to us to eradicate this fallacy; and until the world sees a British fleet reeling up the Downs with some half-dozen dismasted line-of-battle ships in their wake; they'll not be convinced of what you and I know well—that we are just the same people that fought the Nile and Trafalgar. Those Industrial Exhibitions, I think, brought out a great deal of trashy sentimentality about universal brotherhood, peace, and the rest of it. I suppose the Crystal Palace rage was a kind of allegory to show that they who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones; but our ships, Tom—our ships, as the song says, are "hearts of oak!" Here's Cary again, and with a confounded cup full of something green at top and muddy below! Apothecaries are filthy distillers all the world over, and one never knows the real blessing of health till they have escaped from their beastly brewings. Good night.

Saturday Evening.

A regular Italian morning, Tom; and such a view! The mists are swooping down the Alps, and showing cliffs and crags in every tint of sunlit verdure. The Lake is blue as a dark torquoise, reflecting the banks and their hundred villas in the calm water. The odour of



the orange-flower and the oleander load the air, and, except my vagabonds under the window, there is not an element of the picture devoid of interest and beauty. There they are as usual; one of them has his arm in a bloody rag I perceive, the consequence of a row last night—at least Paddy Byrne saw a fellow wiping his knife and washing his hands in the Lake—very suspicious circumstances—just as he was going to bed.

I have been hearing all about our neighbours—at least, Cary has been interrogating the gardener, and “reporting progress” to me as well as she could make him out. This Lake of Como seems the Paradise of *ci-devant* theatrical folk; all the Prima Donnas who have amassed millions, and all the dancers that have pirouetted into great wealth, appear to have fixed their ambition on retiring to this spot. Of a truth, it is the very antithesis to a stage existence. The silent and almost solemn grandeur of the scene, the massive Alps, the deep dense woods, the calm unbroken stillness, are strong contrasts to the crash and tumult, the unreality and uproar, of a theatre. I wonder, do they enjoy the change? I am curious to know if they yearn for the blaze of the dress-circle and the waving pit? Do they long at heart for the stormy crash of the orchestra and the maddening torrent of applause? and does the actual world of real flowers, and trees, and terraces, and fountains, seem in their eyes a poor counterfeit of the dramatic one? It would not be unnatural if it were so. There is the same narrowing tendency in every professional career. The Doctor, the Lawyer, the Priest, the Soldier—ay, and even your Parliament man, if he be an old Member, has got to take a House of Commons standard for everything and everybody. It is only your true idler, your genuine good-for-nothing vagabond, that ever takes wide or liberal views of life; one like myself, in short, whose prejudices have not been fostered by any kind of education, and who, whatever he knows of mankind, is sure to be his own.

They've carried away my ink-bottle, to write acknowledgments and apologies for certain invitations the womenkind have received to go and see fireworks somewhere on the Lake; for these exhibitions seem to be a passion with Italians! I wish they were fonder of burning powder to more purpose! I'm to dine below to-day, so it is likely that I'll not be able to add anything to this before to-morrow, when I mean to despatch it. A neighbour, I hear, has sent us a fine trout; and another has forwarded a magnificent present of fruit and vegetables; very graceful civilities these to a stranger, and worthy of record and remembrance. Lord George tells me that these Lombard Lords are fine fellows—that is, they keep splendid houses and capital

horses, have first-rate cooks, and London-built carriages—and, as he adds, will bet you what you like at piquet or écarté. Egad, such qualities have great success in the world, despite all that moralists may say of them!

The ink has come back, but it is *I* am dry now! The fact is, Tom, that very little exertion goes far with a man in this climate! It is scarcely noon, but the sultry heat is most oppressive; and I half agree with my friends under the window, that the dorsal attitude is the true one for Italy. In any other country you want to be up and doing: there are snipe or woodcocks to be shot, a salmon to kill, or a fox to hunt; you have to look at the potatoes, or the poor-house; there's a row, or a road session, or something or other to employ you: but here, it's a snug spot in the shade you look for—six feet of even ground under a tree; and with that the hours go glibly over, in a manner that is quite miraculous.

It ought to be the best place under the sun for men of small fortune. The climate alone is an immense economy in furs and firing; and there is scarcely a luxury that is not, somehow or other, the growth of the soil: on this head—the expense I mean—I can tell you nothing; for, of course, I have not served on any committee of the estimates since my illness; but I intend to audit the accounts to-morrow, and then you shall hear all. Tiverton, I understand, has taken the management of everything; and Mrs. D. and Mary Anne tell me, that so excellent is his system that a rebellion has broken out below stairs, and three of our household have resigned, carrying away various articles of wardrobe, and other property, as an indemnity, doubtless, for the treatment they had met with. I half suspect that any economy in dinners is more than compensated for in broken crockery; for every time that a fellow is scolded in the drawing-room there is sure to be a smash in the plate department immediately afterwards, showing that the national custom of the “Vendetta” can be carried into the “willow pattern.” This is one of my window observations. I wish there were no worse ones to record.

“Not a line, not another word, till you take your broth, Papa,” says my kind nurse; and as after my broth I take my sleep, I'll just take leave of you for to-day. I wish I may remember even half of what I wanted to say to you to-morrow, but I have a strong moral conviction that I shall not. It is not that the oblivion will be any loss to you, Tom; but when I think of it, after the letter is gone, I'm fit to be tied with impatience. Depend upon it, a condition of hopeless repining for the past is a more terrible torture than all that the most glowing imagination of coming evil could ever compass or conceive.

Sunday Afternoon.

I told you yesterday I had not much faith in my memory retaining even a tittle of what I wished to say to you. The case is far worse than that—I can really recollect nothing. I know that I had questions to ask, doubts to resolve, and directions to give, but they are all so commingled and blended together in my distracted brain, that I can make nothing out of the disorder. The fact is, Tom, the fellow has bled me too far, and it is not at my time of life—58° in the shade, by old Time's thermometer—that one rallies quickly out of the hands of the Doctor.

I thought myself well enough this morning to look over my accounts; indeed, I felt certain that the inquiry could not be prudently delayed, so I sent for Mary Anne after breakfast, and proceeded in state to a grand audit. I have already informed you that all the material of life here is the very cheapest. Meat about fourpence a pound; bread and butter, and milk, and vegetables, still more reasonable; wine, such as it is, twopence a bottle; fruit for half nothing. It was not, therefore, any inordinate expectation on my part that we should be economising in rare style, and making up for past extravagance by real retrenchment. I actually looked forward to the day of reckoning as a kind of holiday from all care, and for once in my life revel in the satisfaction of having done the prudent thing.

Conceive my misery and disappointment—I was too weak for rage—to find that our daily expenses here, with a most moderate household, and no company, amounted to a fraction over five pounds English a day. The broad fact so overwhelmed me, that it was only with camphor-julap and ether that I got over it, and could proceed to details. Proceed to details, do I say! much good did it do me! for what between a new coinage, new weights and measures, and a new language, I got soon into a confusion and embarrassment that would have been too much for my brain in its best days. Now and then I began to hope that I grappled with a fact, even a small one; but, alas! it was only a delusion, for though the prices were strictly as I told you, there was no means of even approximating to the quantities ordered in. On a rough calculation, however, it appears that *my* mutton broth took half a sheep per diem. The family consumed about two cows a week in beef—besides hares, pheasants, hams, and capons at will. The servants—with a fourth of the wine set down to me—could never have been sober an hour; while our vegetable and fruit supply would have rivalled Covent Garden market.

“Do you understand this, Mary Anne?” said I.

“No, Papa,” said she.

"Does your Mother?" said I.

"No, Papa."

"Does Lord George understand it?"

"No, Papa; but he says he is sure Giacomo can explain everything; for he is a capital fellow, and honest as the sun!"

"And who is Giacomo?" said I.

"The Maestro di Casa, Papa. He is over all the other servants, pays all the bills, keeps the keys of everything, and, in fact, takes charge of the household."

"Where did he come from?"

"The Prince Belgiasso had him in his service, and strongly recommended him to Lord George as the most trustworthy and best of servants. His discharge says, that he was always regarded rather in the light of a friend than a domestic!"

Shall I own to you, Tom, that I shuddered as I heard this. It may be a most unfair and ungenerous prejudice, but if there be any class in life of whose good qualities I entertain a weak opinion, it is of the servant tribe, and especially of those who enter into the confidential category. They are, to my thinking, a pestilent race, either tyrannising over the weakness, or fawning to the vices of their employers. I have known a score of them, and I rejoice to think that a very large proportion of that number have been since transported for life.

"Does Giacomo speak English?" asked I.

"Perfectly, Papa: as well as French, Spanish, German, and a little Russian."

"Send him to me, then," said I, "and let us have a talk together."

"You can't see him to-day, Papa, for he is performing St. Barnabas in a grand procession that is to take place this evening."

This piece of information shows me that it is a "Festa," and the post will consequently close early, so that I now conclude this, promising that you shall have an account of my interview with Giacomo by to-morrow or the day after.

Not a line from James yet, and I am beginning to feel very uncomfortable about him.

Yours ever faithfully,

KENNY I. DODD.

## LETTER LV.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,  
BRUFF.

Como.

MY DEAR TOM,

THIS may perchance be a lengthy despatch, for I have just received a polite invitation from the authorities here to pack off, bag and baggage, over the frontier; and, as it is doubtful where our next move may take us, I write this "in extenso," and to clear off all arrears up to the present date.

At the conclusion of my last, if I remember aright, I was in anxious expectation of a visit from Signor Giacomo Lamporeccho. That accomplished Gentleman, however, had been so fatigued by his labours in the procession, and so ill from a determination of blood to the head, brought on by being tied for two hours to a tree, with his legs uppermost, to represent the saint's martyrdom, that he could not wait upon me till the third day after the Festa; and then his streaked eyeballs and flushed face attested that even mock holiness is a costly performance.

"You are Giacomo?" said I, as he entered; and I ought to mention that in air and appearance he was a large, full, fine-looking man, of about eight-and-thirty or forty, dressed in very accurate black, and with a splendid chain of mosaic gold twined and festooned across his ample chest: opal shirt-studs and waistcoat-buttons, and a very gorgeous-looking signet-ring on his fore-finger, aided to show off a stylish look, rendered still more imposing by a beard a Grand Vizier might have envied, and a voice a semi-tone deeper than Lablache's.

"Giacomo Lamporeccho," said he; and though he uttered the words like a human bassoon, they really sounded as if he preferred not to be himself, but somebody else in case I desired it.

"Well, Giacomo," said I, easily, and trying to assume as much familiarity as I could with so imposing a personage, "I want you to afford me some information about these accounts of mine."

"Ah! the house accounts!" said he, with a very slight elevation of the eyebrows, but quite sufficient to convey to me an expression of contemptuous meaning.

"Just so, Giacomo; they appear to me high—enormously—extravagantly high!"

"His Excellency paid, at least, the double in London," said he, bowing.

"That's not the question. We are in Lombardy—a land where the price of everything is of the cheapest. How comes it, then, that we are maintaining our house at greater cost than even Paris would require?"

With a volubility that I can make no pretension to follow, the fellow ran over the prices of bread, meat, fowls, and fish, showing that they were for half their cost elsewhere: that his Excellency's table was actually a mean one; that sea-fish from Venice, and ortolans, seldom figured at it above once or twice a week; that it was rare to see a second flask of Champagne opened at dinner; that our Bourdeaux was bad, and our Burgundy bitter; in short, he thought his Excellency had come expressly for economy, as great "Milors" will occasionally do, and that if so, he must have had ample reason to be satisfied with the experiment.

Though every sentiment the fellow uttered was an impertinence, he bowed, and smiled, and demeaned himself with such an air of humility throughout, that I stood puzzled between the matter and the manner of his address. Meanwhile, he was not idle, but running over with glib volubility the names of all the "Illustrissimi Inglesi" he had been cheating and robbing for a dozen years back. To nail him to the fact of the difference between the cost of the article and the gross sum expended, was downright impossible, though he clearly gave to understand, that any inquiry into the matter showed his Excellency to be the shabbiest of men—mean, grasping, and avaricious; and, in fact, very likely to be no "Milor" at all, but some poor pretender to rank and station.

I felt myself waxing wroth with a weak frame—about as unpleasant a situation as can be fancied; for, let me observe to you, Tom, that the brawny proportions of Signor Lamporecchio would not have prevented my trying conclusions with him, had I been what you last saw me; but, alas! the Italian Doctor had bled me down so low, that I was not even a match for one of his countrymen. I was therefore obliged to inform my friend, that, being alone with him, and our interview having taken the form of a privileged communication—he was a Thief, and a Robber!

The words were not uttered, when he drew a long and glistening knife from behind his back, under his coat, and made a rush at me. I seized the butt-end of James's fishing-rod—fortunately beside me—and held him at bay, shouting wildly, "Murder!" all the while. The room was filled in an instant; Tiverton and the girls, followed by all

the servants, and several peasants, rushing in pell-mell. Before, however, I could speak, for I was almost choked with passion, Signor Giacomo had gained Lord George's ear, and evidently made him his partisan.

Tiverton cleared the room as fast as he could, mumbling out something to the girls that seemed to satisfy them and allay their fears, and then, closing the door, took his seat beside me.

"It will not signify," said he to me, in a kind voice; "the thing is only a scratch, and will be well in a day or two."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Egad! you'll have to be cautious, though," said he, laughing. "It was in a very awkward place; and that tool isn't the handiest for minute anatomy."

"Do you want to drive me mad, my Lord; for, if not, just take the trouble to explain yourself."

"Pooh, pooh," said he; "don't fuss yourself about nothing. I understand how to deal with these fellows. You'll see, five-and-twenty Naps. will set it all right."

"I see," said I, "your intention is to outrage me; and I beg that I may be left alone."

"Come, don't be angry with *me*, Dodd," cried he, in one of his good-tempered, coaxing ways. "*I* know well you'd never have done it——"

"Done what—done what?" screamed I, in an agony of rage.

He made a gesture with the fishing-rod, and burst out a-laughing for reply.

"Do you mean that I stuck that scoundrel that has just gone out?" cried I.

"And no great harm neither!" said he.

"Do you mean that I stuck him?—answer me that."

"Well, I'd be just as much pleased if you had not," said he; "for, though they are always punching holes into each other, they don't like an Englishman to do it. Still, keep quiet, and I'll set it all straight before to-morrow. The Doctor shall give a certificate, setting forth mental excitement, and so forth. We'll show that you are not quite responsible for your actions just now."

"Egad, you'll have a proof of your theory, if you go on much longer at this rate," said I, grinding my teeth with passion.

"And then we'll get up a provocation of some kind or other. Of course, the thing will cost money; that can't be helped, but we'll try to escape imprisonment."

"Send Cary to me; send my daughter here!" said I, for I was growing weak.

"But hadn't you better let us concert——"

"Send Cary to me, my Lord, and leave me;" and I said the words in a way that he couldn't misunderstand. He had scarcely quitted the room when Cary entered it.

"There, dearest Papa," said she, caressingly, "don't fret. It's a mere trifle; and if he wasn't a wretchedly cowardly creature he'd think nothing of it!"

"Are you in the conspiracy against me, too?" cried I; "have *you* also joined the enemy?"

"That I haven't," said she, putting an arm round my neck; "and I know well, if the fellow had not grossly outraged, or perhaps menaced you, you'd never have done it! I'm certain of that, Pappy!"

Egad, Tom, I don't like to own it, but the truth is—I burst out a-crying, that's what all this bleeding and lowering has brought me to, that I haven't the nerve of a kitten! It was the inability to rebut all this balderdash—to show that it was a lie from beginning to end—confounded me; and when I saw my poor Cary, that never believed ill of me before, that no matter what I said or did always took my part, and if she couldn't defend, at least excused me—when, I say, I saw that *she* gave in to this infernal delusion, I just felt as if my heart was going to break, and I sincerely wished it might.

I tried very hard to summon strength to set her right; I suppose that a drowning man never struggled harder to reach a plank than did I to grasp one thought well and vigorously; but to no use. My ideas danced about like the phantoms in a magic lantern, and none would remain long enough to be recognised.

"I think I'll take a sleep, my dear," said I.

"The very wisest thing you could do, Pappy," said she, closing the shutters noiselessly, and sitting down in her old place beside my bed.

Though I pretended slumber, I never slept a wink. I went over all this affair in my mind, and summing up the evidence against me, I began to wonder if a man ever committed a homicide without knowing it—I mean, if, when his thoughts were very much occupied, he could stick a fellow-creature and not be aware of it. I couldn't exactly call any case in point to mind, but I didn't see why it might not be possible. If stabbing people was a common and daily habit of an individual, doubtless he might do it, just as he would wind his watch or wipe his spectacles—while thinking of something else; but as it was not a customary process, at least where I came from, there



was the difficulty. I would have given more than I had to give, just to ask Cary a few questions; as, for instance, how did it happen? where is the wound? how deep is it? and so on, but I was so terrified lest I should compromise my innocence, that I would not venture on a syllable. One sees constantly in the Police Reports how the Prisoner, when driving off to gaol with Inspector Potts, invariably betrays himself by some expression of anxiety or uneasiness, such as, "Well, nobody can say I did it! I was in Houndsditch till eleven o'clock;" or, "Poor Molly, I didn't mean her any harm, but it was she begun it." Warned by these indiscreet admissions, I was guarded not to utter a word. I preserved my resolution with such firmness, that I fell into a sound sleep, and never awoke till the next morning.

Before I acknowledged myself to be awake—don't you know that state, Tom, in which a man vibrates between consciousness and indolence, and when he has not fully made up his mind whether he'll not skulk his load of daily cares a little longer?—I could perceive that there was a certain stir and movement about me that betokened extraordinary preparation, and I could overhear little scraps of discussions as to whether "he ought to be awakened," and "what he should wear," Cary's voice being strongly marked in opposition to everything that portended any disturbance of me. Patience, I believe, is not my forte, though long suffering may be my fortune, for I sharply asked, "What the —— was in the wind now?"

"We'll leave him to Cary," said Mrs. D., retiring precipitately, followed by the rest, while Cary came up to my bedside, and kindly began her inquiries about my health; but I stopped her, by a very abrupt repetition of my former question.

"Oh! it's a mere nothing, Pappy—a formality, and nothing more. That creature, Giacomo, has been making a fuss over the affair of last night; and though Lord George endeavoured to settle it, he refused, and went off to the Tribunal to lodge a complaint."

"Well, go on."

"The Judge, or Prefect, or whatever he is, took his depositions, and issued a warrant——"

"To apprehend me?"

"Don't flurry yourself, dearest Pappy; these are simply formalities, for the Brigadier has just told me——"

"He is here, then—in the house?"

"Why will you excite yourself in this way, when I tell you that all will most easily be arranged. The Brigadier only asks to see you—to ascertain, in fact, that you are really ill, and unable to be removed——"

“To Gaol—to the common Prison, eh?”

“Oh, I must not talk to you, if it irritates you in this fashion; indeed, there is now little more to say, and if you will just permit the Brigadier to come in for a second, everything is done.”

“I’m ready for him,” said I, in a tone that showed I needed no further information; and Cary left the room.

After about five minutes’ waiting, in an almost intolerable impatience, the Brigadier, stooping his enormous bearskin to fully three feet, entered with four others, armed cap-à-pie, who drew up in a line behind him, and grounded their carbines with a clank that made the room shake. The Brigadier, I must tell you, was a very fine soldier-like fellow, and with fully half a dozen decorations hanging to his coat. It struck me that he was rather disappointed; he probably expected to see a man of colossal proportions and herculean strength, instead of the poor remnant of humanity that chicken broth and the lancet have left me. The room, too, seemed to fall below his expectations; for he threw his eyes around him without detecting any armoury, or offensive weapons, or indeed any means of resistance whatever.

“This is his Excellency?” said he at last, addressing Cary; and she nodded.

“Ask him his own name, Cary,” said I. “I’m curious about it.”

“My name,” said he, sonorously, to her question—“my name is Alessandro Lamporecchio;” and with that he gave the word to his people to face about, and away they marched, with all the solemnity of a military movement. As the door closed behind them, however, I heard a few words uttered in whispers, and immediately afterwards the measured tread of a sentry slowly parading the lobby outside my room.

“That’s another *formality*, Cary,” said I, “isn’t it?” She nodded for reply. “Tell them I detest ceremony, my dear,” said I; “and—and”—I couldn’t keep down my passion—“and if they don’t take that fellow away, I’ll pitch him head and crop over the banisters.” I tried to spring up, but back I fell, weak, and almost fainting. The sad truth came home to me at once, that I hadn’t strength to face a baby; so I just turned my face to the wall, and sulked away to my heart’s content. If I tell you how I spent that day, the same story will do for the rest of the week. I saw that they were all watching and waiting for some outbreak, of either my temper or my curiosity. They tried every means to tempt me into an inquiry of one kind or other. They dropped hints, in half-whispers, before me. They said twenty things to arouse anxiety, and even alarm in me; but I re-

solved that, if I passed my days there, I'd starve them out, and so I did.

On the ninth day, when I was eating my breakfast, just as I had finished my mutton chop, and was going to attack the eggs, Cary, in a half-laughing way, said :

“ Well, Pappy, do you never intend to take the air again ? The weather is now delightful—that second season they call the summer of St. Joseph.”

“ Ain't I a prisoner ?” said I. “ I thought I had murdered somebody, and was sentenced for life to this chamber.”

“ How can you be so silly !” said she. “ You know, perfectly well, how these foreigners make a fuss about everything, and exaggerate every trifle into a mock importance. Now, we are not in Ireland——”

“ No,” said I, “ would to Heaven we were !”

“ Well, perhaps I might echo the prayer, without doing any great violence to my sincerity ; but as we are not there, nor can we change the venue—isn't that the phrase ?—to our own country, what if we just were to make the best of it, and suffer this matter to take its course here ?”

“ As how, Cary ?”

“ Simply by dressing yourself, and driving into Como. Your case will be heard on any morning you present yourself ; and I am so convinced that the whole affair will be settled in five minutes, that I am quite impatient it should be over.”

I will not repeat all her arguments, some good, and some bad ; but every one of them dictated by that kind and affectionate spirit, which, however her judgment incline, never deserts her. The end of it was, I got shaved and dressed, and within an hour was skimming over the calm clear water, towards the little city of Como.

Cary was with me—she would come—she said she knew she did me good ; and it was true : but the scene itself, those grand, great mountains, those leafy glens, opening to the glassy Lake, waveless and still, that glorious reach of blue sky, spanning from peak to peak of those Alpine ridges, all soothed and calmed me ; and in the midst of such gigantic elements, I could not help feeling shame that such a reptile as I should mar the influence of this picture on my heart, by petty passions, and little fractious discontents, unworthy of a sick school-boy.

“ Isn't it enough for you, K. I.,” said I, “ ay, and more than you deserve, just to live, and breathe, and have your being, in such a bright and glorious world ? If you were a Poet, with what images would not these swooping mists, these fleeting shadows, people your

imagination? What voices would you hear in the wind sighing through the olive groves, and dying in many a soft cadence along the grottoed shore? If a Painter, what effects of sunlight and shadow are there to study? what tints of colour, that without nature to guarantee, you would never dare to venture on? But being neither, having neither gift nor talent, being simply one of those 'fruit consumers,' who bring back nothing to the common stock of mankind, and who can no more make my fellow-man wiser or better than I make myself taller or younger, is it not a matter of deep thankfulness that, in all my common-place of mind and thought, I too—even K. I. that I am—have an intense feeling of enjoyment in the contemplation of this scene? I couldn't describe it like Shelley, nor paint it like Stanfield, but I'll back myself, for a five-pound note, to feel it with either of them." And there, let me tell you, Tom, is the real superiority of nature over all her counterfeits. You need no study, no cultivation, no connoisseurship to appreciate her: her glorious works come home to the heart of the Peasant, as, mist-begirt, he waits for sunrise on some highland waste, as well as to the Prince, who gazes on the swelling landscape of his own dominions. I couldn't tell a Claude from a Canaletti—I'm not sure that I don't like H. B. better than Albert Durer—but I'd not surrender the heartfelt delight, the calm, intense, deep-souled gratitude I experience from the contemplation of a lovely landscape, to possess the Stafford gallery.

I was then in a far more peaceful and practicable frame of mind as we entered Como, than when I quitted the Villa.

I should like to have lingered a little in the old town itself, with its quaint little arched passages and curious architecture; but Cary advised me to nurse all my strength for the "Tribunal." I suppose it must be with some moral hope of discountenancing litigation that foreign Governments always make the Law Courts as dirty and disgusting as possible, pitch them in a filthy quarter, and surround them with every squalor. This one was a paragon of its kind, and for rags and ruffianly looks, I never saw the equal of the company there assembled. I am not yet quite sure that the fellow who showed us the way didn't purposely mislead us; for we traversed a dozen dark corridors, and went up and went down more staircases than I have accomplished for the last six months. Now and then we stopped for a minute to interrogate somebody through a sliding pane in a kind of glass cage, and off we went again. At last we came to a densely-crowded passage, making way through which, we entered a large hall with a vaulted roof, crammed with people, but who made room at the instance of a red-eyed, red-bearded little man in a black gown, that I

now, to my horror and disgust, found out was my Counsel, being already engaged by Lord George to defend me.

"This is treachery, Cary," whispered I, angrily.

"I know it is," said she, "and I'm one of the traitors; but anything is better than to see you pine away your life in a sick-room."

This was neither the time nor place for much colloquy, as we now had to fight our way vigorously through the mob till we reached a row of seats where the Bar were placed, and where we were politely told to be seated. Directly in front of us sat three ill-favoured old fellows in black gowns and square black caps, modelled after those brown-paper helmets so popular with plasterers and stucco men in our country. I found it a great trial not to laugh every time I looked at them!

There was no case "on" at the moment, but a kind of wrangle was going forward about whose was to be the next hearing, in which I could hear my own name mingled. My lawyer, Signor Mastuccio, seemed to make a successful appeal in my favour; for the three old "Plasterers" put up their eye-glasses, and stared earnestly at Cary, after which the chief of them nodded benignly, and said that the case of Giacomo Lamporeccho might be called, and accordingly, with a voice that might have raised the echoes of the Alps, a fellow screamed out that the "Homicidio"—I have no need to translate the word—was then before the Court. If I only were to tell you, Tom, of the tiresome, tedious, and unmeaning formalities that followed, your case in listening would be scarcely more enviable than was my own while enduring them. All the preliminary proceedings were in writing, and a dirty little dog, with a vile odour of garlic about him, read some seventy pages of a manuscript which I was informed was the accusation against me. Then appeared another creature—his twin brother in meanness and poverty—who proved to be a Doctor, the same who had professionally attended the wounded man, and who also read a memoir of the patient's sufferings and peril. These occupied the Court till it was nigh three o'clock, when, being concluded, Giacomo himself was called. I assure you, Tom, I gave a start when, instead of the large, fine, burly, well-bearded rascal with the Lablache voice, I beheld a pale, thin, weakly creature, with a miserable treble, inform the Court that he was Giacomo Lamporeccho.

Cary, who translated for me as he spoke, told me that he gave an account of our interview together, in which it would appear that my conduct was that of an outrageous maniac. He described me as accusing everybody of roguery and cheating—calling the whole coun-

try a den of thieves, and the authorities their accomplices. He detailed his own mild remonstrances against my hasty judgment, and his calm appeals to my better reason. He dwelt long upon his wounded honour, and, what he felt still more deeply, the wounded honour of his nation; and at last he actually began to cry when his feelings got too much for him, at which the Court sobbed, and the Bar sobbed, and the general audience, in a mixture of grief and menace, muttered the most signal vengeance against your humble servant.

I happened to be—a rare thing for me, latterly—in one of my old moods, when the ludicrous and the absurd carry away all my sympathies; and faith, Tom, I laughed as heartily as ever I did in my life at the whole scene. “Are we coming to the wound yet, Cary,” said I, “tell me that,” for the fellow had now begun again.

“Yes, Papa, he is describing it, and, by his account, it ought to have killed him.”

“Egad,” said I, “it will be the death of *me* with laughing;” and I shook till my sides ached.

“Does his Excellency know that he is in a Court of Justice?” said Plasterer No. 1.

“Tell him, my dear, that I quite forgot it. I fancied I was at a play, and enjoyed it much.”

I believe Cary didn’t translate me honestly, for the old fellow seemed appeased, and the case continued. I could now perceive that my atrocious conduct had evoked a very strong sentiment in the auditory, for there was a great rush forward to get a look at me, and they who were fortunate enough to succeed, complimented me by a string of the most abusive and insulting epithets.

My Advocate was now called on, and seeing him rise, I just whispered to Cary—“Ask the Judge if we may see the wound?”

“What does that question mean?” said the Chief Judge, imperiously. “Would the prisoner dare to insinuate that the wound has no existence?”

“You’ve hit it,” said I. “Tell him, Cary, that’s exactly what I mean.”

“Has not the Prisoner sworn to his sufferings,” repeated he, “and the Doctor made oath as to the treatment?”

“They’re both a pair of lying scoundrels. Tell him so, Cary.”

“You see him now. There is the man himself in his true colours, most illustrious and most ornate Judges,” exclaimed Giacomo, pointing to me with his finger, as I nearly burst with rage.

“Ah! Che Diavolo! Che Demonio Infernale!” rung out amidst

the waving crowd, and the looks bestowed on me from the Bench seemed to give hearty concurrence to the opinion.

Now, Tom, a Court of Justice, be its locale ever so humble, and its procedure ever so simple, has always struck me as the very finest evidence of homage to civilisation. There is something in the fact of men submitting, not only their worldly interests and their characters, but even their very passions, to the arbitration of their fellow-men, that is indescribably fine and noble, and shows—if we even wanted such a proof—that this corrupt nature of ours, in the midst of all its worst influences, has still some of that Divine essence within, unsullied and untarnished. And just as I reverence this, do I execrate with all my heart's indignation, a corrupt Judicature. The Governments who employ, and the People who tolerate them, are well worthy of each other.

Take all the vices that degrade a Nation, "bray them in a mortar," and they'll not eat so deep into the moral feeling of a people as a tainted administration of the Law.

You may fancy that, in my passionate warmth, I have forgotten all about my individual case: no such thing. I have, however, rescued myself from the danger of an apoplexy by opening this safety-valve to my indignation. And now I cannot resume my narrative. No, Tom, "I have lost the scent," and all I can do is to bring you "in at the death." I was sentenced to pay seven hundred zwanzigers—eightpences—all the costs of the procedure, the Doctor's bill, and the maintenance of Giacomo till his convalescence was completed. I appealed on the spot, to an upper Court, and the judgment was confirmed! I nearly burst with indignant anger, and asked my Advocate if he had ever heard of such iniquity? He shrugged his shoulders, smiled slightly, and said, "The Law is precarious in all countries." "Yes—but," said I, "the Judges are not always corrupt. Now, that old President of the first Court suggested every answer to the witness——"

"Vincenzio Lamporeccho is a shrewd man——"

"What! How do you call him? Is he anything to our friend Giacomo?"

"He is his father!"

"And the Brigadier who arrested me?"

"Is his brother. The Junior-Judge of the Appeal Court, Luigi Lamporeccho, is his first cousin."

I didn't ask more questions, Tom. Fancy a country where your Butler is brother to the Chief Baron, and sues you for wages in the Court of Exchequer!

"And you, Signor Mastuccio," said I. "I hope I have not exposed you to the vengeance of this powerful family, by your zeal in my behalf?"

"Not in the least," said he; "my mother was a Lamporeccho herself."

Now, Tom, I think I need not take any more pains to explain the issue of my Law-suit; and here I'll leave it.

My parting benediction to the Court was brief: "Good-by, old Gentlemen. I'm glad you have the Austrians here to bully you; and not sorry that *you* are here to assassinate *them*." This speech was overheard by some learned linguist in Court, and on the same evening I received an intimation to quit the Imperial dominions within twenty-four hours. Tiverton was for going up to Milan to Radetzky, or somebody else, and having it all "put straight," as he calls it; but I would not hear of this.

"We'll write to the Ambassador at Vienna?" said he.

"Nor that either," said I.

"To the *Times*, then."

"Not a word of it."

"You don't mean to say," said he, "that you'll put up with this treatment, and that you'll lower the name of Briton before these foreigners, by such a tame submission?"

"My view of the case is a very simple one, my Lord," said I; "and it is this. We travelling English are very prone to two faults; one is, a bullying effort to oppose ourselves to the laws of the countries we visit; and then, when we fail, a whining appeal to some Minister or Consul to take up our battle. The first is stupid—the latter is contemptible. The same feeling that would prevent me trespassing on the hospitality of an unwilling host, will rescue me from the indignity of remaining in a country where my presence is distasteful to the rulers of it."

"Such a line of conduct," said he, "would expose us to insult from one end of Europe to the other."

"And if it teach us to stay at home, and live under laws that we understand, the price is not too high for the benefit."

He blustered away about what he wouldn't do in the Press, and in his "place" in Parliament; but what's the use of all that? Will England go to war for Kenny James Dodd? No. Well, then, by no other argument is the foreigner assailable. Tell the Austrian or the Russian Government that the company at the "Freemasons'" dinner were shocked, and the ladies at Exeter Hall were outraged at



their cruelty, and they'll only laugh at you. We can't send a fleet to Vienna; nor—we wouldn't if we could.

I didn't tell Lord George, but to you, in confidence, Tom, I will say, I think we have—if we liked it—a grand remedy for all these cases. Do you know that it was thinking of Tim Ryan, the rat-catcher at Kelly's mills, suggested it to me. Whenever Tim came up to a house with his traps and contrivances, if the family said they didn't need him, "for they had no rats," he'd just loiter about the place till evening—and, whatever he did, or how he did it, one thing was quite sure, they had never to make the same complaint again! Now, my notion is, whenever we have any grudge with a foreign State, don't begin to fit out fleets or armaments, but just send a steamer off to the nearest port with one of the refugees aboard. I'd keep Kossuth at Malta, always ready; Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin at Jersey; Don Miguel and Don Carlos at Gibraltar; and have Mazzini, and some of the rest, cruising about for any service they might be wanted on. In that way, Tom, we'd keep these Governments in order, and, like Tim Ryan, be turning our vermin to a good account besides!

I thought that Mrs. D. and Mary Anne displayed a degree of attachment to this place rather surprising, considering that I have heard of nothing but its inconvenience till this moment, when we are ordered to quit it. Now, however, they suddenly discover it to be healthful, charming, and economical. I have questioned Cary as to the secret of this change, but she does not understand it. She knows that Lord George received a large packet by the post of this morning, and instantly hurried off to communicate its contents to Mary Anne. By George, Tom! I have come to the notion that to rule a family of four people, one ought to have a "Detective officer" attached to the household. Every day, or so, something puzzling and inexplicable occurs, the meaning of which never turns up till you find yourself duped, and then it is too late to complain. Now, this same letter Cary speaks of is at this very instant exercising a degree of influence here, and I am to remain in ignorance of the cause till I can pick it out from the effect. This, too, is another blessed result of foreign travel! When we lived at home the incidents of our daily life were few, and not very eventful; they were circumscribed within narrow limits, and addressed themselves to the feelings of every one amongst us. Concealment would have been absurd, even were it possible; but the truth was, we were all so engaged with the same topics and the same spirit, that we talked of them constantly, and grew to think that outside the little circle of ourselves the world was

a mere wilderness. To be sure, all this sounds very narrow-minded, and all that. So it does; but let me tell you, it conduces greatly to happiness and contentment.

Now, here we have so many irons in the fire, some one or other of us is always burning his fingers!

I continue to be very uneasy about James. Not a line have we had from him, and he's now several weeks gone! I wrote to Vickars, but have not yet heard from him in reply. Cary endeavours to persuade me that it is only his indolent, careless habit is in fault; but I can see that she is just as uncomfortable and anxious as myself.

You will collect from the length of this document that I am quite myself again; and, indeed, except a little dizziness in my head after dinner, and a tendency to sleep, I'm all right. Not that I complain of the latter, far from it, Tom. Sancho Panza himself never blessed the inventor of it more fervently than I do.

Sometimes, however, I think that it is the Newspapers are not so amusing as they used to be. The racy old bitterness of party spirit is dying out, and all the spicy drollery and epigrammatic fun of former days gone with it. It strikes me too, Tom, that "Party," in the strong sense, never can exist again amongst us. Party is essentially the submission of the many to the few; and so long as the few were pre-eminent in ability and tactical skill, nothing was more salutary. Walpole, Pelham, Pitt, and Fox, stood immeasurably above the men and the intelligence of their time. Their Statecraft was a science of which the mass of their followers were totally ignorant, and the crew never dreamt of questioning the Pilot as to the course he was about to take. Whereas now—although by no means deficient in able and competent men to rule us—the body of the House is filled by others very little their inferiors. Old Babington used to say, "that between a good Physician and a bad one, there was only the difference between a pound and a guinea." In the same way, there is not a wider interval now, between the Right Honourable Secretary on the Treasury Bench, and the Honourable Member below him. Education is widely disseminated—the intercourse of Club Life is immense—opportunities of knowledge abound on every hand—the Press is a great popular instructor; and, above all, the temper and tendency of the age favours labour of every kind. Idleness is not in vogue with any class of the whole community. What chance, then, of any man, no matter how great and gifted he be, imposing his opinions—*as such*—upon the world of Politics? A Minister, or his opponent, may get together a number of supporters for a particular measure, just as you or I could muster a mob at an Election or a

Fair; but there would be no more discipline in the one case than in the other. They'd come now, and go when they liked; and any chance of reducing such "irregulars" to the habits of an army, would be downright impossible!

There is another cause of dulness, too, in the Newspapers. All the accidents—a most amusing column it used to be—are now entirely caused by railroads; and there is a shocking sameness about them. They were "shunting" waggons across the Line when the Express came up, or the Pointsman didn't turn the switch, or the fog obscured the danger signal. With these three explanations, some hundreds of human beings are annually smashed, smothered, and scalded, and the survivors not a whit more provident than before.

Cruel assaults upon women—usually the wives of the ruffians themselves—are, I perceive, becoming a species of popular custom in England. Every *Times* I see, has its catalogue of these atrocities; and I don't perceive that five shilling fines, nor even three weeks at the Treadmill, diminishes the number. One of the railroad companies announces that it will not hold itself responsible for casualties, nor indemnify the sufferers. Don't you think that we might borrow a hint from them, and insert some clause of the same kind into the marriage ceremony, and that the woman should know all her "Liabilities," without any hope of appeal? Ah! Tom Purcell, all our naval reviews, and industrial exhibitions, and boastful "Leading" articles about our National greatness, come with a very ill grace in the same broad sheet with these degrading Police histories. Must savage ferocity accompany us, as we grow in wealth and power? If so, then I'd rather see us a third-rate power to-morrow, than rule the world at the cost of such disgrace!

Ireland I see jogs on just as usual, wrangling away. They can't even agree whether the potatoes have got the rot or not. Some of the papers, too, are taking up the English cry of triumph over the downfall of our old Squirearchy; but it does not sound well from *them*. To be sure, some of the new proprietors would seem not only to have taken our estates, but tasted the Blarney-stone besides; and one, a great man, too, has been making a fine speech, with his "respected friend, the Reverend Mr. O'Shea," on his right hand, and vowing that he'll never turn out anybody that pays the rent, nor dispossess a good tenant! The stupid infatuation of these English makes me sick, Tom. Why, with all their self-sufficiency, can't they see that we understand our own people better than they do? We know the causes of bad seasons and short harvests better; we know the soil better, and the climate better, and if we haven't been good landlords, it is simply because we couldn't afford it. Now, they are

rich, and can afford it; and if they have bought up Irish estates to get the rents out of them, I'd like to know what's to be the great benefit of the change. "Pay up the arrears," say I; but if my Lord Somebody from England says the same, I think there's no use in selling *me* out, and taking *him* in my place. And this brings me to asking when I'm to get another remittance? I *am* thinking seriously of retrenchment; but first, Tom, one must have something to retrench upon. You must possess a salary before you can stand "stoppages." Of course we mean "to come home again." I haven't heard that the Government have selected me for a snug berth in the Colonies; so be assured that you'll see us all back in Dodsborough before—

Mrs. D. had been looking over my shoulder, Tom, while I was writing the last line, and we have just had what she calls an "explanation," but what ordinary grammarians would style—a row. She frankly and firmly declares that I may try Timbuctoo or the Gambia if I like, but back to Ireland she positively will not go! She informs me, besides, that she is quite open to an arrangement about a separate maintenance. But my property, Tom, is like poor Jack Hefferman's goose—it wouldn't bear carving, so he just helped himself to it all! And, as I said to Mrs. D., two people may get some kind of shelter under one umbrella, but they'll infallibly be wet through if they cut it in two, and each walk off with his half. "If you were a bit of a gentleman," said she, "you'd give it all to the lady." That's what I got for my illustration!

But now that I'm safe once more, I repeat you shall certainly see us back in our old house again, and which, for more reasons than I choose to detail here, we ought never to have quitted.

I have been just sent for to a Cabinet Council of the family, who are curious to know whither we are going from this; and as I wish to appear prepared with a plan, and am not strong in geography, I'll take a look at the map before I go. I've hit it, Tom—Parma. Parma will do admirably. It's near, and it's never visited by strangers. There's a gallery of pictures to look at, and, at the worst, plenty of cheese to eat. Tourists may talk and grumble as they will about the dreary aspect of these small capitals, without trade and commerce, with a beggarly Court and a ruined Nobility—to me they are a boon from Heaven. You can always live in them for a fourth of the cost of elsewhere. The head Inn is your own, just as the Piazza is, and the Park at the back of the Palace. It goes hard but you can amuse yourself poking about into old churches, and peeping into shrines, and down wells, pottering into the market-place, and watching the bargaining for eggs and onions; and when these fail, it's good fun to mark the discomfiture of your womankind

at being shut up in a place where there's neither opera nor playhouse—no promenade, no regimental band, and not even a milliner's shop.

From all I can learn, Parma will suit me perfectly; and now I'm off to announce my resolve to the family. Address me there, Tom, and with a sufficiency of cash to move further when necessary.

I'm this moment come back, and not quite satisfied with what I've done. Mrs. D. and Mary Anne approve highly of my choice. They say nothing could be better. Some of us must be mistaken, and I fervently trust that it may not be

Your sincere friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

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LETTER LVI.

JAMES DODD TO LORD GEORGE TIVERTON, M.P.

Cour de Vienne, Mantua.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I've only five minutes to give you; for the horses are at the door, and we're to start at once. I have a great budget for you when we meet; for we've been over the Tyrol and Styria, spent ten days at Venice, and "done" Verona and the rest of them—John Murray in hand.

We're now bound for Milan, where I want you to meet us on our arrival, with an invitation from my Mother, asking Josephine to the Villa. I've told her that the note is already there awaiting her, and for mercy sake, let there be no disappointment.

This dispensation is a horribly tedious affair; but I hope we shall have it now within the present month. The interval *she* desires to spend in perfect retirement, so that the Villa is exactly the place, and the attention will be well timed.

Of course they ought to receive her as well as possible. Mary Anne, I know, requires no hint; but try and persuade the Governor to trim himself up a little, and if you could make away with that old flea-bitten robe he calls his dressing-gown, you'd do the State some service. Look to the servants, too, and smarten them up: a cold perspiration breaks over me when I think of Betty Cobb!

I rely on you to think of and provide for everything, and am ever your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

I changed my last five hundred pound note at Venice, so that I must bring the campaign to a close immediately.

LETTER LVII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

Parma. The "Cour de Parme."

MY DEAR MOLLY,

WHEN I wrote to you last, we were living, quietly it is true and unostensively, but happily, on the Lake of Comus, and there we might have passed the whole Autumn, had not K. I., with his usual thoughtfulness for the comfort of his family, got into a row with the Police, and had us sent out of the country.

No less, my dear! Over the frontier in twenty-four hours was the word; and when Lord George wanted to see some of the great people about it, or even make a stir in the Newspapers, he wouldn't let him. "No," said he, "the world is getting tired of Englishmen that are wronged by foreign Governments. They say, naturally enough, that there must be some fault in ourselves, if we are always in trouble, this way; and, besides, I would not take fifty pounds, and have somebody get up in the House and move for all the correspondence in the case of Mr. Dodd, so infamously used by the authorities in Lombardy." Them's his words, Molly; and when we told him that it was a fine way of getting known and talked about in the world, what was his answer do you think? "I don't want notoriety; and if I did, I'd write a letter to the *Times*, and say it was I that defended Hougoumont, in the Battle of Waterloo. There seems to be a great dispute about it, and I don't see why I couldn't put in my claim."

I suppose after that, Molly, there will be very little doubt that his head isn't quite right, for he was no more at Waterloo than you or me.

It was a great shock to us when we got the order to march; for on that same morning the post brought us a letter from James, or, at least, it came to Lord George, and with news that made me cry with sheer happiness for full two hours after. I wasn't far wrong, Molly, when I told you that it's little need he'd have of learning, or a profession. Launch him out well in life was my words to K. I. Give him ample means to mix in society and make friends, and see if he won't turn it to good account. I know the boy well; and that's what K. I. never did—never could.

See if I'm not right, Mary Gallagher. He went down to the Baths of—I'm afraid of the name, but it sounds like "Humbug," as well as I can make out—and what does he do but make acquaintance with a beautiful young creature, a widow of nineteen, rolling in wealth, and one of the first families in France.

How he did it, I can't tell; no more than where he got all the money he spent there on horses, and carriages, and dinners, and elegant things that he ordered for her from Paris. He passed five weeks there, courting her, I suppose; and then away they went, rambling through Germany, and over the mountains, down to Venice. She in her own travelling-carriage, and James driving a team of four beautiful greys of his own; and then meeting when they stopped at a town, but all with as much discretion as if it was only politeness between them. At last he pops the question, Molly; and it turns out that she has no objection in life, only that she must get a dispensation from the Pope, because she was promised and betrothed to the King of Naples, or one of his brothers; and though she married another, she never got what they call a Bull of release.

This is the hardest thing in the world to obtain; and if it wasn't that she has a Cardinal an uncle, she might never get it. At all events, it will take time, and meanwhile she ought to live in the strictest retirement. To enable her to do this properly, and also by way of showing her every attention, James wrote to have an invitation ready for her to come down to the Villa and stay with us on a visit.

By bad luck, my dear, it was the very morning this letter came, K. I. had got us all ordered away! What was to be done, was now the question; we daren't trust him with the secret till she was in the house, for we knew well he'd refuse to ask her—say he couldn't afford the expense, and that we were all sworn to ruin him. We left it to Lord George to manage; and he, at last, got K. I. to fix on Parma for a week or two; one of the quietest towns in Italy, and where you never see a coach in the streets, nor even a well-dressed creature out on Sunday. K. I. was delighted with it all; saving money is the soul of him, and he never thinks of anything but when he can make a hard bargain. What he does with his income, Molly, the saints alone can tell; but I suspect that there's some sinners, too, know a trifle about it; and the day will come when I'll have the proof! Lord G. sent for the Landlord's tariff; and it was reasonable enough. Rooms were to be two zwanzigers—one and fourpence—a piece; breakfast, one; dinner, two zwanzigers; tea, half a one; no charge for wine of

the place; and if we stayed any time, we were to have the key of a Box at the Opera.

K. I. was in ecstasy. "If I was to live here five or six years," says he, "and pay nobody, my affairs wouldn't be so much embarrassed as they are now!"

"If you'd cut off your encumbrances, Mr. Dodd," said I, "that would save something."

"My what?" said he, flaring up, with a face like a turkey-cock.

But I wasn't going to dispute with him, Molly, so I swept out of the room, and threw down a little china flower-pot just to stop him.

That same day we started, and arrived here, at the Hotel, the Cour de Parme, by midnight; it was a tiresome journey, and K. I. made it worse, for he was fighting with somebody or other the whole time; and Lord George was not with us, for he had gone off to Milan to meet James; and Mr. D. was therefore free to get into as many scrapes as he pleased. I must say, he didn't neglect the opportunity, for he insulted the Passport people, and the Custom-house officers, and the man at the bridge of boats, and the postmasters and postilions everywhere. "I didn't come here to be robbed," said he everywhere; and he got a few Italian words for "thief," "rogue," "villain," and so on; and if I saw one, I saw ten knives drawn on him that blessed day. He wouldn't let Cary translate for him, but sat on the box himself, and screamed out his directions like a madman. This went on till we came to a place called San Donino, and there—it was the last stage from Parma—they told him he couldn't have any horses, though he saw ten of them standing all ready harnessed and saddled in the stable. I suppose they explained to him the reason, and that he didn't understand it, for they all got to words together, and it was soon who'd scream loudest amongst them.

At last K. I. cried out, "Come down, Paddy, and see if we can't get four of these beasts to the carriage, and we'll not ask for a postilion."

Down jumps Paddy out of the rumble, and rushes after him into the stable. A terrible uproar followed this, and soon after the stable people, helpers, ostlers, and postboys, was seen running out of the door for their lives, and K. I. and Paddy after them, with two rack-staves they had torn out of the manger. "Leave them to me," says K. I.; "leave them to me, Paddy, and do you go in for the horses; put them to, and get a pair of reins if you can; if not, jump up on one of the leaders, and drive away."

If he was bred and born in the place he could not have known it better, for he came out the next minute with a pair of horses, that he





Keep 'em going or wot's 'er good!

fastened to the carriage in a trice, and then hurried back for two more, that he quickly brought out and put to also. "There's no whip to be found," says he, "but this wattle will do for the leaders; and if your Honour will stir up the wheelers, here's a nice little handy stable-fork to do it with." With this Paddy sprung into the saddle, K. I. jumped up to the box, and off they set, tearing down the street like mad. It was pitch dark, and of course neither of them knew the road, but K. I. screamed out, "Keep in the middle, Paddy, and don't pull up for any one." We went through the village at a full gallop, the people all yelling and shouting after us; but at the end of the street there were two roads, and Paddy cried out, "Which way now?" "Take the widest, if you can see it," screamed K. I.; and away he went at a pace that made the big travelling-carriage bump and swing like a boat in a sea.

We soon felt we were going down a dreadful steep, for the carriage was all but on top of the horses, and K. I. kept screaming out, "Keep up the pace, Paddy. Make them go, or we'll all be smashed." Just as he said that, I heard a noise, like the sea in a storm, a terrible sound of rushing, dashing, roaring water, then a frightful yell from Paddy, followed by a plunge. "In a river, by ——!" roared out K. I.; and as he said it the coach gave a swing over to one side, then righted, then swung back again, and with a crash that I thought smashed it to atoms, fell over on one side into the water.

"All right," said K. I.; "I turned the leaders short round and saved us!" and with that he began tearing and dragging us out. I fell into a swoon after this, and know no more of what happened. When I came to myself I was in a small hut, lying on a bed of chestnut-leaves, and the place crowded with peasants and postilions.

"There's no mischief done, Mamma," said Cary. "Paddy swam the leaders across beautifully, for the traces snapped at once, and except the fright, we're nothing the worse."

"Where's Mary Anne?" said I.

"Talking to the Gentleman who assisted us—outside—some friend of Lord George's, I believe, for he is with him."

Just as she said this, in comes Mary Anne with Lord George and his friend.

"Oh, Mamma," says she, in a whisper, "you don't know who it is—the Prince himself!"

"Ah, been and done it, Marm," said he, addressing me with his glass in his eye.

"What, Sir?" said I.

"Taken a 'header,' they tell me, eh? Glad there's no harm done."

"His Serene Highness hopes you'll not mind it, Mamma," said Mary Anne.

"Oh, is *that* it?" said I.

"Yes, Mamma. Isn't he delightful—so easy, so familiar, and so truly kind, also."

"He has just ordered up two of his own carriages to take us on."

By this time his Serene Highness had lighted his cigar, and, seating himself on a log of wood in the corner of the hut, began smoking. In the intervals of the puffs he said:

"Old Gent took a wrong turning—should have gone left—water very high, besides, from the late rains—regular smash—wish I'd seen it."

K. I. now joined us, all dripping, and hung round with weeds and water-lilies—as Lord George said, like an ancient river God. "In any other part of the globe," said he, "there would have been a warning of some kind or other stuck up here to show there wasn't a bridge; but exactly as I said yesterday, these little beggarly States, with their petty Governments, are the curse of Europe."

"Hush, Papa, for mercy sake," whispered Mary Anne; "this is the Prince himself; it is his Serene Highness——"

"Oh, the devil!" said he.

"My friend, Mr. Dodd, Prince," said Lord George, presenting him, with a sly look, as much as to say, "the same I told you about."

"Dodd—Dodd—fellow of that name hanged, wasn't there?" said the Prince.

"Yes, your Highness; he was a Doctor Dodd, who committed forgery, and for whom the very greatest public sympathy was felt at the time," said K. I.

"Your father, eh?"

"No, your Highness, no relation whatever."

"Won't have him at any price, George," said the Prince, with a wink. "Never draw a weed, Miss?" said he, turning to Mary Anne.

I don't know what she said, but it must have been smart, for his Serene Highness laughed heartily, and said:

"Egad, I got it there, Tiverton!"

In due time a royal carriage arrived. The Prince himself handed us in, and we drove off with one of the Court servants on the box. To be sure, we forgot that we had left K. I. behind; but Mary Anne

said he'd have no difficulty in finding a conveyance, and the distance was only a few miles.

"I wish his Serene Highness had not taken away Lord George," said Mary Anne; "he insists upon his going with him to Venice."

"For my part," said Cary, "though greatly obliged to the Prince for his opportune kindness to ourselves, I am still more grateful to him for this service."

On that, my dear, we had a dispute that lasted till we got to our journey's end; for, though the girls never knew what it was to disagree at home in Dodsborough, here, abroad, Cary's jealousy is such that she cannot control herself, and says at times the most cruel and unfeeling things to her sister.

At last we got to the end of this wearisome day, and found ourselves at the door of the Inn. The Court servant said something to the Landlord, and immediately the whole household turned out to receive us; and the order was given to prepare the "Ambassador's suite of apartments for us."

"This is the Prince's doing," whispered Mary Anne in my ear. "Did you ever know such a piece of good fortune?"

The rooms were splendid, Molly; though a little gloomy when we first got in, for all the hangings were of purple velvet, and the pictures on the walls were dark and black, so that, though we had two lamps in our saloon and above a dozen candles, you could not see more than one-half the length of it.

I never saw Mary Anne in such spirits in my life. She walked up and down, admiring everything, praising everything; then she'd sit down to the piano and play for a few minutes, and then spring up and waltz about the room like a mad thing. As for Cary, I didn't know what became of her till I found that she had been down stairs with the Landlord, getting him to send a conveyance back for her Father, quite forgetting, as Mary Anne said, that any fuss about the mistake would only serve to expose us. And there, Molly, once for all, is the difference between the two girls! The one has such a knowledge of life and the world, that she never makes a blunder; and the other, with the best intentions, is always doing something wrong!

We waited supper for K. I. till past one o'clock; but, with his usual selfishness and disregard of others, he never came till it was nigh three, and then made such a noise as to wake up the whole house. It appeared, too, that he missed the coach that was sent to meet him, and he and Paddy Byrne came the whole way on foot! Let him do what he will, he has a knack of bringing disgrace on his

family! The fatigue and wet feet, and his temper more than either, brought back the gout on him, and he didn't get up till late in the afternoon. We were in the greatest anxiety to tell him about James; but there was no saying what humour he'd be in, and how he'd take it. Indeed, his first appearance did not augur well. He was cross with everything and everybody. He said that sleeping on that grand bed with the satin hangings, was like lying in state after death, and that our elegant drawing-room was about as comfortable as a Cathedral.

He got into a little better temper when the Landlord came up with the bill of fare, and to consult him about the dinner.

"Egad!" said he, "I've ordered fourteen dishes; so I don't think they'll make much out of the two zwanzigers a head!" Out of decency he had to order Champagne, and a couple of bottles of Italian wine of a very high quality. "It's like all my economy," says he; "five shillings for a horse, and a pound to get him shod!"

We saw it was best to wait till dinner was over before we spoke to him; and, indeed, we were right, for he dined very heartily, finished the two bottles every glass, and got so happy and comfortable that Mary Anne sat down to the piano to sing for him.

"Thank you, my darling," said he, when she was done. "I've no doubt that the song is a fine one, and that you sung it well, but I can't follow the words, nor appreciate the air. I like something that touches me either with an old recollection, or by some suggestion for the future; and if you'd try and remember the 'Meeting of the Waters,' or 'Where's the Slave so lowly'——"

"I'm afraid, Sir, I cannot gratify you," said she; and it was all she could do to get out of the room before he heard her sobbing.

"What's the matter, Jemi," said he; "did I say anything wrong? Is Molly angry with me?"

"Will you tell me," said I, "when you ever said anything right? Or do you do anything from morning till night but hurt the feelings and dance upon the tenderest emotions of your whole family? I've submitted to it so long," said I, "that I have no heart left in me to complain; but now that you drive me to it, I'll tell you my mind;" and so I did, Molly, till he jumped up at last, put on his hat, and rushed down stairs into the street. After which I went to my room, and cried till bed-time! As poor Mary Anne said to me, "There was a refined cruelty in that request of Papa's, I can never forget;" nor is it to be expected she should!

The next morning at breakfast he was in a better humour, for the table was covered with delicacies of every kind, fruit and liqueurs

besides. "Not dear at eightpence, Jemi," he'd say, at every time he filled his plate. "Just think the way one is robbed by servants, when you see what can be had for a 'zwanziger;'" and he made Cary take down a list of the things, just to send to the *Times*, and show how the English hotels were cheating the public.

We saw that this was a fine opportunity to tell him about James, and so Mary Anne undertook the task. "And so he never went to London at all," he kept repeating all the while. No matter what she said about the Countess, and her fortune, and her great connexions; nothing came out of his lips but the same words.

"Don't you perceive," said I, at last, for I couldn't bear it any longer, "that he did better—that the boy took a shorter and surer road in life, than a shabby place under the Crown!"

"May be so," said he, with a deep sigh—"may be so! but I ought to be excused if I don't see at a glance how any man makes his fortune by marriage!"

I knew that he meant that for a provocation, Molly, but I bit my lips and said nothing.

We then explained to him that we had sent off a note to the Countess, asking her to pass a few weeks with us, and were in hourly expectation of her arrival.

He gave another heavy sigh, and drank off a glass of Curaçoa.

Mary Anne went on about our good luck in finding such a capital hotel, so cheap, and in such a sweet retired spot, just the very thing the Countess would like.

"Never went to London at all!" muttered K. I., for he couldn't get his thoughts out of the old track. And, indeed, though we were all talking to him for more than an hour afterwards, it was easy to see that he was just standing still on the same spot as before. I don't ever remember passing a day of such anxiety as that, for every distant noise of wheels, every crack of a postilion's whip, brought us to the window to see if they were coming. We delayed dinner till seven o'clock, and put K. I.'s watch back, to persuade him it was only five; we loitered and lingered over it as long as we could, but no sight nor sound was there of their coming.

"Tell Paddy to fetch my slippers, Molly," said K. I., as we got into the drawing-room.

"Oh, Papa! impossible," said she; "the Countess may arrive at any moment."

"Think of his never going to London at all!" said he, with a groan.

I almost cried with spite, to see a man so lost to every sentiment of proper pride, and even dead to the prospects of his own children!

"Don't you think I might have a cigar?" said he.

"Is it here, Papa?" said Mary Anne. "The smell of tobacco would certainly disgust the Countess."

"He thinks it would be more flattering to receive her into all the intimacy of the family," said I, "and see us without any disguise."

"Egad, then," said he, bitterly, "she's come too late for *that*; she should have made our acquaintance before we began vagabondising over Europe, and pretending to fifty things we've no right to!"

"Here she is—here they are!" screamed Mary Anne at this moment, and, with a loud noise like thunder, the heavy carriage rolled under the arched gateway; while crack—crack—crack went the whips, and the big bell of the hall began ringing away furiously.

"*T'm* off, at all events," said K. I.; and snatching one of the candles off the table, he rushed out of the room as hard as he could go.

I hadn't more than time to put my cap straight on my head, when I heard them on the stairs; and then, with a loud bang of the folding doors, the Landlord himself ushered them into the room. She was leaning on James's arm, but the minute she saw me, she rushed forward and kissed my hand! I never was so ashamed in my life, Molly. It was making me out such a great personage at once, that I thought I'd have fainted at the very notion. As to Mary Anne, they were in each other's arms in a second, and kissed a dozen times. Cary, however, with a coldness that I'll never forgive her for, just shook hands with her, and then turned to embrace James a second time.

While Mary Anne was taking off her shawl and her bonnet, I saw that she was looking anxiously about the room. "What is it?" said I to Mary Anne—"what does she want?" "She's asking where's the Prince; she means Papa," whispered Mary Anne to me; and then, in a flash, I saw the way James represented us. "Tell her, my dear," said I, "that the Prince wasn't very well, and has gone to bed." But she was too much engaged with us all to ask more about him, and we all sat down to tea, the happiest party ever you looked at. I had time now to look at her, and really, Molly, I must allow she was the handsomest creature I ever beheld. She was a kind of a Spanish beauty, brown, and with jet-black eyes and hair, but a little vermilion on her cheeks, and eye-lashes that threw a shadow over the upper part of her face. As to her teeth, when she smiled—I thought Mary Anne's good, but they were nothing in comparison. When she caught me

looking at her, she seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for she stooped down and kissed my hand twice or thrice with rapture.

It was a great loss to me, as you may suppose, that I couldn't speak to her, nor understand what she said to me; but I saw that Mary Anne was charmed with her, and even Cary—cold and distant as she was at first—seemed very much taken with her afterwards.

When tea was over, James sat down beside me, and told me everything. "If the Governor will only behave handsomely for a week or two," said he—"I ask no more—that lovely creature and four thousand a year are all my own!" He went on to show me that we ought to live in a certain style—not looking too narrowly into the cost of it—while she was with us. "She can't stay after the fourteenth," said he, "for her uncle the Cardinal is to be at Pisa that day, and she must be there to meet him; so that, after all, it's only three weeks I'm asking for, and a couple of hundred pounds will do it all. As for me," said he, "I'm regularly aground—haven't a ten-pound note remaining, and had to sell my 'drag' and my four greys at Milan, to get money to come on here."

He then informed me that her saddle-horses would arrive in a day or two, and that we should immediately provide others, to enable him and the girls to ride out with her. "She is used to every imaginable luxury," said he, "and has no conception that want of means could be the impediment to having anything one wished for."

I promised him to do my best with his Father, Molly; but you may guess what a task that was; for, say what I could, the only remark I could get out of him was, "It's very strange that he never went to London."

After all, Molly, I might have spared myself all my fatigue and all my labour, if I had only had the common sense to remember what he was—what he is—ay, and what he will be—to the end of the chapter. He wasn't well in the room with her the next morning, when I saw the old fool looking as soft and as sheepish at her as if he was making love himself. I own to you, Molly, I think she encouraged it. She had that French way with her, that seems to say, "Look as long as you like, and I don't mind it;" and so he did—and even after breakfast I caught him peeping under the *Times* at her foot, which, I must say, was beautifully shaped and small, not but that the shoe had a great deal to say to it.

"I hope you're pleased, Mr. Dodd?" said I, as I passed behind his chair.

"Yes," said he; "the Funds is rising."

"I mean with the prospect," said I.

"Yes," said he; "we'll be all looking up presently."

“Better than looking down,” said I, “you old fool.”

I couldn't help it, Molly, if it was to have spoiled everything—the words would come out.

He got very red in the face, Molly, but said nothing, and so I left him to his own reflections. And it is what I'm now going to do with yourself, seeing that I have come to the end of all my news, and carefully jotted down everything that has occurred here for your benefit. Four days have now passed over, and they don't seem like as many hours, though the place itself has not got many amusements.

The young people ride out every morning on horseback, and rarely come back until time to dress for dinner. Then we all meet; and I must say a more elegant display I never witnessed! The table covered with plate, and beautiful-coloured glass globes filled with flowers. The girls in full dress—for the Countess comes down as if she was going to a Court, and wears diamond combs in her head, and a brooch of the same, as large as a cheese-plate. I, too, do my best to make a suitable appearance—in crimson velvet and a spangled turban, with a deep fall of gold fringe—and, except the “Prince”—as we call K. I.—we are all fit to receive the Emperor of Russia.

In the evening we have music and a game of cards, except on the Opera nights, which we never miss; and then, with a nice warm supper at twelve o'clock, Molly, we close as pleasant a day as you could wish. Of course I can't tell you much more about the Countess, for I'm unable to talk to her, but she and Mary Anne are never asunder; and, though Cary still plays cold and retired, she can't help calling her a lovely creature.

It seems there is some new difficulty about the dispensation; and the Cardinal requires her to do “some meritorious works,” I think they call them, before he'll ask for it. But if ever there was a saintly young creature, it is herself; and I hear she's up at five o'clock every morning, just to attend first mass.

Here they are now, coming up the stairs, and I haven't more than time to seal this, and write myself

Your attached friend,
JEMIMA DODD.

Mary Anne begs you will tell Kitty Doolan that she has not been able to write to her, with all the occupation she has lately had, but will take the very first moment to send her at least a few lines. As James's good luck will soon be no secret, you may tell it to Kitty, and I think it won't be thrown away on her, as I suspect she was making eyes at him herself, though she might be his mother!

LETTER LVIII.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Parma.

DEAREST KITTY,

It is but seldom I have to bespeak your indulgence on the score of my brevity, but I must do so now, overwhelmed as I am with occupation, and scarcely a moment left me that I can really call my own. Mamma's letter to Old Molly will have explained to you the great fortune which has befallen James, and, I might add, also, all who belong to him. And really, dearest, with all the assurance the evidence of my own senses can convey, I still find it difficult to credit such unparalleled luck. Fancy beauty,—and such beauty—youth, genius, mind, rank, and a large fortune, thrown, I may say, at his feet! She is Spanish, by the mother's side; "Las Caldenhas," I think the name, whose father was a Grandee of the first class. Her own father was the General Count de St. Amand, who commanded in the celebrated battle of Austerlitz in the retreat from Moscow. I'm sure, dearest, you'll be amazed at my familiarity with these historical events, but the truth is, she is a perfect treasury of such knowledge, and I must needs gain some little by the contact.

I am at a loss how to give you any correct notion of one whose universality seems to impart to her character all the semblance of contradictory qualities. She is, for instance, proud and haughty, to a degree little short of insolence. She exacts from men a species of deference little less than a slavish submission. As she herself says, "Let them do homage." All her ideas of life and society are formed on the very grandest scale. She has known, in fact, but one "set," and that has been one where Royalties moved as private individuals. Her very trinkets recal such memories; and I have passed more than one morning admiring pearl earrings, with the cipher of the Czara-witsch; bracelets with the initials of an Austrian Archduke, and a diamond cross, which she forgot whether it was given her by Prince Metternich or Mehemet Ali. If you only heard her, too, how she talks of that "dear old thing, the ex-King of Bavaria," and with what affectionate regard she alludes to "her second self—the Queen of Spain," you'd feel at once, dearest Kitty, that you were moving amidst crowns and sceptres, with the rustle of royal purple beside, and the shadow of a thronely canopy over you. In one sense, this has been for us the

very rarest piece of good fortune ; for, accustomed as she has been to only one sphere—and that the very highest—she does not detect many little peculiarities in Papa's and Mamma's habits, and censure them as vulgar, but rather accepts them as the ways and customs among ordinary nobility. In fact, she thinks the Prince, as she calls Papa, the very image of "Pozzo di Borgo;" and Mamma she can scarcely see without saying, "Your Majesty," she is so like the Queen Dowager of Piedmont.

As to James, if it were not that I knew her real sentiments, and that she loves him to distraction,—merely judging from what goes on in society—I should say he had not a chance of success. She takes pleasure, I almost think, in decrying the very qualities he has most pretension to. She even laughs at his horsemanship ; and yesterday went so far as to say that activity was not amongst his perfections—James, who really is the very type of agility ! One of her amusements is to propose to him some impossible feat or other, and the poor boy has nearly broken his back and dislocated his limbs by contortions that nothing but a fish could accomplish. But the contrarieties of her nature do not end here ! She, so grave, so dignified, so imperious, I might even call it, before others, once alone with me becomes the wildest creature in existence. The very moment she makes her escape to her own room, she can scarcely control her delight at throwing off the "Countess," as she says herself, and being once again free, joyous, and unconstrained.

I have told her, over and over again, that if James only knew her in these moods, that he would adore her even more than he does now ; but she only laughs, and says, "Well, time enough ; he shall see me so one of these days." It was not till after ten or twelve days that she admitted me to her real confidence. The manner of it was itself curious. "Are you sleepy," said she to me, one evening as we went up-stairs to bed, "for, if not, come and pay me a visit in my room."

I accepted the invitation ; and after exchanging my evening robe for a dressing-gown, hastened to the chamber. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I entered ! She was seated on a richly embroidered cushion on the floor, dressed in Turkish fashion, loose trousers of gold-sprigged muslin, with a small fez of scarlet cloth on her head, and a jacket of the same coloured velvet almost concealed beneath its golden embroidery ; a splendid scimitar lay beside her, and a most costly pipe, in pure Turkish taste, which, however, she did not make use of, but smoked a small paper cigarette instead.

"Come, dearest," said she, "turn the key in the door, and light your cigar ; here we are at length free and happy." It was in vain that I assured her I never had tried to smoke. At first she wouldn't





The first Cigarette.

believe, and then she actually screamed with laughter at me. "One would fancy," said she, "that you had only left England yesterday. Why, child, where have you lived, and with whom?" I cannot go over all she said; nor need I repeat the efforts I made to palliate my want of knowledge of life, which she really appeared to grieve over. "I should never think of asking your sister here," said she; "there is a frivolity in all her gaiety—a light-heartedness, without sentiment—that I cannot abide; but you, *ma chère*, you have a nature akin to my own. You ought, and, indeed, must be one of us."

So far as I could collect, Kitty—for remember I was smoking my first cigarette all this time, and not particularly clear of head—there is a set in Parisian society, the most exclusive and refined of all, who have voted the emancipation of woman from all the slavery and degradation to which the social usages of the world at large would condemn them. Rightly judging that the expansion of intelligence is to be acquired only in greater liberty of action, they have admitted them to a freer community and participation in the themes which occupy men's thoughts, and the habits which accompany their moods of reflection. Gifted, as we confessedly are, with nicer and more acute perceptions, finer powers of discrimination and judgment, greater delicacy of feeling, and more apt appreciation of the beautiful and the true, why should we descend to an intellectual bondage? As dearest Josephine says: "Our influence to be beneficial should be candidly and openly exercised, not furtively practised, and cunningly insinuated. Let us leave these arts to women who want to rule their husbands; our destiny be it—to sway mankind!" Her theory, so far as I understand it, is that men will not endure petty rivalries, but succumb at once to superior attainments. Thus, your masculine young lady, Kitty—your creature of boisterous manners, slang, and slap-dash—is invariably a disgust; but your true "*Lionne*," gifted, yet graceful, possessing every manly accomplishment, and yet employing her knowledge to enhance the charms of her society and render herself more truly companionable, the equal of men in culture, their superior in taste and refinement, exercises a despotic influence around her.

Men will quit the salon for the play-table. Let us, then, be gamblers for the nonce, and we shall not be deserted. They smoke, that they may get together and talk with a freedom and a licence not used before us. Let us adopt the custom, and we are no longer debarred from their intimacy and the power of infusing the refining influences of our sex through their barbarism! As Josephine says:

"We are the Martyrs, now, that we may be the Masters, hereafter!"

I grew very faint, once or twice, while she was talking; and, indeed, at last, was obliged to lie down, and have my temples bathed with Eau-de-Cologne; so that I unluckily lost many of her strongest arguments and happiest illustrations; but, from frequent conversations since, and from reading some of the beautiful romances of "George Sand," I have attained to, if not a full appreciation, at least an unbounded admiration of this beautiful system.

Have I forgotten to tell you that we met the Prince of Pontremoli on our way here?—a Serene Highness, Kitty! but as easy and as familiar as my brother James. The drollest thing is, that he has lived while in England with all the "fast people," and only talks a species of conventional slang in vogue amongst them; but for all that he is delightful—full of gaiety and good spirits, and has the wickedest dark eyes you ever beheld.

Dear Josephine's caprices are boundless! Yesterday she read of a black Arabian that the Imaum of somewhere was sending as a present to General Lamoriciere, and she immediately said, "Oh, the General is exiled now, he can't want a charger—send and get him for *me*." Poor James is out all the morning in search of some one to despatch on this difficult service; but how it is to be accomplished—not to speak of where the money is to come from—is an unreadable riddle to

Your affectionate and devoted

MARY ANNE DODD.

You will doubtless be dissatisfied, dearest Kitty, if I seal this without inserting one word about myself and my own prospects. But what can I say, save that all is mist-wreathed and shadowy in the dim future before me. *He* has said nothing since. I see—it is but too plain to see—the anguish that is tearing his very heart-strings; but he buries his sorrow within his soul, and I am not free even to weep beside the sepulchre! Oh, dearest, when you read what George Sand has written—when you come to ponder over the miseries the fatal institution of marriage has wrought in the world—the fond hearts broken—the noble natures crushed, and the proud spirits degraded—you will only wonder why the tyranny has been borne so long! and exclaim with me: "When—oh, when shall we be free!"

LETTER LIX.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,
BRUFF.

Parma.

MY DEAR TOM,

THE little gleam of sunshine that shone upon us for the last week or so, has turned out to be but the prelude of a regular hurricane, and all our feasting and merriment have ended in gloom, darkness, and disunion. Mrs. D.'s letter to old Molly has made known to you the circumstances under which James returned home to us, without ever having gone to London. You, of course, know all about the lovely young widow, with her immense jointure and splendid connexions. If you do not, I must say that from my heart and soul I envy you, for I have heard of nothing else for the last fortnight! At all events, you have heard enough to satisfy you that the house of Dodd was about to garnish its escutcheon with some very famous quarterings—illustrious, enough, even to satisfy the pride of the M'Carthys. A Cardinal's daughter—niece I mean—with four thousand a year, had deigned to ally herself with us, and we were all running breast high in the blaze of our great success.

She came here on a visit to us while some negotiations were being concluded with the Papal Court, for we were great folk, Tom, let me tell you, and have been performing, so to say, in the same piece with Popes, Kings, and Cardinals, for the last month; and I, myself, under the style and title of the "Prince," have narrowly escaped going mad from the unceasing influences of delusions, shams, and impositions in which we have been living and moving.

Of our extravagant mode of life, I'll only say, that I don't think there was anything omitted which could contribute to ruin a moderate income. Splendid apartments, grand dinners, horses, carriages, servants, opera-boxes, bouquets, were all put in requisition to satisfy the young Countess that she was about to make a suitable alliance, and that any deficiencies observable in either our manners or breeding, were fully compensated for by our taste in cookery and our tact in wine. To be plain, Tom, to obtain this young widow with four thousand a year, we had to pretend to be possessed of about four times as much. It was a regular game of "Brag" we were playing, and with a very bad hand of cards!

Hope led me on from day to day, trusting that each post would bring us the wished-for consent, and that at least a private marriage would ratify the compact. Popes and Cardinals, however, are too stately for fast movements, and at the end of five weeks we hadn't, so far as I could see, gained an inch of ground!

At one time his Holiness had gone off to Albano to bless somebody's bones, or the bones were coming to bless *him*, I forget which. At another, the King of Naples, fatigued with signing warrants for death and the galleys, desired to enjoy a little repose from public business. Cardinal Antonelli, hearing that we were Irish, got in a rage, and said that Ireland gave them no peace at all. And so it came to pass that the old thief—procrastination—was at his usual knavery; and for want of better, set to work to ruin poor Kenny Dodd!

It is only fair to observe, that except Cary and myself, nobody manifested any great impatience at this delay; and even she, I believe, merely felt it out of regard for me. The others seemed satisfied to fare sumptuously every day, and assuredly the course of true love ran most smoothly along in rivulets of mock "turtle" and "potages à la fiancée." At last, Tom, I brought myself to boot with the simple question, "How long can this continue? Will your capital stand it for a month, or even a week?" Before I attempted the answer I sent for Mrs. D., to give her the honour of solving the riddle if she could.

Our interview took place in a little crib they call my dressing-room, but which I must remark to you, is a dark corner under a staircase, where the rats hold a parliament every night of the season. Mrs. D. was so shocked with the locality, that she proposed our adjourning to her own apartment; and thither we at once repaired to hold our council.

I have too often wearied you with our domestic differences to make any addition to such recitals pleasant to either of us. You know us both thoroughly, besides, and can have no difficulty in filling up the debate which ensued. Enough, that I say Mrs. D. was more than usually herself. She was grandly eloquent on the prospect of the great alliance; contemptuously indifferent about the petty sacrifice it was to cost us; caustically criticised the narrow-mindedness by which I measured such grandeur; winding up all with the stereotyped comparison between Dodds and M'Carthy's, with which she usually concludes an engagement, just as they play "God save the Queen" at Vauxhall to show that the fireworks are over.

"And now," said I, "that we have got over preliminaries, when is this marriage to come off?"

"Ask the Pope when he'll sign the Bull," said she, tartly.

"Do you know," said I, "I think the 'Bull is a mistake;'" but she didn't take the joke, and I went on. "After that, what delays are there?"

"I suppose the settlement will take some time. You'll have to make a suitable provision for James, to give him a handsome allowance out of the Estate."

"Egad, Mrs. D.," said I, "it must be *out* of it with a vengeance, for there's no man living will advance five hundred *upon* it."

"And who wants them?" said she, angrily. "You know what I mean, well enough!"

"Upon my conscience, Ma'am, I do not," said I. "You must just take pity on my stupidity and enlighten me."

"Isn't it clear, Mr. D.," said she, "that when marrying a woman with a large fortune he ought to have something himself?"

"It would be better he had; no doubt of it!"

"And if he hasn't? if what should have come to him was squandered and made away with by a life of—— No matter, I'll restrain my feelings."

"Don't, then," said I, "for I find that *mine* would like a little expansion."

It took her five minutes, and a hard struggle besides, before she could resume. She had, so to say, "taken off the gloves," Tom, and it went hard with her not to have a few "rounds" for her pains. By degrees, however, she calmed down to explain, that by a settlement on James she never contemplated actual value, but an inconvertible medium—a mere parchmentary figment to represent lands and tenements, just, in fact, what we had done before, and with such memorable success in Mary Anne's case.

"No," said I, aloud and at once—"no more of that humbug! You got me into that mess before I knew where I was. You involved me in such a maze of embarrassments that I was glad to take any, even a bad road, to get away from them. But you'll not catch me in the same scrape again; and rather than deliberately sit down to sign, seal, and deliver myself a swindler, James must die a bachelor, that's all!"

If I had told her, Tom, that I was going into Holy Orders, and intended to be Bishop of Madagascar, she could not have stared at me with more surprise.

"What's come over you?" said she, at last; "what's the meaning of all these elegant fine sentiments and scruples? Are you going to die, Mr. D.? is it making your soul you are?"

"However unmannerly the confession, Mrs. D.," said I, "I'm afraid I'm not going to die; but the simple truth is, that I can't be a rogue in cold blood; maybe, if I had the luck to be born a M'Carthy, I might have had better ideas on the subject"—this was a poke at Morgan James M'Carthy that was transported for altering a will.

She couldn't speak with passion, she was struck dumb with rage, and so, finding the enemy's artillery spiked, I opened a brisk fire at musket-range; in other words, I told her, that all we had been hitherto doing abroad rarely went beyond making ourselves ridiculous, but, that, though I liked fun, I wouldn't push a joke as far as a felony. And, finally, I declared, in a loud and very unmistakable manner, that as I hadn't a sixpence to settle on James, I'd not go through the mockery of engrossing a lie on parchment. That I thought very meanly of the whole farce we were carrying on; and that if I was only sure I could make myself intelligible in my French, I'd just go straight to the Countess and say—I'm afraid to write the words as I spoke them, lest my spelling should be even worse than my pronunciation, for they were in French, but the meaning was—"I'm no more a Prince than I'm Primate of Ireland. I'm a small country Gentleman, with an embarrassed estate and a rascally tenantry. I came abroad for economy, and it has almost ruined me. If you like my son, there he is for you, but don't flatter yourself that we possess either nobility or fortune!"

"You've done it now, you old——," the epithet was lost in a scream, Tom, for she went off in strong hysterics, so I just rung the bell for Mary Anne, and slipped quietly away to my own room. I trust it is a good conscience does it for me, but I find that I can almost always sleep soundly when I go to bed; and it is a great blessing, Tom, for let me tell you, that after five or six-and-fifty, one's waking hours have more annoyances than pleasures about them; but the world is just like a man's mistress: he cares most for it when it is least fond of him!

I slept like a humming-top, and, indeed, there's no saying when I should have awoke, if it hadn't been for the knocking they kept up at my door.

It was Cary at last got admittance, and I had only to look in her face to see that a misfortune had befallen us.

"What is it, my dear?" said I.

"All kinds of worry and confusion, Pappy," said she, taking my hand in both of hers. "The Countess is gone."

"Gone?—how?—where?"

"Gone. Started this morning—indeed, before daybreak—I be-

lieve for Genoa ; but there's no knowing, for the people have been evidently bribed to secrecy."

"What for ? with what object ?"

"The short of the matter is this, Pappy. She appears to have overheard some conversation—evidently intended to be of a private nature—that passed between you and Mamma last night. How she understood it does not appear, for of course you didn't talk French."

"Let that pass. Proceed."

"Whatever it was that she gathered, or fancied she gathered, one thing is certain, she immediately summoned her maid, and gave orders to pack up ; post-horses were also ordered, but all with the greatest secrecy. Meanwhile, she indited a short note to Mary Anne, in which, after apologising for a very unceremonious departure, she refers her to you and to Mamma for the explanation, with a half-sarcastic remark, 'that family confidences had much better be conducted in a measured tone of voice, and confined to the vernacular of the speakers.' With a very formal adieu to James, whom she styles 'votre estimable frère,' the letter concludes with an assurance of deep and sincere consideration on the part of Josephine de St. A."

"What does all this mean ?" exclaimed I, with a terrible misgiving, Tom, that I knew only too well how the mischief originated.

"That is exactly what I want you to explain, Pappy," said she, "for the letter distinctly refers to something within your knowledge."

"I must see the document itself," said I, cautiously ; "fetch me the letter."

"James carried it off with him."

"Off with him—why, is he gone too ?"

"Yes, Pappy, he started with post-horses after her—at least, so far as he could make out the road she travelled. Poor fellow ! he seemed almost out of his mind when he left this."

"And your Mother, how is she ?"

Cary shook her head mournfully.

Ah, Tom, I needed but the gesture to show me what was in store for me. My fertile imagination daguerretyped a great family picture, in which I was shortly to fill a most lamentable part. My prophetic soul—as a Novelist would call it—depicted me once more in the dock, arraigned for the ruin of my children, the wreck of their prospects, and the downfall of the Dodds. I fancied that even Cary would turn against me, and almost thought I could hear her muttering, "Ah, it was Papa did it all !"

While I was thus communing with myself, I received a message from Mrs. D., that she wished to see me. I take shame to myself for the

confession, Tom, but I own that I felt it like an order to come up for sentence. There could be no longer any question of my guilt—my trial was over—there remained nothing but to hear the last words of the Law, which seemed to say, “Kenny Dodd, you have been convicted of a great offence. By your blundering stupidity—your unbridled temper—and your gratuitous folly—you have destroyed your son’s chance of worldly fortune—blasted his affections—and—and lost him four thousand a year. But your iniquity does not end even here. You have also”—As I reached this, the door opened, and Mrs. D., in her “buff coat,” as I used to call a certain flannel dressing-gown that she usually donned for battle, slowly entered, followed by Mary Anne, with a whole pharmacopœia of restoratives—an “ambulance” that plainly predicted hot work before us. Resolving that our duel should have no witnesses, I turned the girls out of the room, and for the same reason do I preserve a rigid secrecy as to all the details of our engagement; enough when I say, that the sun went down upon our wrath, and it was near nightfall when we drew off our forces. Though I fought vigorously, and with the courage of despair, I couldn’t get over the fact that it was my unhappy explosion in French that did all the mischief. I tried hard to make it appear that her sudden departure was rather a boon than otherwise—that our expenses were terrific, and, moreover, that, as I was determined against any fictitious settlement, her flight had only anticipated a certain catastrophe; but all these devices availed me little against my real culpability, which no casuistry could get over.

“Well, Ma’am,” said I, at last, “one thing is quite clear—the Continent does not suit us. All our experience of foreign life and manners neither guides us in difficulty, nor warns us when in danger. Let us go back to where we are, at least, as wise as our neighbours—where we are familiar with the customs, and where, whatever our shortcomings, we meet with the indulgent judgment that comes of old acquaintance.”

“Where’s that?” said she. “I’m curious to know where is this elegant garden of Paradise?”

“Bruff, Ma’am—our own neighbourhood.”

“Where we were always in hot water with every one. Were you ever out of a squabble on the Bench, or at the Poor-house? Weren’t you always disputing about land with the tenants, and about water with the miller? Hadn’t you a row at every Assizes, and a skirmish at every road Session? Bruff, indeed; it’s a new thing to hear it called the Happy Valley!”

“Faith, I know I’m not Rasselas,” said I.

"You're restless enough," said she, mistaking the word; "but it's your own temper that does it. No, Mr. D., if you want to go back to Ireland, I won't be selfish enough to oppose it; but as for myself, I'll never set a foot in it."

"You are determined on that?" said I.

"I am," said she.

"In that case, Ma'am," said I, "I'm only losing valuable time waiting for you to change your mind, so I'll start at once."

"A pleasant journey to you, Mr. D.," said she, flouncing out of the room and leaving me the field of battle, but scarcely the victory. Now, Tom, I've too much to do and to think about, to discuss the point that I know you're eager for—which of us was more in the wrong. Such debates are only casuistry from beginning to end. Besides, at all events, *my* mind is made up. I'll go back at once. The little there ever was of anything good about me is fast oozing away in this life of empty parade and vanity. Mary Anne and James are both the worse of it; who knows how long Cary will resist its evil influence? I'll go down to Genoa, and take the Peninsular steamer straight for Southampton. I'm a bad sailor, but it will save me a few pounds, and some patience besides, in escaping the lying and cheating scoundrels I should meet with in a land journey.

To any of the neighbours, you may say that I'm coming home for a few weeks to look after the tenants; and to any whom you think would believe it, just hint that the Government has sent for me.

I conclude that I'll be very short of cash when I reach Genoa, so send me anything you can lay hands on, and believe me,

Ever yours faithfully,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

P.S.—I told you this was a cheap place. The Bill has just come up, and it beats the Clarendon! It appears that his Serene Highness told them to treat us like Princes, and we must pay in the same style. I'm going to settle part of our debt by parting with our travelling-carriage, which, besides assisting the exchequer, will be a great shock to Mrs. D., and a foretaste of what she has to come down to when I'm gone. It is seldom that a man can combine the double excellence of a great Financier and a great Moralist!

LETTER LX.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Cour de Parme, Parma.

DEAREST KITTY,

So varied have been my emotions of late, and with such whirlwind rapidity have they succeeded each other in my distracted brain, that I am really at a loss to know where I left off in my last epistle to you, and at what particular crisis in our adventures I closed my narrative. Forgive me, dearest, if I impose on you the tiresome task of listening twice to the same tale, or the almost equally unpleasant duty of trying to follow me through gaps of unexplained events.

Have I told you of the Countess's departure—that most mysterious flight, which has thrown poor James into, I fear, a hopeless melancholy, and make shipwreck of his heart for ever? I feel as if I had revealed it to my dearest Kitty; my soul whispers to me that she bears her share in my sorrows, and mingles her tears with mine. Yes, dearest, she is gone! Some indiscreet revelations Papa made to Mamma in his room, would appear to have disclosed more of our private affairs than ought to have obtained publicity, were overheard by her, and she immediately gave orders to her servants to pack up, leaving a very vague note behind her, plainly intimating, however, that Papa might, if he pleased, satisfactorily account for the step she had taken. This, and a few almost flippant acknowledgments of our attentions, concluded an epistle that fell in the midst of us like a rocket.

If I feel deeply wounded at the slight thus shown us, and the still heavier injury inflicted on poor dear James, yet am I constrained to confess that Josephine was quite justified in what she did. Born in the very highest class, all her habits, her ways, her very instincts aristocratic, the bare thought of an alliance with a family struggling with dubious circumstances must have been too shocking! I did not ever believe that she returned James's affection; she liked him, perhaps, well enough—that is, well enough to marry! She deemed him her equal in rank and fortune, and in that respect regarded the match as a fair one. To learn that we were neither titled nor rich, neither great by station nor rolling in wealth, was of course to feel that she had been deceived and imposed upon, and might reasonably warrant even the half-sarcastic spirit of her farewell note.

To tell what misery this has cost us all is quite beyond me; scorned affection—blasted hopes—ambitions scattered to the winds—a glorious future annihilated! Conceive all of these that you can, and then couple them with meaner and more vulgar regrets, as to what enormous extravagance the pursuit has involved us in, the expense of a style of living that even a Prince could scarcely have maintained, and all at a little secluded capital where nobody comes, nobody lives; so that we do not reap even the secondary advantage of that notoriety for which we have to pay so dearly. Mamma and I, who think precisely alike on these subjects, are overwhelmed with misery as we reflect over what the money thus squandered would have done at Rome, Florence, or Vienna!

James is distracted, and Papa sits poring all day long over papers and accounts, by way of arranging his affairs before his death. Cary alone maintains her equanimity, for which she may thank the heartlessness of a nature insensible to all feeling.

Imagine a family circle of such ingredients! Think of us as you saw us last, even in all the darkness of Dodsborough, and you will find it difficult to believe we are the same! Yet, dearest, it might all have been different—how different! But Papa—there is no use trying to conceal it—has a talent for ruining the prospects of his family, that no individual advantages, no combination of events, however felicitous, can avail against! An absurd and most preposterous notion of being what he calls “honest and aboveboard” leads him to excesses of every kind, and condemns us to daily sorrows and humiliations. It is in vain that we tell him nobody parades his debts no more than his infirmities; that people wear their best faces for the world, and that credit is the same principle in morals as in mercantile affairs. His reply is, “No. I’m tired of all that. I never perform a great part without longing for the time when I shall be Kenny Dodd again!”

This one confession will explain to you the hopelessness of all our efforts to rise in life, and our last resource is in the prospect of his going back to Ireland. Mamma has already proposed to accept a thousand a year for herself and me; while Cary should return with Papa to Dodsborough. It is possible that this arrangement might have been concluded ere this, but that Papa has got a relapse of his gout, and been laid up for the last eight days. He refuses to see any Doctor, saying that they all drive the malady in by depletion, and has taken to drinking port wine all day long, by way of confining the attack to his foot. What is to be the success of this treatment has yet to be seen, but up to this time its only palpable effect has been to

make him like a chained tiger. He roars and shouts fearfully, and has smashed all the more portable articles of furniture in the room—throwing them at the waiters. He insists, besides, on having his Bill made up every night, so that instead of one grand engagement once a week, we have now a sharp skirmish every evening, which usually lasts till bedtime.

For economy, too, we have gone up to the second story, and come down to a very meagre dinner. No carriage—no saddle-horses—no Theatre. The Courier dismissed, and a strict order at the Bar against all “extras.”

James lies all day a bed; Cary plays Nurse to Papa; Mamma and I sit moping beside a little miserable stove till evening, when we receive our one solitary visitor—a certain Father M’Grail—an Irish Priest—who has been resident here for thirty years, and is known as the Padre Giacomo! He is a spare, thin, poek-marked little man, with a pair of downcast, I was going to say, dishonest-looking eyes, who talks with an accent as rich as though he only left Kilrush yesterday. We have only known him ten days, but he has already got an immense influence over Mamma, and induced her to read innumerable little books, and to practise a variety of small penances besides. I suspect he is rather afraid of *me*—at least we maintain towards each other a kind of armed neutrality; but Mamma will not suffer me to breathe a word against him.

It is not unlikely that he owes much of the esteem Mamma feels for him to his own deprecatory estimate of Papa, whom he pronounces to be, in many respects, almost as infamous as a Protestant. Cary he only alludes to by throwing up hands and eyes, and seeming to infer that she is irrecoverably lost.

I own to you, Kitty, I don’t like him—I scarcely trust him—but it is, after all, such a resource to have any one to talk to, anything to break the dull monotony of this dreary life, that I hail his coming with pleasure, and am actually working a rochet, or an alb, or a something else for him to wear on Saint Nicolo of Treviso’s “festa”—an occasion on which the little man desires to appear with extraordinary splendour. Mamma, too, is making a canopy to hold over his honoured head; and I sincerely hope that our “œuvres méritoires” will redound to our future advantage! I am half afraid that I have shocked you with an apparent irreverence in speaking of these things, but I must confess to you, dearest Kitty, that I am occasionally provoked beyond all bounds by the degree of influence this small Saint exercises in our family, and by no means devoid of apprehension lest his dominion should become absolute. Even already he has per-

suaed Mamma that Papa's illness will resist all medical skill to the end of time, and will only yield to the intervention of a certain Saint Agatha of Orsaro, a newly-discovered miracle-worker, of whose fame you will doubtless hear much ere long.

To my infinite astonishment, Papa is quite converted to this opinion, and Cary tells me is most impatient to set out for Orsaro, a little village at the foot of the mountain of that name, and about thirty miles from this. As the only approach is by a bridle-path, we are to travel on mules or asses; and I look forward to the excursion, if not exactly with pleasure, with some interest. Father Giacomo—I can't call him anything else—has already written to secure rooms for us at the little Inn; and we are, meanwhile, basely employed in the manufacture of certain pilgrim costumes, which are indispensable to all frequenting the holy shrine. The dress is far from unbecoming, I assure you; a loose robe of white stuff—ours are Cashmere—with wide sleeves, and a large hood, lined with sky blue; a cord of the same colour round the waist; no shoes or stockings, but light sandals, which show the foot to perfection. An amber rosary is the only ornament permitted; but the whole is charming.

Saint Agatha of Orsaro will, unquestionably, make a great noise in the world; and it will, therefore, be interesting to you to know something of her history—or, what Fra Giacomo more properly calls, her manifestation—which was in this wise: The Priest of Orsaro—a very devout and excellent man—had occasion to go into the church late at night on the Eve of Saint Agatha's festival. He was anxious, I believe, to see that all the decorations to do honour to the day were in proper order, and, taking a lamp from the sacristy, he walked down the aisle till he came to the shrine, where the Saint's image stood. He knelt for a moment to address her in prayer, when, with a sudden sneeze, she extinguished his light, and left him fainting and in darkness on the floor of the church. In this fashion was he discovered the following morning, when, after coming to himself, he made the revelation I have just given you. Since that she has been known to sneeze three times, and on each occasion a miracle has followed. The fame of this wonderful occurrence has now traversed Italy; and will doubtless soon extend to the Faithful in every part of Europe. Orsaro is becoming crowded with penitents; among whom I am gratified to see the names of many of the English Aristocracy; and it has become quite a fashionable thing to pass a week or ten days there.

Now, dearest Kitty, from you, with whom I have no concealments, I will not disguise the confession that I look forward to this excur-

sion with considerable hope and expectation. You cannot but have perceived latterly how our Faith, instead of being, as it once was, the symbol of low birth and ignoble connexions, has become the very bond of Aristocratic society. The Church has become the salon wherein we make our most valued acquaintances; and devout observances are equivalent to letters of introduction. If I wanted a proof of this, I'd give it in the number of those who have become converts to our religion, from the manifest social benefits the change of Faith has conferred. How otherwise would third and fourth-rate Protestants obtain access to Princely soirées and Ducal receptions? By what other road could they arrive at recognition in the society of Rome and Naples, frequent Cardinals' Levees, and be even seen lounging in the ante-chambers of the Vatican?

Hence it is clear that the true Faith has its benefits in *this* world also, and that piety is a passport to high places even on Earth! I have no doubt, if we manage properly, our sojourn at Orsaro may be made very profitable, and that, even without miracles, the excursion may pay us well.

I have been interrupted by a message to attend Mamma in her own room—a summons I rightly guessed to imply something of importance. Only fancy, Kitty—it was a letter which had arrived addressed to Papa—but of course not given to him to read in his present highly agitated state—from Captain Morris, with a proposal for Caroline!

He very properly sets out by acknowledging the great difference of age between them, but he might certainly have added something as to the discrepancy between their stations. He talks, too, of his small means, “sufficient for those who can limit their ambitions and wants within a narrow circle,”—I wonder who they are?—and professes a deal of that cold kind of respectful love which all old men affect to think a woman ought to feel flattered by. In fact, the whole reads far more like a law paper than a love-letter, and is rather a rough draft of an Act of Parliament against celibacy, than a proposal for a pretty girl!

Mamma had shown the letter to Fra Giacomo before I entered, and I had very little trouble to guess the effect produced by his counsels. The Captain, as a Heretic, was at once denounced by him; and the little man grew actually enthusiastic in inveighing against the insulting presumption of the offer. He insisted on a peremptory, flat rejection of the proposal, without any reference whatever to Papa. He said that to hesitate in such a question was in itself a sin; and he even hinted that he wasn't quite sure what reception Saint Agatha

might vouchsafe us, after so much of intercourse with an outcast and a disbeliever.

This last argument was decisive, and I accordingly sat down and wrote, in Mamma's name, a very stiff acknowledgment of the receipt of his letter, and an equally cold refusal of the honour it tendered for our acceptance. We all agreed that Cary should hear nothing whatever of the matter, but, as Fra Giacomo said, "we'd keep the disgrace for our own hearts."

I own to you, Kitty, that if the religious question could be got over, I do not think the thing so inadmissible. Cary is evidently not destined to advance our family interests: had she even the capacity, she lacks the ambition. Her tastes are humble, common-place, and—shall I say it?—vulgar.

It gives her no pleasure to move in high society, and she esteems the stupid humdrum of domestic life as the very supreme of happiness. With such tastes this old Captain—he is five-and-thirty at least—would perhaps have suited her perfectly, and his intolerable Mother been quite a companion. Their small fortune, too, would have consigned them to some cheap, out-of-the-way place, where we should not have met—and, in fact, the arrangement might have combined a very fair share of advantages. Fra G., however, had decided the matter on higher grounds, and there is no more to be said about it.

There is another letter come by this post, too, from Lord George, dearest! He is to arrive to-night, if he can get horses. He is full of some wonderful Tournament about to be held at Genoa—a spectacle to be given by the city to the King, which is to attract all the world thither; and Lord G. writes to say that we haven't a moment to lose in securing accommodation at the Hotel. Little suspecting the frame of mind his communication is to find us in, and that, in place of doughty deeds and chivalrous exploits, our thoughts are turned to fastings, mortifications, and whipcord! Oh, how I shudder at the ridicule with which he will assail us, and tremble for my own constancy under the raillery he will shower on us! I never dreaded his coming before, and would give worlds now that anything could prevent his arrival.

How reconcile his presence with that of Fra Giacomo? How protect the Priest from the overt quizzings of my Lord? and how rescue his Lordship from the secret machinations of the "Father?" are difficulties that I know not how to face. Mamma, besides, is now so totally under Priestly guidance, that she would sacrifice the whole Peerage for a shaving of a Saint's shin-bone! There will not

be even time left me to concert measures with Lord G. The moment he enters the house he'll see the "altered temper of our ways" in a thousand instances. Relics, missals, beads, and rosaries, have replaced Gavarni's etchings, *Punch*, and the *Illustration*. Charms and amulets blessed by Popes occupy the places of cigar-holders, pipe-sticks, and gutta-percha drolleries. The "Stabat Mater" has usurped the seat of "Casta Diva" on the piano, and a number of other unmistakable signs point to our reformed condition.

I hear post-horses approaching—they come nearer and nearer! Yes, Kitty, it must be—it is he! James has met him—they are already on the stairs—how they laugh! James must be telling him everything. I knew he would. Another burst of that unfeeling laughter! They are at the door. Good-by!

Mount Orsaro, "La Pace."

Here we are, dearest, at the end of our Pilgrimage. Such a delightful excursion I never remember to have taken. I told you all about my fears of Lord George. Would that I had never written the ungracious lines!—never so foully wronged him! Instead of the levity I apprehended, he is actually reverential—I might say, devout! The moment he reached Parma, he ordered a dress to be made for him exactly like James's, and decided immediately on accompanying us. Fra Giacomo, I need scarcely observe, was in ecstasies. The prospect of such a noble convert would be an immense piece of success, and he did not hesitate to avow, would materially advance his own interests at Rome.

As for the journey, Kitty, I have no words to describe the scenery through which we travelled: deep glens between lofty mountains, wooded to the very summits with cork and chestnut-trees, over which, towering aloft, were seen the peaks of the great Apennines, glistening in snow, or golden in the glow of sunset. Wending along through these our little procession went, in itself no unpicturesque feature, for we were obliged to advance in single file along the narrow pathway, and thus our mules, with their scarlet trappings, and tasseled bridles, and our floating costumes, made up an effect which will remain painted on my heart for ever. In reality, I made a sketch of the scene; but Lord George, who for the convenience of talking to me always rode with his face to the mule's tail, made me laugh so often, that my drawing is quite spoiled.

At last, we arrived at the little Inn called "La Pace"—how beautifully it sounds, dearest! and really stands so, too, beside a gushing mountain-stream, and perfectly embowered in olives. We



The Pilgrimage



could only obtain two rooms, however; one adjoining the kitchen for Papa and Mamma; the other, under the tiles, for Cary and myself. Fra Giacomo quarters himself on the Priest of the village; and Lord George and James are what the Italians call "*a spasso.*" Betty Cobb is furious at being consigned to the kitchen, in company with some thirty others, many of whom, I may remark, are English people of rank and condition. In fact, dearest, the whole place is so crowded, that a miserable room, in all its native dirt and disgust, costs the price of a splendid apartment in Paris. Many of the first people of Europe are here: Ministers, Ambassadors, Generals; and an English Earl, also, who is getting a drawing made of the Shrine and the Virgin, and intends sending a narrative of her miracles to the *Tablet*. You have no idea, my dearest Kitty, of the tone of affectionate kindness and cordiality inspired by such a scene. Dukes, Princes, even Royalties, accost you as their equals. As Fra G. says, "The holy influences level distinctions." The Duke of San Pietrino placed his own cushion for Mamma to kneel on yesterday. The Graf von Dummerslungen gave me a relic to kiss as I passed this morning. Lord Tollington, one of the proudest Peers in England, stopped to ask Papa how he was, and regretted we had not arrived last Saturday, when the Virgin sneezed twice!

As we begin our Novena to-morrow, I shall probably not have a moment to continue this rambling epistle; but you may confidently trust, that my first thoughts, when again at liberty, shall be given to you. Till then, darling Kitty, believe me

Your devoted and ever affectionate

MARY ANNE DODD.

P.S.—More arrivals, Kitty—three carriages and eleven donkeys! Where they are to put up, I can't conceive. Lord G. says, "It's as full as the 'Diggins,' and quite as dear." The excitement and novelty of the whole are charming!

LETTER LXI.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

Orsaro. Feast of Saint Gingo.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

THE Earl of Guzeberry, that leaves this to-day for England, kindly offers to take charge of my letters to you ; and so I write "favoured by his Lordship" on the outside, just that you may show the neighbours, and teach them Davises the respect they ought to show us, if it's ever our misfortune to meet.

The noble Lord was here doing his penances with us for the last three weeks, and is now my most intimate friend on earth. He's the kindest-hearted creature I ever met, and always doing good works, of one sort or other ; and whenever not sticking nails in his own flesh, or pulling hairs out of his beard or eyelashes, always ready to chastise a friend !

We came here to see the wonderful Virgin of Orsaro, and beg her intercession for us all, but more especially for K. I., whose temper proves clearly that there's what Father James calls a "possession of him ;" that is to say, "he has devils inside of him." The whole account of the Saint herself—her first manifestation and miraculous doings—you'll find in the little volume that accompanies this, written, as you will see, by your humble servant. Lord G. gave me every assistance in his power ; and indeed, but for him and Father James, it might have taken years to finish it ; for I must tell you, Molly, bad as Berlin-work is, it's nothing compared to writing a book : for, when you have the wool and the frame, it's only stitching it in, but with a book you have to arrange your thoughts, and then put them down ; after that, there's the grammar to be minded, and the spelling, and the stops ; and many times, where you think it's only a comma, you have come to your full period ! I assure you I went through more with that book—little as it is—than in all my "observances," some of them very severe ones. First of all, we had to be so particular about the Miracles, knowing well what Protestant bigotry would do when the account came out. We had to give names, and dates, and places, with witnesses to substantiate, and all that could corroborate the facts. Then, we had a difficulty of another kind—how to call the Virgin. You may remember how those Exeter

Hall wretches spoke of Our Lady of Rimini—as the “Winking Virgin.” We couldn’t say sneezing after that, so we just called her “La Madonna dei Sospiri”—“Our Lady of Sighs.” To be sure, we can’t get the people here to adopt this title—but that’s no consequence as regards England.

By the time the volume reaches you, all Europe will be ringing with the wonderful tidings; for there are three Bishops here, and they have all signed the “Memoire,” recommending special services in honour of the Virgin, and strongly urging a subscription to build a suitable shrine for her in this her native village.

You have no idea, dear Molly, of what a blessed frame of mind these spiritual duties have enabled me to enjoy. How peaceful is my spirit!—how humble my heart! I turn my thoughts away from Earth as easily as I could renounce rope-dancing; and when I sit of an evening, in a state of what Lord Guzeberry calls “beatitude,” K. I. might have the cholera without my caring for it.

The season is now far advanced, however, and, to my infinite grief, we must leave this holy spot, where we have made a numerous and most valuable acquaintance; for, besides several of the first people of England, we have formed intimacy with the Duchessa di Sangue Nero, first Lady to the Queen of Naples; the Marquesa di Villa Guasta, a great leader of fashion in Turin; the “Noncio” at the Court of Modena; and a variety of distinguished Florentines and Romans, who all assure us that our devotions are the best passports for admission in all the select houses of Italy.

Mary Anne predicts a brilliant winter before us, and even Cary is all delight at the prospect of Picture Galleries and works of art. Isn’t it paying the Protestants off for their insulting treatment of us at home, Molly, to see all the honour and respect we receive abroad? The tables are completely turned, my dear; for not one of them ever gets his nose into the really high society of this country, while we are welcomed to it with open arms. But, if there’s anything sure to get you well received in the first houses, it is having a convert of rank in your train. To be the means of bringing a Lord over to the true fold, is to be taken up at once by Cardinals and Princes of all kinds.

As Mary Anne says, “Let us only induce Lord George to enter the Catholic Church, and our fortune is made.” And oh, Molly, —putting all the pomps and vanities of this world aside, never heeding the grandeur of this life, nor caring what man may do to us, isn’t it an elegant reflection to save one poor creature from the dreadful road of destruction and ruin! I’m sure it would be the

happiest day of my life when I could read in the *Tablet*, "We have great satisfaction in announcing to our readers that Lord George Tiverton, Member for"—I forget where—"and son of the Marquis"—I forget whom—"yesterday renounced the errors of the Protestant Church to embrace those of the Church of Rome."

Maybe, now, you'd like to hear something about ourselves; but I've little to tell that is either pleasant or entertaining. You know—or, at least, you will know from Kitty Doolan—the way K. I. destroyed poor James, and lost him a beautiful creature and four thousand a year. That was a blow there's no getting over; and, indeed, I'd have sunk under it, if it wasn't for Father James, and the consolations he has been able to give me. There was an offer came for Caroline. Captain Morris, that you've heard me speak of, wrote and proposed, which I opened during K. I.'s illness, and sent him a flat refusal, Molly, with a bit of advice in the end, about keeping in his own rank of life, and marrying into his own creed.

Maybe I mightn't have been so stout about rejecting him, for it's the hardest thing in life to marry a daughter now-a-days, but that Father Giacomo said his Holiness would never forgive me for taking a Heretic into the family; and that it was one of the nine deadly sins. You may perceive from this, that Father G. is of great use to me when I need advice and guidance, and indeed I consulted him as to whether I ought to separate from K. I., or not. There are cases of conscience, he tells me, and cases of convenience. The first are matters for the Cardinals and the Holy College! but the others, any ordinary Priest can settle; and this is one of them. "Don't leave him," says he, "for your means of doing good will only be more limited; and as to your trials, take out some of your mortifications that way; and above all, don't be too lenient to *him*." Ay, Molly, he saw my weak point, do what I would to hide it: he knew my failing was an easy disposition, and a patient, submissive turn of mind. But I'll do my endeavour to conquer it, if it was only for the poor children's sake; for I know he'd marry again; and I sometimes suspect I've hit the one he has his eyes on.

On Friday next, we are to leave this for Genoa. It's the end of our Novena, and we wouldn't have time for another before the snow sets in; for though we're in Italy, Molly, the mountains all round us are tipped with snow, and it's as cold now, when you're in the shade, as I ever felt it in Ireland. It's a great Tournament at Genoa is taking us there. There's to be the King of Saxony, and the King of Bohemia, too, I believe; for whenever you begin to live in fashionable life, you must run after Royal people from place to

place, be seen wherever they are, and be quite satisfied whenever your name is put down among the "distinguished company."

I was near forgetting that I want you to get Father John to have my little book read by the children in our National School; for, as K. I. is the Patron, we have of course the right. At all events, *I'll* withdraw if they refuse; and they can't accuse me of illiberality or bigotry; for I never said a word against the taking away the Bible. Let them just remember *that!*

Lord Guzeberry is just going, so that I have only time to seal, and sign myself as ever yours,

JEMIMA DODD.

I send you two dozen of the Tracts, to distribute among our friends. The one bound in red silk is for Dean O'Dowd, "with the author's devotions and duties."

LETTER LXII.

BETTY COBB TO MISTRESS SHUSAN O'SHEA.

Mount Orsaro.

MY DEAR SHUSAN,

It's five months and two days since I wrote to you last, and it's like five years in regard to the way time has worn and distressed me. The Mistress tould Mrs. Gallagher how I was deserted by that deecatfull blaguard, taking off with him my peace of mind, two petticoats, and a blue cloth cloak, that I thought would last me for life! so that I needn't go over my miseries again to yourself. We heard since that he had another wife in Switzerland, not to say two more wandering about, so that the Master says, if we ever meet him we can hang him for "Bigotry." And, to tell you the truth, Shusy, I feel as if it would be a great relief to me to do it! if it was only to save other craytures from the same feat that he did to your poor friend Betty Cobb; besides, that until something of the kind is done I can't enter the holy state again with any other deceaver.

Such a life as we're leadin', Shusy, at one minute all eatin' and drinkin' and caressin' from morning till night; at another, my dear, it's all fastin' and mortification, for the Mistress has no modderation at all; but, as the Master says, she's always in her extremities! If ye seen the dress of her last week, she was Satan from head to foot,

and now she's, by way of a Saint, in white Cashmar, with a little scourge at her waist, and hard pegs in her shoes!

We have nothin' to eat but roots, like the Beasts of the Field; and them, too, mostly raw! That's to make us good soldiers of the Church, Father James says; but in my heart and soul, Shusy, I'm sick of the regiment. Shure, when we've a station in Ireland, it only last a day or two at most; and if your knees is sore with the penance, sure you have the satisfaction of the pleasant evenings after; with maybe a dance, or, at all events, tellin' stories over a jug of punch; but here it's prayers and stripes, stripes and offices, starvation and more stripes, till, savin' your presence, I never sit down without a screech!

Why we came here I don't know; the Mistress says it was to cure the Master; but didn't I hear her tell him a thousand times that the bad drop was in him, and he'd never be better to his dyin' day? so that it can't be for that. Sometimes I think it's to get Mary Anne married, and they want Saint Agatha to help them; but faith, Shusy, one sinner is worth two saints for the like of that. Lord George tould me in confidence—the other day it was—that the Mistress wanted an increase to her family. Faith, you may well open your eyes, my dear, but them's his words! And tho' I didn't believe him at first, I'm more persuaded of it now, that I see how she's goin' on.

If the Master only suspected it, he'd be off to-morrow, for he's always groanin' and moanin' over the expense of the family; and between you and me, I believe I ought to go and tell him. Maybe you'd give me advice what to do, for it's a nice point.

You wouldn't know Paddy Byrne, how much he's grown, and the wonderful whiskers he has all over his face; but he's as bowld as brass, and has the impedince of the Divil in him. He never ceases tormentin' me about Taddy, and says I ought to take out a few florins in curses on him, just as if I couldn't do it cheaper myself than payin' a Priest for it. As for Paddy himself—do what the Mistress will—she can get no good of him, in regard to his duties. He does all his stations on his knees, to be sure, but with a cigar in his mouth; and when he comes to the holy well, it's a pull at a dram bottle he takes instead of the blessed water. I wondered myself at his givin' a crown piece to the Virgin on Tuesday last, but he soon showed me what he was at by sayin': "If she doesn't get my wages riz for that, the Divil receive the farthin' she'll ever receive of mine again!"

After all, Shusy, it's an elegant sight to see all them great people that thinks so much of themselves, crawling about on their hands and knees, kissin' a relict here, huggin' a stone there, just as much

frightened about the way the Saint looks at them as one of us! It does one's heart good to know that for all their fine livin' and fine clothes, ould Nick has the same hould of them that he has of you and me!

I had a great deal to tell you about the family and their goin's on, but I must conclude in haste, for tho' it's only five o'clock, there's the bell ringin' for Mattins, and I have a station to take before first Mass. I suppose it's part of my mortifications, but the Mistress and Mary Anne never gives me a stitch of clothes till they're spoiled; and I'm drivin to my wit's end, tearin' and destroyin' things, in such a way, as not to ruin them when they come to me! Miss Caroline never has a gown much better than my own; and, indeed, she said the other day, "When I want to be smart, Betty, you must lend me your black bombaseen."

There's the Mistress gone out already, so no more from

Your sincere friend,

BETTY COBB.

I think Lord G. is right about the Mistress. The Saints forgive her, at her time of life! More in my next!

LETTER LXIII.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

The Inn, Orsaro.

MY DEAR BOB,

THIS must be a very brief epistle, since, amongst other reasons, the sheet of letter-paper costs me a florin, and I shall have to pay three more for a messenger to convey it to the post-town, a distance of as many miles off. To explain these scarce credible facts, I must tell you that we are at a little village called Orsaro, in the midst of a wild mountain country, whither we have come to perform penances, say prayers, and enact other devotions at the shrine of a certain St. Agatha, who, some time last autumn, took to working miracles down here, and consequently attracting all the Faithful, who had nothing to do with themselves before Carnival.

My excellent Mother it was, who, in an access of devotion, devised the excursion; and the Governor, hearing that the locality was a barbarous one, and the regimen a strict fast, fancied, of course, it would

be a most economical dodge, at once agreed; but, by Jove! the saving is a delusion and a snare. Two miserable rooms, dirty and ill-furnished, cost forty francs a day; bad coffee and black bread for breakfast, are supplied at four francs a head; dinner—if by such a name one would designate a starved kid stewed in garlic, or a boiled hedgehog with chicory sauce—ten francs each; sour wine at the price of Chateau Lafitte; and a seat in the Sanctuary, to see the Virgin, four times as dear as a stall at the Italian Opera. Exorbitant as all these charges are, we are gravely assured that they will be doubled whenever the Virgin sneezes again, that being the manifestation, as they call it, by which she displays her satisfaction at our presence here. I do not fancy talking irreverently of these things, Bob, but I own to you I am ineffably shocked at the gross impositions innkeepers, post-masters, donkey-owners, and others practise by trading on the devotional feelings and pious aspirations of weak, but worthy people. I say nothing of the Priests themselves, they may or may not believe all these miraculous occurrences. One thing, however, is clear, they make every opportunity of judging of them so costly that only a rich man can afford himself the luxury, so that you and I, and a hundred others like us, may either succumb or scoff, as we please, without any means of correcting our convictions. One inevitable result ensues from this. There are two camps: the Faithful, who believe everything, and are cheated by every imaginable device of mock relics and made-up miracles; and the Unbelieving, who actually rush into ostentatious vice, to show their dislike to hypocrisy! Thus, this little dirty village, swarming with Priests, and resounding with the tramp of Processions, is a den of every kind of dissipation. The rattle of the dice-box mingles with the nasal chantings of the tonsured monks, and the wild orgies of a drinking party blend with the strains of the organ! If men be not religiously-minded, the contact with the Church seems to make demons of them. How otherwise interpret the scoff and mockery that unceasingly goes forward against Priests and Priestcraft in a little community, as it were, separated for acts of piety and devotion?

That we live in a most believing age is palpable, by the fact that this place swarms with men distinguished in every court and camp in Europe. Crafty Ministers, artful Diplomats, keen old Generals, versed in every wile and stratagem, come here, as it were, to divest themselves of all their long-practised acuteness, and give in their adhesion to the most astounding and incoherent revelations. I cannot bring myself to suppose these men Rogues and Hypocrites, and yet I have nearly as much difficulty to believe them Dupes!

What have become of those sharp perceptive powers, that clever insight into motives, and the almost unerring judgment they could exhibit in any question of politics or war? It cannot surely be that they who have measured themselves with the first capacities of the world, dread to enter the lists against some half-informed and narrow-minded village Curate? or is it that there lurks in every human heart some one spot, a refuge as it were for credulity, which even the craftiest cannot exclude? You are far better suited than me to canvass such a question, my dear Bob. I only throw it out for your consideration, without any pretension to solve it myself.

My Father, you are well aware, is too good a Churchman to suffer a syllable to escape his lips which might be construed into discredit of the Faith; but I can plainly see that he skulks his penances, and shifts off any observance that does not harmonise with his comfort. At the same time, he strongly insists that the fastings and other privations enjoined, are an admirable system to counteract the effect of that voluptuous life practised in almost every capital of Europe. As he shrewdly remarked, "This place was like Groeffenberg—you might not be restored by the water-cure, but you were sure to be benefited by early hours, healthful exercise, and a light diet." This, you may perceive, is a very modified approval of the miracles.

I have dwelt so long on this theme, that I have only left myself what Mary Anne calls the selvedge of my paper, for anything else. Nor is it pleasant to me, Bob, to tell you, that I am low-spirited and down-hearted. A month ago, life was opening before me with every prospect of happiness and enjoyment. A lovely creature, gifted and graceful, of the very highest rank and fortune, was to have been mine. She was actually domesticated with us, and only waiting for the day which should unite our destinies for ever, when one night—I can scarcely go on—I know not how either to convey to you what is *half* shrouded in mystery, and should be, perhaps, *all* concealed in shame; but, somehow, my Father contrived to talk so of our family affairs—our debts, our difficulties, and what not—that Josephine overheard everything, and shocked, possibly, more at our duplicity than at our narrow fortune, she hurried away at midnight, leaving a few cold lines of farewell behind her, and has never been seen or heard of since.

I set out after her to Milan; thence to Bologna, where I thought I had traces of her. From that I went to Rimini, and on a false scent down to Ancona. I got into a slight row there with the Police, and was obliged to retrace my steps, and arrived at Parma, after three weeks' incessant travelling, heart-broken and defeated.

That I shall ever rally—that I shall ever take any real interest in life again, is totally out of the question. Such an opportunity of fortune as this rarely occurs to any one once in life; none are lucky enough to meet it a second time. The Governor, too, instead of feeling, as he ought, that he has been the cause of my ruin, continues to pester me about the indolent way I spend my life, and inveighs against even the little dissipations that I endeavour to drown my sorrows by indulging in. It's all very well to talk about active employment, useful pursuits, and so forth; but a man ought to have his mind at ease, and his heart free from care, for all these, as I told the Governor yesterday. When a fellow has got such a "stunner" as I have had lately, London porter and a weed are his only solace. Even Tiverton's society is distasteful, he has such a confoundedly flippant way of treating one.

I'm thinking seriously of emigrating, and wish you could give me any useful hints on the subject. Tiverton knows a fellow out there, who was in the same regiment with himself—a Baronet, I believe—and he's doing a capital stroke of work with a light four-in-hand team that he drives, I think between San Francisco and Geelong, but don't trust me too far in the geography; he takes the diggers at eight pound a head, and extra for the "swag." Now that is precisely the thing to suit me; I can tool a coach as well as most fellows; and as long as one keeps on the box they don't feel it like coming down in the world!

I half suspect Tiverton would come out too. At least, he seems very sick of England, as everybody must be that hasn't ten thousand a year and a good house in Belgravia.

I don't know whither we go from this, and, except in the hope of hearing from you, I could almost add, care as little. The Governor has got so much better from the good air and the regimen, that he is now anxious to be off; while my Mother, attributing his recovery to the Saint's interference, wants another "Novena." Mary Anne likes the place too, and Cary, who sketches all day long, seems to enjoy it. How the decision is to come is, therefore, not easy to foresee. Meanwhile, whether *here* or *there*,

Believe me your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

I open this to say, that we are "booked" for another fortnight here. My Mother went to consult the Virgin about going away last night, and she—that is the Saint—gave such a sneeze, that my Mother fainted, and was carried home insensible. The worst of all this is,



The Virgin of Osaro sneezeth



that Father Giacomo—our Guide in spirituals—insists on my Mother's publishing a little tract on her experiences; and the women are now hard at work with pen and ink at a small volume to be called "St. Agatha of Orsaro," by Jemima D——. They have offered half a florin apiece for good miracles, but they are pouring in so fast they'll have to reduce the tariff. Tiverton recommends them to ask thirteen to the dozen.

The Governor is furious at this authorship, which will cost some five-and-twenty pounds at the least!

LETTER LXIV.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER.

Hotel Feder, Genoa.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

It's little that piety and holy living assists us in this wicked world, as you'll allow, when I tell you that after all my penances, my mortifications, and my self-abstainings, instead of enjoyment and pleasure, as I might reasonably look for in this place, I never knew real misery and shame till I came here. I wouldn't believe anybody that said people was always as bad as they are now! Sure, if they were, why wouldn't we be prepared for their baseness and iniquity? Why would we be deceived and cheated at every hand's turn? It's all balderdash to pretend it, Molly. The world must be coming to an end, for this plain reason, that it's morally impossible it can be more corrupt, more false, and more vicious, than it is.

I'm trying these three days to open my heart to you. I've taken ether, and salts, and neumonia—I think the man called it—by the spoonfuls, just to steady my nerves, and give me strength to tell you my afflictions; and now I'll just begin, and if my tears doesn't blot out the ink, I'll reveal my sorrows, and open my breast before you.

We left that blessed village of Orsaro two days after I wrote to you by the Earl of Guzeberry, and came on here, by easy stages, as we were obliged to ride mules for more than half the way. Our journey was of course fatiguing, but unattended by any other inconvenience than K. I.'s usual temper about the food, the beds, and the hotel charges as we came along. He wouldn't fast, nor do a single penance on the road; nor would he join in chanting a Litany with

Father James, but threatened to sing "Nora Chrina," if we didn't stop. And though Lord George was greatly shocked, James was just as bad as his Father. Father Giacomo kept whispering to me from time to time, "We'll come to grief for this. We'll have to pay for all this impiety, Mrs. D.;" till at last he got my nerves in such a state, that I thought we'd be swept away at every blast of wind from the mountains, or carried down by every torrent that crossed the road. I couldn't pass a bridge without screeching; and as to fording a stream, it was an attack of hysterics. These of course delayed us greatly! and it was a good day when we got over eight miles. For all that, the girls seemed to like it. Cary had her sketch-book always open; and Mary Anne used to go fishing with Lord G. and James, and contrived, as she said, to make the time pass pleasantly enough.

I saw very little of K. I., for I was always at some devotional exercise; and, indeed, I was right glad of it, for his chief amusement was getting Father James into an argument, and teasing and insulting him so, that I only wondered why he didn't leave us at once and for ever. He never ceased, too, gibing and jeering about the miracles of Orsaro; and one night, when he had got quite beyond all bounds, laughing at Father G., he told him, "Faith," says he, "you're the most credulous man ever I met in my life; for it seems to me that you can believe anything but the Christian Religion."

From that out, Father G. only shook his hands at him, and wouldn't discourse.

This is the way we got to Genoa, where, because we arrived at night, they kept us waiting outside the gates of the town till the Commandant of the Fortress had examined our passports; K. I. all the while abusing the authorities, and blackguarding the Governor in a way that would have cost us dear, if it wasn't that nobody could understand his Italian.

That wasn't all, for when we got to the Hotel, they said that all the apartments had been taken before Lord George's letter arrived, and that there wasn't a room nor a pantry to be had in the whole city at any price. In fact, an English family had just gone off in despair to Chiavari, for even the ships in the harbour were filled with strangers, and the "steam dredge" was fitted up like a Hotel! K. I. took down the list of visitors, to see if he could find a friend or an acquaintance amongst them, but, though there were plenty of English, we knew none of them; and as for Lord G., though he was acquainted with nearly all the titled people, they were always relatives or connexions with whom he wasn't "on terms." While we sat thus at the door, holding our council of war, with sleepy waiters and a sulky porter, a

gentleman passed in, and went by us, up the stairs, before we could see his face. The Landlord, who lighted him all the way himself, showed that he was a person of some consequence. K. I. had just time to learn that he was "No. 4, the grand apartment on the first floor, towards the sea," which was all they knew; when the Landlord came down, smiling and smirking, to say, that the occupant of No. 4 felt much pleasure in putting half his suite of rooms at our disposal, and hoped we might not decline his offer.

"Who is it?—who is he?" cried we all at once; but the Landlord made such a mess of the English name, that we were obliged to wait till we could read it in the Strangers' Book. Meanwhile, we lost not a second in installing ourselves in what I must call a most princely apartment, with mirrors on all sides, fine pictures, china, and carved furniture, giving the rooms the air of a palace. There was a fine fire in the great drawing-room, and the table was littered with English Newspapers and Magazines, which proved that he had just left the place for us as he was himself occupying it.

"Now, for our great Unknown," said Lord George, opening the Strangers' Book, and running his eye down the list. There was Milor Hubbs and Miladi, Baron This, Count That, the "Vescovo" di Kilmore, with the "Vescova" and five "Vescovini,"—that meant the Bishop and his wife, and the five small little Bishops—which made us laugh. And at last we came down to "No. 4, Grand Suite," Sir Morris Penrhyn, Bt., not a word more.

"There is a swell of that name that owns any amount of slate quarries down near Holyhead, I think," said Lord George. "Do you happen to know him?"

"No," was chorused by all present.

"Oh! every one knows his place. It's one of the show things of the neighbourhood. How is this they call it—Pwllmolly Castle?—that's the name, at least so far as human lips can approach it. At all events, he has nigh fifteen thousand a year, and can afford the annoyance of a consonant more or less."

"Any relative of your Lordship's?" asked K. I.

"Don't exactly remember; but if so, we never acknowledged him. Can't afford Welsh cousinships!"

"He's a right civil fellow, at all events," said K. I., "and here's his health;" for at that moment the waiter entered with the supper, and we all sat down in far better spirits than we had expected to enjoy half an hour back. We soon forgot all about our unknown benefactor, and, indeed, we had enough of our own concerns to engross our attention, for there were places to be secured for the

Tournament, and the other great sights; for, with all the frailty of our poor natures, there we were, as hot after the vanities and pleasures of this world as if we had never done a "novena" nor a penance in our lives!

When I went to my room, Mary Anne and I had a long conversation about the stranger, whom she was fully persuaded was a connexion of Lord G.'s, and had shown us this attention solely on his account. "I can perceive," said she, "from his haughty manner, that he doesn't like to acknowledge the relationship, nor be in any way bound by the tie of an obligation. His pride is the only sentiment he can never subdue! A bad 'look out' for *me*, perhaps, Mamma," said she, laughing; "but we'll see hereafter." And with this she wished me good night.

The next morning our troubles began, and early too, for Father James, not making any allowance for the different life one must lead in a great city from what one follows in a little out-of-the-way place amidst mountains, expected me to go up to a Chapel two miles away and hear Matins, and be down at mid-day Mass in the Town, and then had a whole afternoon's work at the Convent arranged for us, and was met by Lord George and James with a decided, and, indeed, almost rude opposition. The discussion lasted till late in the morning, and might, perhaps, have gone on further, when K. I., who was reading his *Galignani*, screamed out, "By the great O'Shea!"—a favourite exclamation of his—"here's a bit of news. Listen to this, Gentles, all of you: 'By the demise of Sir Walter Prichard Penrhyn, of—I must give up the Castle—the ancient title and large estates of the family descend to a sister's son, Captain George Morris, who formerly served in the —th Foot, but retired from the army about a year since, to reside on the Continent. The present Baronet, who will take the name of Penrhyn, will be, by this accession of fortune, the richest landed proprietor in the Principality, and may, if he please it, exercise a very powerful interest in the political world. We are, of course, ignorant of his future intentions, but we share in the generally expressed wish of all classes here, that the ancient seat of his ancestors may not be left unoccupied, or only tenanted by those engaged in exhibiting to strangers its varied treasures in art, and its unrivalled curiosities in antiquarian lore.—*Welch Herald.*' There's the explanation of the civility we met with last night; that clears up the whole mystery, but, at the same time, leaves another riddle unsolved. Why didn't he speak to us on the stairs? Could it be that he did not recognise us?"

Oh, Molly! I nearly fainted while he was speaking. I was afraid

of my life he'd look at me, and see by my changed colour what was agitating me; for only think of what it was I had done—just gone and refused fifteen thousand a year, and for the least marriageable of the two girls, since, I needn't say, that for one man that fancies Cary, there's forty admires Mary Anne—and a Baronetcy! She'd have been my Lady, just as much as any in the Peerage. I believe in my heart I couldn't have kept the confession in, if it hadn't been that Mary Anne took my arm and led me away. Father G. followed us out of the room, and began: "Isn't it a real blessing from the Virgin on ye," said he, "that you rejected that Heretic before temptation assailed ye?" But I stopped him, Molly; and at once, too! I told him it was all his own stupid bigotry got us into the scrape. "What has religion to do with it?" said I. "Can't a Heretic spend fifteen thousand a year; and sure if his wife can't live with him, can't she claim Any-money, as they call it?"

"I hope and trust," said he, that your backsliding won't bring a judgment on ye."

And so I turned away from him, Molly, for you may remark that there's nothing as narrow-minded as a Priest when he talks of worldly matters.

Though we had enough on our minds the whole day about getting places for the Tournament, the thought of Morris never left my head; and I knew, besides, that I'd never have another day's peace with K. I. as long as I lived, if he came to find out that I refused him. I thought of twenty ways to repair the breach: that I'd write to him, or make Mary Anne write—or get James to call and see him. Then it occurred to me, if we should make out that Cary was dying for love of him, and it was to save our child that we condescended to change our mind. Mary Anne, however, overruled me in everything, saying: "Rely upon it, Mamma, we'll have him yet. If he was a very young man there would be no chance for us, but he is five or six-and-thirty, and he'll not change, now! For a few months or so, he'll try to bully himself into the notion of forgetting her, but you'll see he'll come round at last; and if he should not, then it will be quite time enough to see whether we ought to pique his jealousy or awaken his compassion."

She said much more in the same strain, and brought me round completely to her own views. "Above all," said she, "don't let Father James influence you; for though it's all right and proper to consult him about the next world, he knows no more than a child about the affairs of this one." So we agreed, Molly, that we'd just wait and see, of course keeping K. I. blind all the time to what we were doing.

The Games and the Circus, and all the wonderful sights that we were to behold, drove everything else out of my head, for every moment Lord George was rushing in with some new piece of intelligence about some astonishing Giant, or some beautiful creature, so that we hadn't a moment to think of anything.

It was the hardest thing in life to get places at all. The Pit was taken up with Dukes, and Counts, and Barons, and the Boxes rose to twenty-five Napoleons apiece, and even at that price it was a favour to get one! Early and late Lord George was at work about it, calling on Ministers, writing notes, and paying visits, till you'd think it was life and death were involved in our success.

You have no notion, Molly, how different these matters are abroad and with us. At home, we go to a Play or a Circus just to be amused for the time, and we never think more of the creatures we see there than if they weren't of our species; but, abroad, it's exactly the reverse. Nothing else is talked of, or thought of, but how much the Tenor is to have for six nights. "Is Carlotta singing well? Is Nina fatter? How is Francesca dancing? Does she do the little step like a goat, this season? or has she forgotten her rainbow spring?" Now, Lord George and James gave us no peace about all these people till we knew every bit of the private history of them, from the Man that carried a Bull on his back, to the small Child with Wings, that was tossed about for a Shuttlecock by its Father and Uncle. Then there was a certain Sofia Bettrame, that everybody was wild about; the Telegraph at one time saying she was at Lyons, then she was at Vichy, then at Mont Cenis;—now she was sick, now she was supping with the Princes Odelzeffska—and, in fact, what between the people that were in *love* with *her*, and a number of others to whom she was *in debt*, it was quite impossible to hear of anything else but "La Sofia," "La Bettrame," from morning till night. It's long before an honest woman, Molly, would engross so much of public notice; and so I couldn't forbear remarking to K. I.

Nobody cared to ask where the Crown Prince of Russia was going to put up, or where the Archduchess of Austria was staying, but all were eager to learn if the Croce di Matta, or the Leone D'Oro, or the Cour de Naples were to lodge the peerless Sofia. The man that saw her horses arrive was the fashion for two entire days, and an old Gentleman, who had talked with her Courier, got three dinner invitations on the strength of it. What discussions there were whether she was to receive a hundred thousand francs, or as many crowns; and then whether for one or for two nights. Then there were wagers about her age, her height, the colour of her eyes, and the height of her instep,

till I own to you, Molly, it was downright offensive to the Mother of a Family to listen to what went on about her; James being just as bad as the rest.

At last, my dear, comes the news that Sofia has taken a sulk and won't appear. The Grand Duchess of somewhere did something, or didn't do it—I forget which—that was or was not “due to her.” I wish you saw the consternation of the town at the tidings. If it was the Plague was announced, the state of distraction would have been less.

You wouldn't believe me if I told you how they took it to heart. Old Generals with white moustaches—fat, elderly Gentlemen in counting-houses—grave Shopkeepers—and grim-looking Clerks in the Excise, went about as if they had lost their father, and fallen suddenly into diminished circumstances. They shook hands, when they met, with a deep sigh, and parted with a groan, as if the occasion was too much for their feelings.

At this moment, therefore, after all the trouble and expense, nobody knows if there will be any Tournament at all. Some say it is the Government has found out that the whole thing was a conspiracy for a rising; and there are fifty rumours afloat about Mazzini himself being one of the company, in the disguise of a Juggler. But what may be the real truth, it is impossible to say. At all events, I'll not despatch this till I can give you the latest tidings.

Tuesday Evening.

The Telegraph has just brought word that SHE *will* come. James is gone down to the office to get a copy of the despatch.

James is come back to say that she is at Novi. If she arrive here to-night, there will be an illumination of the town! Is not this too bad, Molly? Doesn't your blood run cold at the thought of it all?

They're shouting like mad under my window now, and Lord George thinks she must be come already. James has come in with his hat in tatters, and his coat in rags. The excitement is dreadful. The people suspect that the Government are betraying them to Russia, and are going to destroy a Palace that belongs to a Tallow Merchant.

All is right, Molly. She is come! and they are serenading her now under the windows of the “Croce di Matta!”

Wednesday Night.

If my trembling hand can subscribe legibly a few lines, it is perhaps the last you will ever receive from your attached Jemima. I was never intended to go through such trials as these; and they're

now rending a heart that was only made for tenderness and affection.

We were there, Molly! After such a scene of crushing and squeezing as never was equalled, we got inside the Circus, and with the loss of my new turban and one of my "plats," we reached our Box, within two of the stage, and nearly opposite the King. For an hour or so, it was only fainting was going on all around us, with the heat and the violent struggle to get in. Nobody minded the stage at all, where they were doing the same kind of things we used to see long ago. Ten men in pinkish buff, vaulting over an old white horse, and the Clown tumbling over the last of them, with a screech!—the little Infant of three years, with a strap round its waist, standing and tottering on the horse's back—the Man with the Brass Balls and the Basin, and the other one that stood on the Bottles—all passed off tiresome enough, till a grand flourish of trumpets announced Signor Annibale, the great Modern Hercules. In he rode, Molly, full gallop, all dressed in a light, flesh-coloured web, and looking so like naked that I screeched out when I saw him. His hair was divided on his forehead, and cut short all round the head; and, indeed, I must confess he was a fine-looking man. After a turn or two, brandishing a big club, he galloped in again, but quickly re-appeared with a woman lying over one of his arms, and her hair streaming down half-way to the ground. This was Sofia; and you may guess the enthusiasm of the audience at her coming! There she lay, like in a trance, as he dashed along at full speed, the very tip of one foot only touching the saddle, and her other leg dangling down like dead. It was shocking to hear the way they talked of her symmetry and her shape—not but they saw enough to judge of it, Molly!—till at last the Giant stopped to breathe a little just under our box. K. I. and the young men of course leaned over to have a good look at her with their glasses, when suddenly James screamed: "By the——" I won't say what—"it is herself!" Mary Anne and I both rose together. The sight left my eyes, Molly, for she looked up at me, and who was it—but the Countess that James was going to marry! There she was, lying languidly on the Giant, smiling up at us as cool as may be. I gave a screech, Molly, that made the house ring, and went off in Mary Anne's arms.

If this isn't disgrace enough to bring me to the grave, Nature must have given stronger feelings than she knows to your ever afflicted and heart-broken

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER LXV.

MISS CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

Sestri, Gulf of Genoa.

MY DEAR MISS COX,

I HAD long looked forward to our visit to Genoa in order to write to you. I had fancied a thousand things of the "Superb City" which would have been matters of interest, and hoped that many others might have presented themselves to actual observation. But with that same fatality by which the future for ever evades us, we have come and gone again, and really seen nothing.

Instead of a week or fortnight passed in loitering about these mysterious, narrow streets, each one of which is a picture, poking into crypts, and groping along the aisles of those dim churches, and then issuing forth into the blaze of sunshine to see the blue sea heaving in mighty masses on the rocky shore, we came here to see some vulgar spectacle of a Circus or a Tournament. By ill-luck, too, even this pleasure has proved abortive; a very mortifying, I might say, humiliating discovery awaited us, and we have, for shame sake, taken our refuge in flight from one of the most interesting cities in the whole Peninsula.

I am ashamed to confess to you how ill I have borne the disappointment. The passing glimpses I caught here and there of steep old alleys, barely wide enough for three to go abreast—the little squares, containing some quaint monument or some fantastic fountain—the massive iron gateways, showing through the bars the groves of orange-trees within—the wide portals, opening on great stairs of snow-white marble—all set me a dreaming of that Proud Genoa, with its merchant Princes, who combined all the haughty characteristics of a feudal state with the dashing spirit of a life of enterprise.

The population, too, seemed as varied in type as the buildings around them. The bronzed, deep-browed Ligurian—the "Faquino"—by right of birth, stood side by side with the scarcely less athletic Dalmatian. The Arab, from Tifis, the Suliote, the Armenian, the dull-eyed Moslem, and the treacherous-looking Moor, were all grouped about the Mole, with a host of those less picturesque figures that represent Northern Europe. There, was heard every language and every dialect. There, too, seem the lineaments of every nation, and

the traits of every passion that distinguish a people. Just as on the deep blue water that broke beside them were ships of every build, from the proud three-decker to the swift "Latine," and from the tall, taper spars of the graceful Clipper, to the heavily-rounded, low-masted Galliot of the Netherlands.

I own to you, that however the actual life of commerce may include commonplace events, and commonplace people, there is something about the sea and those that live on the great waters, that always has struck me as eminently poetical.

The scene—the adventurous existence—the strange far-away lands they have visited—the Spice Islands of the South—the cold shores of the Arctic Seas—the wondrous people with whom they have mingled—the dangers they have confronted—all invest the sailor with a deep interest to me, and I regard him ever as one who has himself been an actor in the great drama, of which I have only read the outline.

I was, indeed, very sorry to leave Genoa, and to leave it, too, unseen. An event, however, too painful to allude to, compelled us to start at once; and we came on here to the little village from whence I write. A lovely spot it is—sheltered from the open sea by a tall promontory, wooded with waving pines, whose feathery foliage is reflected in the calm sea beneath. A gentle curve of the strand leads to Chiavari, another town about six miles off, and behind us, landward, rise the great Apennines, several thousand feet in height—grand, barren, volcanic-looking masses of wildest outline, and tinted with the colours of every mineral ore. On the very highest pinnacles of these are villages perched, and the tall tower of a church is seen to rise against the blue sky, at an elevation, one would fancy, untrodden by man.

There is a beautiful distinctness in Italian landscape—every detail is "picked out" sharply. The outline of every rock and cliff, of every tree, of every shrub, is clean, and well defined. Light and shadow fall boldly, and even abruptly on the eye; but, shall I own it? I long for the mysterious distances, the cloud-shadows, the vague atmospheric tints of our Northern lands. I want those passing effects that seem to give a vitality to the picture, and make up something like a story of the scene. It is in these the mind revels, as in a dream-land of its own. It is from these we conjure up so many mingled thoughts of the past, the present, and the coming time—investing the real with the imaginary, and blending the ideal with the actual world.

How naturally do all these thoughts lead us to that of Home! Happily for us, there is that in the religion of our hearts towards home that takes no account of the greater beauty of other lands. The

loyalty we owe our own hearth defies seduction. Admire, glory in how you will the grandest scene the sun ever set upon, there is still a holy spot in your heart of hearts for some little humble locality—a lonely glen—a Highland tarn—a rocky path beside some winding river, rich in its childish memories, redolent of the bright hours of sunny infancy—and this you would not give for the most gorgeous landscapes that ever basked beneath Italian sky.

Do not fancy that I repine at being here, because I turn with fond affection to the scene of my earliest days. I delight in Italy, I glory in its splendour of sky, and land, and water. I never weary of its beauteous vegetation, and my ear drinks in with equal pleasure the soft accents of its language, but I always feel that these things are to be treasured for memory to be enjoyed hereafter, just as the Emigrant labours for the gold he is to spend in his own country. In this wise, it may be, when wandering along some mountain “boreen” at home, sauntering of a summer’s eve through some waving meadow, that Italy in all its brightness will rise before me, and I will exult in my heart to have seen the towers of the Eternal City, and watched the waves that sleep in “still Sorento.”

We leave this to-morrow for Spezia, there, to pass a few days; our object being to loiter slowly along till Papa can finally decide whether to go back or forward—for so is it, my dearest friend—all our long-planned tour and its pleasures have resolved themselves into a hundred complications of finance and fashionable acquaintances.

One might have supposed, from our failures in these attempts, that we should have learned at least our own unfitness for success. The very mortifications we have suffered might have taught us that all the enjoyment we could ever hope to reap, could not repay the price of a single defeat. Yet here we are, just as eager, just as short-sighted, just as infatuated as ever, after a world that will have “none of us,” and steadily bent on storming a position in society that, if won to-morrow, we could not retain.

I suppose that our reverses in this wise must have attained some notoriety, and I am even prepared to hear that the Dodd family have made themselves unhappily conspicuous by their unfortunate attempt at greatness; but I own, dearest friend, that I am not able to contemplate with the same philosophical submission the loss of good men’s esteem and respect, to which these failures must expose us; an instance of which, I tremble to think, has already occurred to us.

You have often heard me speak of Mrs. Morris, and of the kindness with which she treated me during a visit at her house. She was, at that time, in what many would have called very narrow circum-

stances, but which, by consummate care and good management, sufficed to maintain a condition in every way suitable to a gentlewoman. She has since—or rather her son has—succeeded to a very large fortune and a title. They were at Genoa when we arrived there—at the same hotel—and yet never either called on or noticed us! It is perfectly needless for me to say that I know, and know thoroughly, that no change in *their* position could have produced any alteration in their manner towards us. If ever there were people totally removed from such vulgarity—utterly incapable of even conceiving it—it is the Morrises. They were proud in their humble fortune—that is, they possessed a dignified self-esteem, that would have rejected the patronage of wealthy pretension, but willingly accepted the friendship of very lowly worth; and I can well believe that prosperity will only serve to widen the sphere of their sympathies, and make them as generous in action as they were once so in thought. That their behaviour to *us* depends on anything in themselves, I therefore completely reject—this I know and feel to be an impossibility. What a sad alternative is then left me, when I own that they have more than sufficient cause to shun our acquaintance and avoid our intimacy!

The loss of such a friend as Captain Morris might have been to James, is almost irreparable; and from the interest he once took in him, it is clear he felt well disposed for such a part; and I am thoroughly convinced that even Papa himself, with all his anti-English prejudices, has only to come into close contact with the really noble traits of the English character, to acknowledge their excellence and their worth. I am very far from undervaluing the great charm of manner which comes under the category of what is called “aimable.” I recognise all its fascination, and I even own to an exaggerated enjoyment of its display—but, shall I confess, that I believe that it is this very habit of simulation that detracts from the truthful character of a people; and that English bluntness is—so to say—the complement of English honesty. That they push the characteristic too far, and that they frequently throw a chill over social intercourse, which, under more genial influences, had been everything that was agreeable, I am free to admit; but, with all these deficiencies, the national character is incomparably above that of any other country I have any knowledge of. It will be scarcely complimentary if I add after all this, that we Irish are certainly more popular abroad than our Saxon relatives. We are more compliant with foreign usages; less rigid in maintaining our own habits; more conciliating in a thousand ways; and both our

tongues and our temperaments more easily catch a new language and a new tone of society.

Is it not fortunate for you that I am interrupted in these gossipings by the order to march. Mary Anne has come to tell me that we are to start in half an hour; and so, adieu till we meet at Spezia.

Spezia, Croce di Malta.

The little sketch that I send with this, will give you some very faint notion of this beautiful Gulf, with which I have as yet seen nothing to compare. This is indeed Italy. Sea—sky—foliage—balmy air—the soft influences of an atmosphere perfumed with a thousand odours—all breathe of the glorious land.

The Garden—a little promenade for the townspeople, that stretches along the beach, is one blaze of deep crimson flowers—the blossom of the San Guiseppe—I know not the botanical name. The blue sea—and such a blue!—mirrors every cliff, and crag, and castellated height with the most minute distinctness. Tall, latine-sailed boats, glide swiftly to and fro; and lazy oxen of gigantic size drag rustling waggons of loaded vines along, the ruddy juice staining the rich earth as they pass.

Como was beautiful; but there was—so to say—a kind of trim coquetry in its beauty that did not please me. The villas—the gardens—the terraced walks—the pillared temples—seemed all the creations of a landscape-gardening spirit that eagerly profited by every accidental advantage of ground, and every casual excellence of situation. Now, here, there is none of this. All that man has done here, had been even better left undone. It is in the jutting promontories of rock-crowned olives—the land-locked, silent bays, darkened by woody shores—the wild, profuse vegetation, where the myrtle, the cactus, and the arbutus, blend with the vine, the orange, and the fig—the sea itself, heaving as if oppressed with perfumed languor; and the tall Apennines, snow-capt, in the distance, but whiter still in the cliffs of pure Carara marble. It is in these that Spezia maintains its glorious superiority, and in these it is indeed unequalled.

It will sound, doubtless, like a very ungenerous speech, when I say that I rejoice that this spot is so little visited—so little frequented by those hordes of stray and straggling English who lounge about the Continent. I do not say this in any invidious spirit, but simply in the pleasure that I feel in the quiet and seclusion of a place which, should it become by any fatality “the fashion,” will inevitably dege-

nerate by all the vulgarities of the change. At present the Riviera—as the coast-line from Genoa to Pisa is called—is little travelled. The steamers passing to Leghorn by the cord of the arch, take away nearly all the tourists, so that Spezia, even as a bathing-place, is little resorted to by strangers. There are none, not one, of the ordinary signs of the watering-place about it. Neither donkeys to hire, nor subscription concerts; not a pony phaeton, a pianist, nor any species of human phenomenon to torment you; and the music of the Town band is, I rejoice to say, so execrably bad, that even a crowd of twenty cannot be mustered for an audience.

Spezia is, therefore, *au naturel*—and long may it be so. Distant be the day when frescoed buildings shall rise around, to seduce from its tranquil scenery the peaceful lover of nature, and make of him the hot-cheeked gambler or the broken debauchée. I sincerely, hopefully trust this is not to be, at least in our time.

We made an excursion this morning by boat to Lerici, to see poor Shelley's house, the same that Byron lived in when here. It stands in the bight of a little bay of its own, and close to the sea; so close indeed, that the waves were plashing and frothing beneath the arched colonnade on which it is built. It is now in an almost ruinous condition, and the damp-discoloured walls and crumbling plaster bespeak neglect and decay.

The view from the terrace is glorious; the Gulf in its entire extent is before you, and the Island of Palmaria stands out boldly, with the tall headlands of Porto Venere, forming the breakwater against the sea. It was here Shelley loved to sit; here, of a summer's night he often sat till morning, watching the tracts of hill and mountain wax fainter and fainter, till they grew into brightness again with coming day; and it was not far from this, on the low beach of Via Reggio, that he was lost! The old fisherman who showed us the house, had known him well, and spoke of his habits as one might have described those of some wayward child. The large and lustrous eyes, the long waving hair, the uncertain step, the look half-timid, half-daring, had made an impression so strong, that even after long years he could recal and tell of them.

It came on to blow a "Levanter" as we returned, and the sea got up with a rapidity almost miraculous. From a state of calm and tranquil repose, it suddenly became storm-lashed and tempestuous; nor was it without difficulty we accomplished a landing at Spezia. To-morrow we are to visit Porto Venere—the scene which it is supposed suggested to Virgil his description of the Cave in which Æneas meets with Dido—and the following day we go to Carara, to see the

marble quarries and the Artists' studios. In fact, we are "hand-booking" this part of our tour in the most orthodox fashion; and from the tame, half-effaced impressions objects suggest, of which you come primed with previous description, I can almost fancy that reading "John Murray" at your fireside at home, might compensate for the fatigue and cost of a journey. It would be worse than ungrateful to deny the aid one derives from Guide-books; but there is unquestionably this disadvantage in them, that they limit your faculty of admiration or disapproval. They set down rules for your liking and disliking, and far from contributing to form and educate your taste, they cramp its development by substituting criticism for instinct.

As I hope to write to you again from Florence, I'll not prolong this too tiresome epistle, but with my most affectionate greetings to all my old schoolfellows, ask my dear Miss Cox to believe me her ever attached and devoted

CAROLINE DODD.

The Morrises arrived here last night and went on this morning, without any notice of us. They must have seen our names in the Book when writing their own. Is not this more than strange? Mamma and Mary Anne seemed provoked when I spoke of it, so that I have not again alluded to the subject. I wish from my heart I could ask how *you* interpret their coldness.

LETTER LXVI.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Lucca. Pagnini's Hotel.

DEAREST KITTY,

THIS must be the very shortest of Letters, for we are on the wing, and shall be for some days to come. Very few words, however, will suffice to tell you that we have at length persuaded Papa to come on to Florence—for the winter of course. Rome will follow—then Naples—e poi?—who knows! I think he must have received some very agreeable tidings from your Uncle Purcell, for he has been in better spirits than I have seen him latterly, and shows something like a return to his old vein of pleasantry. Not but I must own, that it is what the French would call, very often, a *mauvaise plaisanterie* in its

exercise, his great amusement being to decry and disparage the people of the Continent. He seems quite to forget that in every country the traveller is, and must be, a mark for knavery and cheating. His newness to the land, his ignorance, in almost all cases, of the language, his occasional mistakes, all point him out as a proper subject for imposition; and if the English come to compare notes with any Continental country, I'm not so sure we should have much to plume ourselves upon, as regards our treatment of strangers.

For our social misadventures abroad, it must be confessed that we are mainly most to blame ourselves. All the counterfeits of rank, station, and position, are so much better done by foreigners than by our people, that we naturally are more easily imposed on. Now in England, for instance, it would be easier to be a Duchess than to imitate one successfully. All the attributes that go to make up such a station abroad, might be assumed by any adventurer of little means and less capacity. We forget—or, more properly speaking—we do not know this, when we come first on the Continent; hence the mistakes we fall into, and the disasters that assail us.

It would be very disagreeable for me to explain at length how what I mentioned to you about James's marriage has come to an untimely conclusion. Enough when I say that the Lady was not, in any respect, what she had represented herself, and my dear Brother may be said to have had a most fortunate escape. Of course the poor fellow has suffered considerably from the disappointment, nor are his better feelings alleviated by the—I will say—very indelicate raillery Papa is pleased to indulge in on the subject. It is, however, a theme I do not care to linger on, and I only thus passively allude to it that it may be buried in oblivion between us.

We came along here from Genoa by the seaboard, a very beautiful and picturesque road, traversing a wild range of the Apennines, and almost always within view of the blue Mediterranean. At Spezia we loitered for a day or two, to bathe, and, I must say, nothing can be more innocently primitive than the practice as followed there.

Ladies and gentlemen—men and women, if you like it better—all meet in the water as they do on land, or rather not as they do on land, but in a very first-parentage state of no-dressedness. There, they splash, swim, dive, and converse—float, flirt, talk gossip, and laugh with a most laudable forgetfulness of externals. Introductions and presentations go forward as they would in society, and a Gentleman asks you to duck instead of to dance with him. It would be affectation in me were I not to say that I thought all this very shocking at first, and that I really could scarcely bring myself to adopt it; but

Lord George, who really swims to perfection, laughed me out of some, and reasoned me out of others of my prejudices, and I will own, dearest Kitty, his arguments were unanswerable.

“Were you not very much ashamed,” said he, “the first time you saw a Ballet, or ‘Poses Plastiques,’—did not the whole strike you as exceedingly indelicate?—and now, would not that very same sense of shame occur to you as real indelicacy, since in these exhibitions it is Art alone you admire—Art in its graceful development? The ‘Ballarina’ is not a woman, she is an ideal—she is a Hebe—a Psyche—an Ariadne, or an Aphrodite. Symmetry, grace, beauty of outline—these are the charms that fascinate you. Can you not, therefore, extend this spirit to the sea, and, instead of the Marquis of This and the Countess of That, only behold Tritons and Sea nymphs disporting in the flood?”

I saw at once the force of this reasoning, Kitty, and perceived that to take any lower view of the subject would be really a gross indelicacy. I tried to make Cary agree with me, but utterly in vain,—she is so devoid of imagination! There is, too, an utter want of refinement in her mind positively hopeless. She even confessed to me that Lord George, without his clothes, still seemed Lord George to her, and that no effort she could make was able to persuade her that the old Danish Minister, in the black leather skull-cap, had any resemblance to a river god. Mamma behaved much better;—seeing that the custom was one followed by all the “best people,” she adopted it at once, and though she would scream out whenever a Gentleman came to talk to her, I’m sure, with a few weeks’ practice, she’d have perfectly reconciled herself to “etiquette in the water.” Should you, with your very Irish notions, raise hands and eyes at all this, and mutter, “How very dreadful—how shocking!” and so on, I have only to remind you of what the Princess Pauline said to an English Lady, who expressed her prudish horrors at the Princess having “sat for Canova in wet drapery:”—“Oh, it was not so disagreeable as you think; there was always a fire in the room.” Now, Kitty, I make the same reply to your shocked scruples, by saying the sea was deliciously warm. Bathing is here indeed a glorious luxury. There is no shivering or shuddering, no lips chattering, blue-nosed, goose-skinned misery, like the home process! It is not a rush in, in desperation, a duck in agony, and a dressing in ague, but a delicious lounge, associated with all the enjoyments of scenery and society. The temperature of the sea is just sufficiently below that of the air to invigorate without chilling, like the tone of a company that stimulates without exhausting you. It is, besides, indescribably pleasant

to meet with a pastime so suggestive of new themes of talk. Instead of the tiresome and trite topics of Ballet and Balls, and Dress and Diamonds, your conversation smacks of salt water, and every allusion "hath suffered a sea change." Instead of a compliment to your Dancing, the flattery is now on your Diving; and he who once offered his arm to conduct you to the "buffet," now proposes his company to swim out to a Life-buoy!

And now let me get back to land once more, and you will begin to fancy that your correspondent is Undine herself in disguise. I was very sorry to leave Spezia, since I was just becoming an excellent swimmer. Indeed, the surgeon of an American frigate assured me that he thought "I had been raised in the Sandwich Islands"—a compliment which, of course, I felt bound to accept in the sense that most flattered me.

We passed through Carara, stopping only to visit one or two of the studios. They had not much to interest us, the Artists being for the most part copyists, and their works usually busts; busts being now the same passion with our travelling countrymen as once were oil portraits. The consequence is, that every Sculptor's shelves are loaded with thin-lipped, grim-visaged English women, and triple-chinned, apoplectic-looking Aldermen, that contrast very unfavourably with the clean-cut brows and sharply-chiselled features of classic antiquity. The English are an eminently good-looking race of people, seen in their proper costume of broad-cloth and velvet. They are manly and womanly. The native characteristics of boldness, decision, and high-hearted honesty are conspicuous in all their traits; nor is there any deficiency in the qualities of tenderness and gentleness. But with all this, when they take off their neckcloths, they make but very indifferent Romans; and he who looked a Gentleman in his Shirt-collar, becomes, what James would call, "an arrant Snob" when seen in a Toga. And yet they *will* do it! They have a notion that the Anglo-Saxon can do anything—and so he can, perhaps—the difference being whether he can *look* the character he knows so well how to *act*.

We left Carara by a little mountain path to visit the Bagni di Lucca, a summer place, which once, in its days of Rouge-et-Noir celebrity, was greatly resorted to. The Principality of Lucca possessed at that period, too, its own reigning Duke, and had not been annexed to Tuscany. Like all these small states, without trade or commerce, its resources were mainly derived from the Court; and, consequently, the withdrawal of the Sovereign was the death-blow to all prosperity. It would be quite beyond me to speculate on the real advantages or

disadvantages resulting from this practice of absorption, but pronouncing merely from externals, I should say that the small states are great sufferers. Nothing can be sadder than the aspect of this little capital. Ruined palaces, grass-grown streets, tenantless houses, and half-empty shops are seen everywhere. Poverty—I might call it misery—on every hand. The various arts and trades cultivated had been those required by, even called into existence by, the wants of a Court. All the usages of the place had been made to conform to its courtly life and existence, and now this was gone, and all the “occupation” with it! You are not, perhaps, aware that this same territory of Lucca supplies nearly all of that tribe of image and organ-men, so well known, not alone through Europe, but over the vast continent of America. They are skilful modellers naturally, and work really beautiful things in “terra cotta.” They are a hardy mountain race, and, like all “Montagnards,” have an equal love for enterprise and an attachment to home. Thus they traverse every land and sea—they labour for years long in far-away climes—they endure hardships and privations of every kind—supported by the one thought of the day when they can return home again; and when in some high-perched mountain village—some “Granuolo,” or “Bennabbia”—they can rest from wandering, and seated amidst their kith and kind, tell of the wondrous things they have seen in their journeyings. It is not uncommon here, in spots the very wildest and least visited, to find a volume in English or French on the shelf of some humble cottage: now, it is perhaps a print, or an engraving of some English landscape—a spot, doubtless, endeared by some especial recollection—and not unfrequently a bird from Mexico—a bright-winged parrot from the Brazils—shows where the wanderer’s footsteps have borne him, and shows, too, how even there the thoughts of home had followed.

Judged by our own experiences, these people are but scantily welcomed amongst us. They are constantly associated in our minds with intolerable hurdy-gurdies and execrable barrel-organs. They are the nightmare of invalids, and the terror of all studious heads, and yet the wealth, with which they return, shows that their gifts are both acknowledged and rewarded. It must be that to many the organ-man is a pleasant visitor, and the image-hawker a vendor of “high art.” I have seen a great many of them since we came here, and in their homes, too, for Mamma has taken up the notion that these excellent people are all living in a state of spiritual darkness and destitution, and to enlighten them has been disseminating her precious little volume on the Miracles of Mount Orsaro. It is plain to me

that all this zeal of a woman of a foreign nation, seems to them a far more miraculous manifestation than anything in her little book, and they stare and wonder at her in a way that plainly shows a compassionate distrust of her sanity.

It is right I should say that Lord George thinks all these people knaves and vagabonds; and James says they are a set of Smugglers, and live by contraband. Whatever be the true side of the picture, I must now leave to your own acuteness, or rather to your prejudices, which, for all present purposes, are quite good enough judges to decide.

Papa likes this place so much, that he actually proposed passing the winter here, for "cheapness;" a very horrid thought, but which, fortunately, Lord George averted by a private hint to the Landlord of the Inn, saying that Papa was rolling in wealth, but an awful miser; so that when the Bill made its appearance, with everything charged double, Papa's indignation turned to a perfect hatred of the Town and all in it; the consequence is, that we are to-morrow to leave for Florence, which, if but one-half of what Lord George says be true, must be a real earthly Paradise. Not that I can possibly doubt him, for he has lived there two, or, I believe, three winters—knows everybody and everything. How I long to see the Cascini, the Court Balls, the Private Theatricals at Prince Polywowsky's, the Pic-Nics at Fiezole, and those dear receptions at Madame Della Montanare's, where, as Lord G. says, every one goes, and "there's no absurd cant heard about character."

Indeed, to judge from Lord G.'s account, Florence—to use his own words—is "the most advanced city in Europe;" that is to say, the Florentines take a higher and more ample view of social philosophy than any other people. The erring individual in our country is always treated like the wounded crow—the whole rookery is down on him at once. Not so here; he—or *she*, to speak more properly—is tenderly treated and compassionated; all the little blandishments of society showered on her. She is made to feel that the world is really not that ill-natured thing sour moralists would describe it; and even if she feel indisposed to return to safer paths, the perilous ones are made as pleasant for her as it is possible. These are nearly his own words, dearest, and are they not beautiful? so teeming with delicacy and true charity. And oh! Kitty, I must say these are habits we do not practise at home in our own country. But of this more hereafter; for the present, I can think of nothing but the society of this delightful City, and am trying to learn off by heart the names of all the charming houses in which he is to introduce us. He has written, besides, to various friends in England for letters for us,

so that we shall be unquestionably better off here—socially speaking—than in any other City of the Continent.

We leave this after breakfast to-morrow; and before the end of the week it is likely you may hear from me again, for I am longing to give you my first impressions of Firenze la Bella; till when, I am, as ever, your dearly attached

MARY ANNE DODD.

P.S.—Great good fortune, Kitty—we shall arrive in time for the races. Lord G. has got a note from Prince Pincecotti, asking him to ride his horse “Bruise-drog”—which it seems is the Italian for “Bull-dog”—and he consents. He is to wear my colours too, dearest—green and white—and I have promised to make him a present of his jacket. How handsome he *will* look in jockey dress! James is in distraction at being too heavy for even a hurdle race; but as he is six feet one, and stout in proportion, it is out of the question. Lord G. insists upon it that Cary and I must go on horseback. Mamma agrees with him, and Papa as stoutly resists. It is in vain we tell him that all depends on the way we open the campaign here, and that the present opportunity is a piece of rare good fortune; he is in one of his obstinate moods, and mutters something about “Beggars on horseback,” and the place they “ride to.”

I open my letter to say—carried triumphantly, dearest—we *are* to ride.

LETTER LXVII.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Hotel d'Italie, Florence, Wednesday.

MY DEAR BOB,

HERE we are going it, and in about the very “fastest” place I ever set foot in. In any other city, society seems to reserve itself for evening and lamplight; but here, Bob, you make “running from the start,” and keep up the pace till you come in. In the morning there’s the Club, with plenty of Whist; all the gossip of the town—and such gossip, too—the real article, by Jove!—no shadowy inuendos—no vague and half-mystified hints of a flaw here or a crack there; but home blows, my boy—with a smashed character, or a ruined reputation, at every stroke. This is, however, only a breathing canter, for what awaits you at the Cascini—a sort of “promenade,” where all the people meet in their carriages, and exchange confidences in scandal, and invitations to tea—the Cascini

being to the Club what the Ballet is to the Opera. After this, you have barely time to dress for dinner ; which, over, the Opera begins. There you pay visits from box to box—learn all that is going on for the evening—hear where the prettiest women are going, and where the smartest play will be found. Midnight arrives, and then—but not before—the real life of Florence begins. The dear Contessa, that never showed by daylight, at last appears in her salon ; the charming Marchesa, whose very head-dress is a study from Titian, and whose dark-fringed eyes you think you recognise from the picture in “the Pitti,” at length sails in, to receive the humble homage of—what, think you ? a score of devoted worshippers !—a band of chivalrous adorers !—nothing of the kind, Bob : a dozen or so of young fellows, in all manner of costumes, and all shapes of beards and moustaches ; all smoking cigars or cigarettes, talking, singing, laughing, thumping the piano, shouting choruses, playing tricks with cards—all manner of tomfoolery, in fact ; with a dash of enthusiasm in the nonsense, that carries you along in spite of yourself. The conversation—if one can dare to call it such—is a wild chaos of turf-talk, politics, scandal, literature, buffoonery, and the Ballet. There is abundance of wit—plenty of real smartness on every side. The fellows who have just described the cut of a tucker, can tell you accurately the contents of a treaty ; and they who did not seem to have a thought above the depth of a flounce or the width of a sandal, are thoroughly well versed in the politics of every state of Europe. There is no touch of sarcasm in their gaiety—none of that refined, subtle ridicule, that runs through a Frenchman’s talk—these fellows are eminently good-natured : the code of morals is not severe, and hence the secret of the merciful judgments you hear pronounced on every one.

As to breeding, we English should certainly say there was an excess of familiarity. Everybody puts his arm on your shoulder, pats you on the back, and calls you by your Christian name. I am “Giacomo,” to a host of fellows I don’t know by name ; and “Gee-mess,” to a select few, who pride themselves on speaking English. At all events, Bob, there is no constraint—no reserve amongst them. You are at your ease at once—and good fellowship is the order of the day.

As to the women, they have a half-shy, half-confident look, that puzzles one sadly. They’ll stand a stare from you most unblushingly—they think it’s all very right and very reasonable that you should look at them as long and as fixedly as you would do at a Raffael in the Gallery ; but with all that, there is great real delicacy

of deportment, and those coram-publico preferences which are occasionally exhibited in England, and even in France, are never seen in Italian society. As to good looks, there is an abundance, but of a character which an Englishman at first will scarcely accept as beauty. They are rarely handsome by feature, but frequently beautiful by expression. There is, besides, a graceful languor, a tender Cleopatra-like voluptuousness in their air that distinguishes them from other women; and I have no doubt that any one who has lived long in Italy would pronounce French smartness and coquetry the very essence of vulgarity. They cannot dress like a Parisian, nor waltz like a Wienerin; but, to my thinking, they are far more captivating than either, and I am already in love with four, and I have just heard of a fifth, that I am sure will set me downright distracted. There's one thing I like especially in them; and I own to you, Bob, it would compensate to me for any amount of defects, which I believe do not pertain to them. It is this: they have no accomplishments—they neither murder Rossini, nor mar Salvator Rosa; they are not educated to torment society, poison social intercourse, and push politeness to its last entrenchment. You are not called on for silence while they scream, nor for praise when they paint. They do not convert a drawing-room into a Boarding-school on Examination-day, and they are satisfied to charm you by fascinations that cost you no compromise to admire.

After all, I believe we English are the only people that adopt the other plan. We take a commercial view of the matter, and having invested so much of our money in accomplishment, we like to show our friends that we have made a good speculation. For myself, I'd as soon be married to a musical snuff-box, or a daguerreotype machine, as to a "well brought up English girl," who had always the benefit of the best masters in music and drawing. The fourth-rate Artist in anything is better than the first-rate Amateur; and I'd just as soon wear home-made shoes as listen to home-made music.

I have not been presented in any of the English houses here as yet. There is some wonderful controversy going forward as to whether we are to call first, or to wait to be called on; and I begin to fear that the Carnival will open before it can be settled. The Governor, too, has got into a hot controversy with our Minister here, about our presentation at Court. It would appear that the rule is, you should have been presented at home, in order to be eligible for presentation abroad. Now, we have been at the Castle, but never at St. James's. The Minister, however, will not recognise reflected Royalty; and here we are, suffering under a real Irish

grievance O'Connell would have given his eye for. The fun of it is, that the Court—at least I hear so—is crammed with English, who never even saw a Viceroy, nor perhaps partook of the high festivities of a Lord Mayor's Ball. How they got there is not for me to inquire, but I suppose that a vow to a Chamberlain is like a Custom-house oath, and can always be reconciled to an easy conscience.

We have arrived here at an opportune moment—time to see all the notorieties of the place at the races, which began to day. So far as I can learn, the foreigners have adopted the English taste, with the true spirit of imitators: that is, they have given little attention to any improvement in the breed of cattle, but have devoted considerable energy to all the rogueries of the ring, and with such success that Newmarket and Doncaster might still learn something from the "Legs" of the Continent.

Tiverton, who is completely behind the scenes, has told me some strange stories about their doings; and, at the very moment I am writing, horses are being withdrawn, names scratched, forfeits declared, and bets pronounced "off,"—with a degree of precipitation and haste that shows how little confidence exists amongst the members of the ring. As for myself, not knowing either the course, the horses, nor the colours of the riders, I take my amusement in observing—what is really most laughable—the absurd effort made by certain small folk here to resemble the habits and ways of certain big ones in England. Now, it is a retired Coachmaker, or a pensioned-off Clerk in a Crown-office, that jogs down the course, betting-book in hand, trying to look—in the quaintness of his cob and the trim snugness of his groom—like some old County Squire of fifteen thousand a year. Now, it is some bluff, middle-aged Gent, who, with coat thrown back, and thumbs in his waistcoat, insists upon being thought Lord George Bentinck. There are Massy Stanleys, George Paynes, Lord Wiltons, and Colonel Peels by dozens; "Gentlemen Jocks," swathed in drab paletôts, to hide the brighter rays of costume beneath, gallop at full speed across the grass on ponies of most diminutive size; smartly got-up fellows stand under the Judge's box, and slang the authorities above, or stare at the Ladies in front. There are cold luncheons, sandwiches, Champagne, and soda-water; Bets, Beauties, and Bitter Beer—everything, in short, that constitute races, but Horses! The system is, that every great man gives a cup and wins it himself. The only possible interest attending such a process being whether, in some paroxysm of anger at, this, or some frump at, that, he may not withdraw his horse at the last moment;—an event on which a small knot of gen-

tlemen with dark eyes, thick lips, and aquiline noses, seem to speculate on as a race chance, and only second in point of interest to a whist party at the Casino with a couple of newly-come "Bulls." A more stupid proceeding, therefore, than these races—bating always the fun derived from watching the "snobocracy" I have mentioned—cannot be conceived. Now it was a walk over; now a "sell;" now two horses of the same owner; now one horse that was owned by three. The private history of the rogueries might possibly amuse, but all that met the public eye was of the very slowest imaginable.

I begin to think, Bob, that horse-racing is only a sport that can be maintained by a great nation abounding in wealth, and with all the appliances of state and splendour. You ought to have gorgeous equipages, magnificent horses, thousands of spectators, stands crowded to the roof by a class such as only exist in great countries. Royalty itself, in all its pomp, should be there; and all that can represent the pride and circumstance of a mighty people. To try these things on a small scale is ridiculous—just as a little navy of one sloop and a steamer! With great proportions and ample verge, the detracting elements are hidden from view. The minor rascalities do not obtrude themselves on a scene of such grandeur; and though cheating, knavery, and fraud are there, they are not foreground figures. Now, on a little "race-course," it is exactly the reverse: just as on board of a three-decker you know nothing of the rats, but in a Nile boat they are your bedfellows and your guests at dinner.

To-morrow we are to have a match with Gentlemen riders, and if anything worth recording occurs I'll keep a corner for it. Mother is in the Grand Stand with any amount of Duchesses and Marchionesses around her. The Governor is wandering about the field, peeping at the cattle, and wondering how the riders are to get round a sharp turn at the end of the course. The Girls are on horseback, with Tiverton; and, in the long intervals between the matches, I jot down these rough notes for you. The scene itself is beautiful. The field, flanked on one side by the wood of the Cascini, is open; on t'other, to the Mountains: Fiezole, from base to summit, is dotted over with villas half buried in groves of orange and olive-trees. The Val d'Arno opens on one side, and the high Mountain of Vallombrosa on the other. The gaily-dressed and bright-costumed Florentine population throng the ground itself, and over their heads are seen the glorious domes, and towers, and spires of beautiful Florence, under a broad sky of cloudless blue, and in an atmosphere of rarest purity.

Thursday.

Tiverton has won his match, and with the worst horse too. Of his competitors, one fell off; another never got up at all; a third bolted; and a fourth took so much out of his horse in a breathing canter before the race, that the animal was dead beat before he came to the start. And now, the knowing ones are going about muttering angry denunciations on the treachery of grooms and trainers, and vowing that "Gli Gentlemen riders son' grandi Bricconi."

I am glad it is over. The whole scene was one of quarrelling, row, and animosity from beginning to end. These people neither know how to win money or to lose it; and as to the English who figure on such occasions, take my word for it, Bob, the national character gains little by their alliance. It is too soon for me, perhaps, to pronounce in this fashion, but Tiverton has told me so many little private histories—revealed so much of the secret memoirs of these folk—that I believe I am speaking what subsequent experience will amply confirm. For the present, good-by, and believe me,

Ever yours,

JAMES DODD.

 LETTER LXVIII.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., GRANGE, BRUFF.

Florence, Lungo L'Arno.

MY DEAR TOM,

It is nigh a month since I wrote to you last, and if I didn't "Steal a few hours from the night, my dear," it might be longer still. The address will tell you where we are—I wish anybody or anything else would tell you how or why we came here! I intended to have gone back from Genoa, nor do I yet understand what prevented me doing so. My poor head none of the clearest—in what may be called my lucid intervals—is but a very indifferent thinking machine when harassed, worried, and tormented as I have been latterly. You have heard how James's Countess, the Cardinal's niece and the betrothed of a Neapolitan Prince, turned out to be a Circus woman, one of those bits of tawdry gold fringe and pink silk pantaloons that dance on a chalked saddle to a one shilling multitude! By good fortune she had two husbands living, or she might have married the boy. As it was, he has gone into all manner of debt on her account, and if it was not that I can defy ruin in any shape—for certain excellent

reasons you may guess at—this last exploit of his would go nigh to our utter destruction.

We hurried away out of Genoa in shame, and came on here by slow stages. The women-kind plucked up wonderfully on the way, and I believe of the whole party your humble servant alone carried abasement with him inside the gates of Florence.

My sense of sorrow and shame probably somehow blunted my faculties and dulled my reasoning powers, for I would seem to have concurred in a vast number of plans and arrangements that now, when I have come to myself, strike me with intense astonishment. For instance, we have taken a suite of rooms on the Arno, hired a cook, a carriage, and a courier; we are, I hear, also in negotiation for a box at the "Pergola," and I am credibly informed that I am myself looking out for saddle-horses for the Girls, and a "stout-made, square-jointed cob of lively action," to carry myself.

It may be all true—I have no doubt it is more philosophical, as the cant phrase is—to believe Kenny Dodd to be mistaken rather than suppose his whole family deranged, so that if I hear to-morrow or next day that I'm about to take lessons in singing, or to hire a studio as a sculptor, I'm fully determined to accept the tidings with a graceful submission. There is only one thing, Tom Purcell, that passes my belief, and that is, that there ever lived as besotted an old fool as your friend Kenny D., a man so thoroughly alive to everything that displeased him, and yet so prone to endure it; so actively bent on going a road the very opposite to the one he wanted to travel; and that entered heart and soul into the spirit of ruining himself, as if it was the very best fun imaginable.

That you can attempt to follow me through the vagaries of this strange frame of mind is more than I expect, neither do I pretend to explain it to you. There it is, however—make what you can of it, just as you would with a handful of copper money abroad, where there was no clue to the value of a single coin in the mass, but wherewith you are assured you have received your change.

With a fine lodging, smart liveries, a very good cook, and a well-supplied table, I thought it possible that though ruin would follow in about three months, yet in the interval I might probably enjoy a little ease and contentment. At all events, like the Indian, who, when he saw that he must inevitably go over the Falls, put his paddles quietly aside, and resolved to give himself no unnecessary trouble; I also determined I'd leave the boat alone, and never "fash myself for the future." Wise as this policy might seem, it has not saved me. Mrs. D. is a regular storm-bird! wherever she goes she carries her own

hurricane with her, and I verily believe she could get up a tornado under the equator!

In a little pious paroxysm that seized her in the mountains, she, at the instigation of a stupid old Lord there, must needs write a tract about certain miracles that were or were not—for I'll not answer for either—performed by a Saint that for many years back nobody had paid any attention to. This precious volume cost *her* three weeks' loss of rest, and *me* about thirty pounds sterling. It was, however, a pious work, and even as a kind of *visé* on her passport to Heaven, I suppose it would be called cheap; I assure you, Tom, I spent the cash grudgingly; that I did pay it at all I thought was about as good "a miracle" as any in the book.

Armed with this tract she tramped through the Lucchese mountains, leaving copies everywhere, and thrusting her volume into the hands of all who would have it. I'm no great admirer of this practice in any sect. The world has too many indiscreet people to make this kind of procedure an over safe one; besides, I'm not quite certain that even a faulty religion is not preferable to having none at all, and it happens not unfrequently that the convert stops half-way on his road, and leaves one faith without ever reaching the other. I'll not discuss this matter further; I have trouble enough on my hands without it!

These little tracts of Mrs. D.'s attracted the attention of the authorities. It was quite enough that they had been given away gratis, and by an Englishwoman, to stamp them as attempts to proselytise, and, although they couldn't explain how, yet they readily adopted the idea that the whole was written in a figurative style purposely to cover its real object, and so they set Lawyers and Judges to work, and what between oaths of Peasants and affirmations of Prefects, they soon made a very pretty case, and yesterday morning, just as we had finished breakfast, a sergeant of the Gendarmerie entered the room, and with a military salute asked which was La Senora Dodd? The answer being given, he proceeded to read aloud a paper that he held in his hand, the contents of which Cary translated for me in a whisper. They were, in fact, a Judge's warrant to commit Mrs. D. to prison under no less than nine different sections of a new law on the subject of religion. In vain we assured him that we were all good Catholics, kept every ordinance of the Church, and hated a heretic. He politely bowed to our explanation, but said that with this part of the matter he had nothing to do; that doubtless we should be able to establish our innocence before the Tribunal; meanwhile Mrs. D. must go to prison!





I'm ashamed at all the warmth of indignation we displayed, seeing that this poor fellow was simply discharging his duty—and that no pleasant one—but somehow it is so natural to take one's anger out on the nearest official, that we certainly didn't spare him. Tiverton threatened him with the House of Commons; James menaced him with the *Times*; Mary Anne protested that the British fleet would anchor off Leghorn within forty hours; and I hinted that Mazzini should have the earliest information of this new stroke of tyranny. He bore all like—a Gendarme! stroked his moustaches, clinked his sword on the ground, put his cocked hat a little more squarely on his head, and stood at ease. Mrs. D.—there's no guessing how a woman will behave in any exigency—didn't go off, as I thought and expected she would, in strong hysterics; she didn't even show fight; she came out in what, I am free to own, was for her a perfectly new part, and played martyr; ay, Tom, she threw up her eyes, clasped her hands upon her bosom, and said, "Lead me away to the stake—burn me—torture me—cut me in four quarters—tear my flesh off with hot pincers." She suggested a great variety of these practices, and with a volubility that showed me she had studied the subject. Meanwhile the sergeant grew impatient, declared the "séance" was over, and ordered her at once to enter the carriage that stood awaiting her at the door, and which was to convey her to the prison. I needn't dwell on a very painful scene; the end of it was, that she was taken away, and though we all followed in another carriage, we were only admitted to a few moments of leave-taking with her, when the massive gates were closed, and she was a captive!

Tiverton told me I must at once go to our Legation and represent the case. "Be stout about it," said he; "say she must be liberated in half an hour. Make the Minister understand that you are somebody, and won't stand any humbug. I'd go," he added, "but I can't do anything against the present Government." A knowing wink accompanied this speech, and though I didn't see the force of the remark, I winked too, and said nothing.

"What language does he speak?" said I, at last.

"Our Minister? English, of course!"

"In that case I'm off at once;" and away I drove to the Legation. The Minister was engaged. Called again—he was out. Called later—he was in conference with the Foreign Secretary. Later still—he was dressing for dinner. Tipped his valet a Nap. and sent in my card, with a pressing entreaty to be admitted. Message brought back, quite impossible—must call in the morning. Another Nap. to the funkey, and asked his advice.

“His Excellency receives this evening—come as one of the guests.”

I didn't half like this counsel, Tom; it was rather an obtrusive line of policy, but what was to be done? I thought for a few minutes, and seeing no chance of anything better, resolved to adopt it. At ten o'clock, then, behold me ascending a splendidly illuminated staircase, with marble statues on either side, half hid amidst all manner of rare and beautiful plants. Crowds of splendidly dressed people are wending their way upward with myself—doubtless with lighter hearts—which was not a difficult matter. At the top, I find myself in a dense crowd, all a blaze of diamonds and decorations; gorgeous uniforms and jewelled dresses of the most costly magnificence.

I assure you I was perfectly lost in wonderment and admiration. The glare of wax-lights, the splendour of the apartments themselves, and the air of grandeur on every side, actually dazzled and astounded me. At each instant I heard the title of Duke and Prince given to some one or other. “Your Highness is looking better;” “I trust your Grace will dance;” “Is the Princess here?” “Pray present me to the Duchess.” Egad, Tom, I felt I was really in the very centre of that charmed circle of which one hears so much and yet sees so little!

I needn't say that I knew nobody, and I own to you it was a great relief to me that nobody knew *me*. Where should I find the Minister in all this chaos of splendour, and if I did succeed, how obtain the means of addressing him? These were very puzzling questions to be solved, and by a brain turning with excitement, and half wild between astonishment and apprehension. On I went, through room after room—there seemed no end to this gorgeous display. Here, they were crushed together, so that stars, crosses, epaulettes, diamond coronets, and jewelled arms seemed all one dense mass; here, they were broken into card parties; here, they were at billiards; here, dancing; and here, all were gathered around a splendid buffet, where the pop, pop of Champagne corks explained the lively sallies of the talkers. I was not sorry to find something like refreshment; indeed, I thought my courage stood in need of a glass of wine, and so I set myself vigorously to pierce the firm and compact crowd in front of me. My resolve had scarcely been taken, when I felt a gentle but close pressure within my arm, and on looking down, saw three fingers of a white-gloved hand on my wrist.

I started back; and even before I could turn my head, Tom, I heard a gentle voice murmur in my ear: “Dear creature—how delighted to see you—when did you arrive?” and my eyes fell upon

Mrs. Gore Hampton! There she was, in all the splendour of full dress, which, I am bound to say, in the present instance, meant as small an amount of raiment as any one could well venture out in. That I never saw her look half so beautiful is quite true. Her combs of brilliants set off her glossy hair, and added new brilliancy to her eyes, while her beauteous neck and shoulders actually shone in the brightness of its tints. I bethought me of the "Splugen," Tom, and the cold insolence of her disdain. I tried to summon up indignation to reproach her, but she anticipated me, by saying, with a bewitching smile: "Adolphus isn't here now, Doddy!" Few as the words were, Tom, they revealed a whole history—they were apology for the past, and assurance for the present. "Still," said I, "you might have——" "What a silly thing it is!" said she, putting her fan on my lips; "and it wants to quarrel with me the very moment of meeting; but it mustn't, and it shan't. Get me some supper—Doddy—an oyster patty, if there be one—if not, an ortolan truffée."

This at least was a good, sensible speech, and so I wedged firmly into the mass, and, by dint of very considerable pressure, at length landed my fair friend at the buffet. It was, I must say, worth all the labour. There was everything you can think of, from Sturgeon to Maraschino jelly; and wines of every land of Europe. It was a good opportunity to taste some rare vintages, and so I made a little excursion through Marcobrunner to Johannisberg, and thence on to Steinberger. Leaving the Rhine land, I coquetted awhile with Burgundy, especially Chambertain, back again, however, to Champagne, for the sake of its icy coldness, to wind up with some wonderful Schumlauer—a Hungarian tap—that actually made me wish I had been born a Hussar.

It is no use trying to explain to *you* the tangled maze of my poor bewitched faculties. *You*, whose experiences in such trials have not gone beyond a struggle for a ham sandwich, or a chicken bone for some asthmatic old lady in black satin,—*you* can neither comprehend my situation, nor compassionate my difficulties. How shall I convey to your uninformed imagination the bewitching effects of wine, beauty, heat, light, music, soft words, soft glances, blue eyes, and snowy shoulders. I may give you all the details, but you'll never be able to blend them into that magic mass that melts the heart, and makes such fools of the Kenny Dodds of this world. There is such a thing, believe me, as "an atmosphere of enchantment." There are elements which compose a magical air around you, perfumed with odours, and still more entrancing by flatteries. The appeal is

now to your senses, now to your heart, your affections, your intellect, your sympathies; your very self-love is even addressed, and you are more than man, at least more than an Irishman, if you resist.

Egad, Tom, she is a splendid woman! and has that air of gentleness and command about her that somehow subdues you at once. Her little cajoleries—those small nothings of voice, and look, and touch, are such subtle tempters for one admired even to homage itself.

“You must be my escort, Doddy,” said she, drawing on her glove, after fascinating me by the sight of that dimpled hand, and those rose-tipped fingers, so full of their own memories for me. “You shall give me your arm, and I’ll tell you who every one is.” And away we sailed out of the supper-room into the crowded salons.

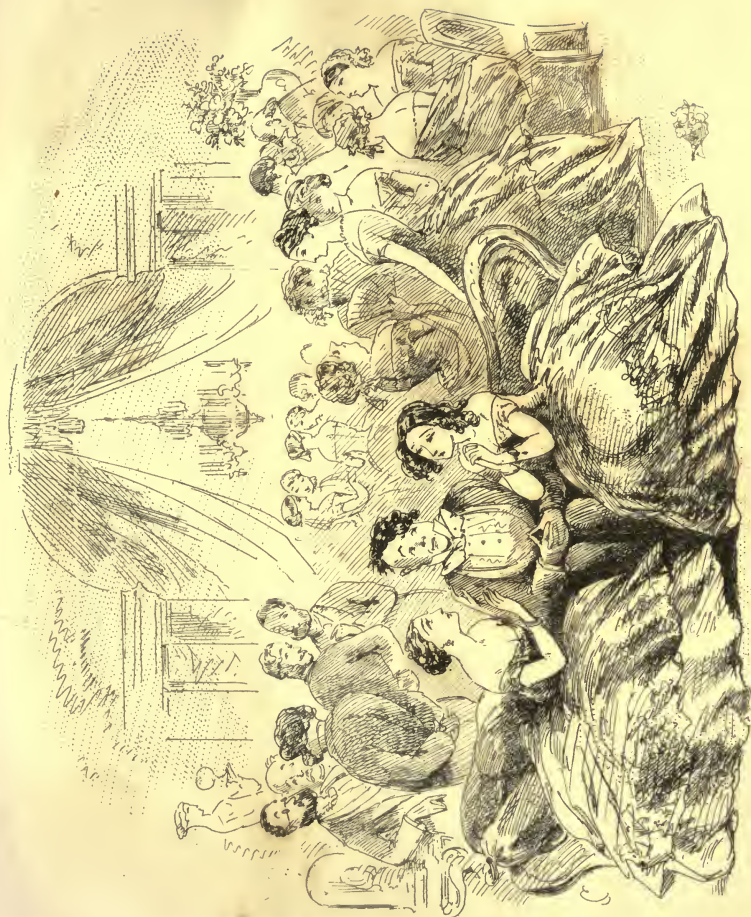
Our progress was slow, for the crush was tremendous; but, as we went, her recognitions were frequent. Still, I could not but remark, not with women. All, or nearly all, her acquaintances were of, I was going to say the harder, but upon my life I believe the real epithet would be the softer sex. They saluted her with an easy, almost too easy, familiarity. Some only smiled, and one, a scoundrel, I shall know him again, however, threw up his eyes with a particular glance towards me, as plainly as possible implying, “Oh, another victim, eh?” As for the ladies, some stared full at her, and then turned abruptly away; some passed without looking; one or two made her low and formal curtsies, and a few put up their glasses to scan her lace flounce or her lappets, as if *they* were really the great objects to be admired. At last we came to a knot of men talking in a circle, round a very pretty woman, whose jet-black eyes and ringlets, with a high colour, gave her a most brilliant appearance. The moment she saw Mrs. G. H. she sprung from her seat to embrace her. They spoke in French, and so rapidly, that I could catch nothing of what passed; but the dark eyes were suddenly darted towards me with a piercing glance, that made me half ashamed.

“Let us take possession of that sofa,” said Mrs. Gore, moving towards one. “And now, Doddy, I want to present you to my dearest friend on earth, my own darling Georgina.”

Then they both kissed, and I muttered some stupid nonsense of my own.

“This, Georgy—this is that dear creature of whom you have heard me speak so often;—this is that generous, noble-hearted soul whose devotion is written upon my heart; and this,” said she, turning to the other side, “this my more than sister—my adored Georgina!”

I took my place between them on the sofa, and was formally presented to whom?—guess you? No less a person than Lady



George Tiverton! Ay, Tom, the fascinating creature with the dark orbs was another injured woman! I was not to be treated like a common acquaintance it seemed, for "Georgy" began a recital of her husband's cruelties to me. Of all the wretches I ever heard or read he went far beyond them. There was not an indignity, not an outrage he had not passed on her. He studied cruelties to inflict upon her. She had been starved, beaten, bruised, and, I believe, chained to a log.

She drew down her dress to show me some mark of cruelty on her shoulder; and though I saw nothing to shock me, I took her word for the injury. In fact, Tom, I was lost in wonderment how one that had gone through so much not only retained the loveliness of her looks, but all the fascinations of her beauty, unimpaired by any traits of suffering.

What a terrible story it was, to be sure. Now, he had sold her diamonds to a Jew; now, he had disposed of her beautiful dark hair to a wig-maker. In his reckless extravagance her very teeth were not safe in her head; but more dreadful than all were the temptations he had exposed her to—sweet, young, artless, and lovely as she was! All the handsome fellows about Town—all that was gay, dashing, and attractive—the young Peerage and the Blues—all at her feet; but her saint-like purity triumphed; and it was really quite charming to hear how these two pretty women congratulated each other on all the perils they had passed through unharmed, and the dangers through which virtue had borne them triumphant. There I sat, Tom, almost enveloped in gauze and Valenciennes—for their wide flounces encompassed me, their beauteous faces at either side, their soft breath fanning me—listening to tales of man's infamy that made my blood boil. To the excitement of the Champagne had succeeded the delirious intoxication compounded of passionate indignation and glowing admiration; and at any minute I felt ready to throw myself at the heads of the husbands or the feet of their wives!

Vast crowds moved by us as we sat there, and I could perceive that we were by no means unnoticed by the company. At last I perceived an elderly Lady, leaning on a young man's arm, whom I thought I recognised; but she quickly averted her head, and said something to her companion. He turned and bowed coldly to me; and I perceived it was Morris—or Penrhyn, I suppose he calls himself now; and, indeed, his new dignity would seem to have completely overcome him. Mrs. G. H. asked his name; and when I told it, said she would permit me to present him to her—a liberty I had no intention to profit by.

The company was now thinning fast; and so, giving an arm to each of my fair friends, we descended to the cloaking-room. "Call our carriage, Doddy—the Villino Amaldini! for Georgy and I go together," said Mrs. G. I saw them to the door, helped them in, kissed their hands, promised to call on them early on the morrow—"Villa Amaldini—Via Amaldini"—got the name by heart; another squeeze of the two fair hands, and away they rolled, and I turned homeward in a frame of mind of which I have not courage to attempt the description.

When I arrived at our lodgings it was nigh three o'clock; Mary Anne and Cary were both sitting up waiting for me. The Police had made a descent on the house in my absence, and carried away three hundred and seventy copies of the blessed little tract, all our house bills, some of your letters, and the Girls' Italian exercises; a very formidable array of correspondence, to which some equations in Algebra by James contributed the air of a cypher.

"Well, Papa, what tidings?" cried both the Girls, as I entered the room. "When is she to be liberated? What says the Minister?—is he outrageous?—was he civil?—did he show much energy?"

"Wait a bit, my dears," said I, "and let me collect myself. After all I have gone through my head is none of the clearest."

This was quite true, Tom, as you may readily believe. They both waited, accordingly, with a most exemplary patience; and there we sat in silence confronting each other! and I own to you honestly, a criminal in a dock never had a worse conscience than myself at that moment!

"Girls," said I at last, "if I am to have brains to carry me through this difficult negotiation, it will only be by giving me the most perfect peace and tranquillity. No questioning—no interrogation—no annoyance of any kind—you understand me—this," said I, touching my forehead—"this must be undisturbed." They both looked at each other without speaking, and I went on; but what I said, and how I said it, I have no means of knowing: I dashed intrepidly into the wide sea of European Politics, mixing up Mrs. D. with Mazzini, making out something like a very strong case against her. From that I turned to Turkey and the Danubian Provinces, and brought in Omer Pascha and the Earl of Guzeberry; plainly showing that their mother was a wronged and injured woman, and that Sir Somebody Dundas might be expected any moment at the mouth of the Arno, to exact redress for her wrongs. "And now," said I, winding up, "you know as much of the matter as I do, my dears; you view things from the same level as myself; and so, off to

bed; and we'll resume the consideration of the subject in the morning." I didn't wait for more, but took my candle and departed.

"Poor Papa!" said Mary Anne, as I closed the door; "he talks quite wildly. This sad affair has completely affected his mind."

"He certainly *does* talk most incoherently," said Cary; "I hope we shall find him better in the morning." Ah! Tom; I passed a wretched night of self-accusation and sorrow. There was nothing Mrs. D. herself could have said to me that I didn't say. I called myself a variety of the hardest names, and inveighed stoutly against my depravity and treachery. The consequence was, that I couldn't sleep a wink, and rose early, to try and shake off my feverish state by a walk.

I sallied out into the streets, and half unconsciously took the way to the Prison. It was one of those old feudal fortresses,—half-gaol, half-palace—that the Medici were so fond of—grim-looking, narrow-windowed, high-battlemented buildings, that stand amidst modern edifices as a mailed knight might stand in a group of our every-day dandies. I looked up at its dark and sullen front with a heavy and self-reproaching heart. "Your wife is there, Kenny Dodd," said I, "a prisoner!—treated like a malefactor and a felon!—carried away by force, without trial or investigation, and already sentenced—for a prisoner is under sentence when even passingly deprived of liberty—and there you stand, powerless and inactive! For this you quitted a land where there is at least a law, and the appeal to it open to every one! For this you have left a country where personal liberty can be assailed neither by tyranny nor corruption! For this you have come hundreds of miles away from home, to subject yourself and those belonging to you, to the miserable despotism of petty tyrants, and the persecution of bigots! Why don't they print it in large letters in every passport, what one has to expect in these journeyings? What nonsense it is to say that Kenny Dodd is to travel at his pleasure, and that the authorities themselves are neither to give nor 'permettre qu'il lui soit donné empêchement quelconqué mais au contraire toute aide et assistance!' Why not be frank, and say, 'Kenny Dodd comes abroad, at his own proper risk and peril, to be cheated in Belgium, bamboozled in Holland, and black-guarded on the Rhine; with full liberty to be robbed in Spain, imprisoned in Italy, and knouted in Russia.' With a few such facts as these before you, you would think twice on the Tower-stairs, and perhaps deliberate a little at Dover. It's no use making a row because foreigners do not adopt our notions. They have no Habeas Corpus, just as they have no London stout—maybe for the same

reason, too—it wouldn't suit the climate. But what brings us amongst them, Tom? There's the question. Why do we come so far away from home to eat food that disagrees with us, and live under laws we cry out against? Is it consistent with common sense to run-a-muck through the statutes of Foreign Nations just out of wilfulness? I wish my wife was out of that den, and I wish we were all back in Dodsborough," and with that wise reflection, uttered in all the fulness of my heart, I turned slowly away and reached the Arno. A Gentleman raised his hat politely to me as I passed. I turned hastily, and saw it was Morris. His salute was a cold one, and showed no inclination for nearer acquaintance; but I was too much humiliated in my own esteem to feel pride, so I followed, and overtook him. His reception of me was so chilling, Tom, that even before I spoke I regretted the step I had adopted. I rallied, however, and after reminding him how on a former occasion I had been benefited by his able intervention in my behalf, briefly told him of Mrs. D.'s arrest, and the great embarrassment I felt as to the course to be taken.

He thawed in a moment. All his distance was at once abandoned, and, kindly offering me his arm, begged me to relate what had occurred. He listened calmly, patiently—I might almost say coldly. He never dropped a sentence—not a syllable like sympathy or condolence. He hadn't as much as a word of honest indignation against the outrageous behaviour of the Authorities. In fact, Tom, he took the whole thing just as much as a matter of course, as if there was nothing remarkable nor strange in imprisoning an Englishwoman, and the mother of a family. He made a few pencil notes in his pocket-book as to dates and such like, and then, looking at his watch, said:

"We'll go and breakfast with Dunthorpe. You know him intimately, don't you?"

I had to confess I did not know him at all.

"Oh! seeing you there last night," said he, "I thought you knew him well, as you are only a very short time in Florence."

I drew a long breath, Tom, and told him how I had happened to find myself at the Minister's "rout." He smiled good-humouredly; there was nothing offensive in it, however, and it passed off at once.

"Sir Alexander and I are old friends," said he. "We served in the same regiment once together, and I can venture to present you, even at this early hour;" and with that we walked briskly on towards the Legation.

All this while Morris—I can't call him by his new name yet—

never alluded to the family; he didn't even ask after James, and I plainly saw that he was bent on doing a very good-natured thing, without any desire to incur further intimacy as its consequence.

Sir Alexander had not left his room when we arrived, but on receiving Morris's card sent word to say he should be down in a moment, and expected us both at breakfast. The table was spread in a handsome library, with every possible appliance of comfort about it. There was a brisk wood fire blazing on the ample hearth, and a beautiful Blenheim asleep before it. Newspapers of every country and every language lay scattered about with illustrated journals and prints. Most voluptuous easy-chairs and fat-cushioned sofas abounded, and it was plain to see that the world has some rougher sides than she turns to her Majesty's Envoys and Ministers Plenipotentiary!

I was busy picturing to myself what sort of person the present occupant of this post was likely to prove, when he entered. A tall, very good-looking man, of about forty, with bushy whiskers of white hair; his air and bearing the very type of frankness, and his voice the rich tone of a manly speaker. He shook me cordially by the hand as Morris introduced me, apologised for keeping us waiting, and at once seated us at table. A sickly-looking lad, with sore eyes and a stutter, slipped unobtrusively in after him, and he was presented to us as Lord Adolphus de Maudley, the unpaid *Attaché*.

Leaving all to Morris, and rightly conjecturing that he would open the subject we came upon at the fitting time, I attacked a grouse pie most vigorously, and helped myself freely to his Excellency's Bordeaux. There were all manner of good things, and we did them ample justice, even to the Unpaid himself, who certainly seemed to take out in prog what they denied him in salary.

Sir Alexander made all the running, as to talk. He rattled away about Turks and Russians—affairs home and foreign—the Ministry and the Opposition—who was to go next to some vacant Embassy, and who was to be the *Prima Donna* at the Pergola. Then came Florence gossip—an amusing chapter; but perhaps—as they say in the Police reports—not quite fit for publication. His Excellency had seen the Girls at the races, and complimented me on their good looks, and felicitated the City on the accession of so much beauty. At last Morris broke ground, and related the story of Mrs. D.'s captivity. Sir Alex.—who had by this time lighted his cigar—stood with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets, and his back to the fire, the most calm and impassive of listeners.

“They are so stupid, these people,” said he, at last, puffing his weed between each word; “won't take the trouble to look before

them—won't examine—won't investigate—a charge. Mrs. Dodd a Catholic, too?"

"A most devout and conscientious one!" said I.

"Great bore for the moment, no doubt; but—try a cheroot, they're milder—but, as I was saying, to be amply recompensed hereafter. There's nothing they won't do in the way of civility and attention to make amends for this outrage."

"Meanwhile, as to her Liberation?" said Morris.

"Ah! that *is* a puzzle. No use writing to Ministers, you know. That's all lost time. Official correspondence—only invented to train up our youth—like Lord Dolly, there. Must try what can be done with Bradelli."

"And who is Bradelli, your Excellency?"

"Bradelli is Private Secretary to the Cardinal Boncelli, at Rome."

"But we are in Tuscany."

"Geographically speaking, so we are. But leave it to me, Mr. Dodd. No time shall be lost. Draw up a note, Dolly, to the Prince Cigalaroso. You have a Mem. in the Chancellerie will do very well. The English are always in scrapes, and it is always the same.

"MON CHER PRINCE,

"'Je regrette infiniment que mes devoirs m'imposent,' &c., &c., with a full account of the 'fâcheux incident'—that's the phrase, mind that, Dolly—do everything necessary for the Blue Book, and in the mean while take care that Mrs. D. is out of prison before the day is over."

I was surprised to find how little Sir Alexander cared for the real facts of the case, or the gross injustice of the entire proceeding. In fact, he listened to my explanations on this head with as much impatience as could consist with his unquestionable good breeding, simply interpolating as I went on: "Ah, very true;" "Your observation is quite correct;" "Perfectly just," and so on. "Can you dine here to-day, Mr. Dodd," said he, as I finished; "Penrhyn is coming, and a few other friends?"

I had some half scruples about accepting a dinner invitation while my wife remained a prisoner, but I thought, "after all the Minister must be the best judge of such a point," and accordingly said "Yes." A most agreeable dinner it was, too, Tom. A party of seven at a round table, admirably served, and with—what I assure you is growing rather a rarity now-a-days—a sufficiency of wine.

The Minister himself proved most agreeable; his long residence abroad had often brought him into contact with amusing speci-

mens of his own countrymen, some of whose traits and stories he recounted admirably, showing me that the Dodds are only the species of a very widely-extended and well appreciated genus.

I own to you that I heard, with no small degree of humiliation, how prone we English are to demand money compensations for the wrongs inflicted upon us by Foreign Governments. As the information came from a source I cannot question, I have only to accept the fact, and deplore it.

As a nation, we are assuredly neither mean nor mercenary. As individuals, I sincerely hope and trust we can stand comparison in all that regards liberality of purse with any people. Yet how comes it that we have attained to an almost special notoriety for converting our sorrows into silver, and making our personal injuries into a credit at our banker's? I half suspect that the tone imparted to the national mind by our Law Courts is the true reason of this, and that our actions for damages are the damaging features of our character as a people. The man who sees no indignity in taking the price of his dishonour, will find little difficulty in appraising the value of an insult to his liberty. Take my word for it, Tom, it is a very hard thing to make foreigners respect the institutions of a country stained with this reproach, or believe that a people can be truly high-minded and high-spirited who have recourse to such indemnities.

From what fell from Sir Alexander on this subject, I could plainly perceive the embarrassment a Minister must labour under, who, while asserting the high pretensions of a great nation, is compelled to descend to such ignoble bargains; and I only wish that the good public at home, as they pore over Blue Books, would take into account this very considerable difficulty.

As regards Foreign Governments themselves, it is right to bear in mind that they rarely or never can be induced to believe the transgressions of individuals as anything but parts of a grand and comprehensive scheme of English interference. If John Bull smuggle a pound of tea, it is immediately set down that England is going to alter the Custom Laws. Let him surreptitiously steal his fowling-piece over the frontier, and we are accused of "arming the disaffected population." A copy of a tract is construed into a Treatise on Socialism: and a "Jim-Crow" hat is the symbol of Republican doctrines.

I see the full absurdity of these suspicions, but I wish, for our own comfort sake, to take no higher ground, that we were somewhat more circumspect in our conduct abroad. "Rule Britannia" is a very fine tune, and nobody likes to hear it, well sung, better than myself, but

this I will say, Tom, "Britons *ever* will be slaves" to their prejudices and self-delusions, until they come to see that *their* notions of right and wrong are not universal, and that there is no more faulty impression than to suppose an English standard of almost anything applicable to people who have scarcely a thought, a feeling, or even a prejudice in common with us.

One might almost fancy that the travelling Englishman loved a scrape from the pleasure it afforded him of addressing his Minister, and making a fuss in the *Times*. Just as a fellow who knew he had a cork jacket under his waistcoat might take pleasure in falling overboard and attracting public attention, without incurring much risk.

While we were discussing these and such like topics, there came a note from James to say that Mrs. Dodd had just been liberated, and was then safe in what is popularly called the bosom of her family. I accordingly arose and thanked Sir Alexander most heartily for his kind and successful interference; and though I should not have objected to another glass or two of his admirable port, I felt it was only decent and becoming in me to hasten home to my wife.

As Morris had shown so much good-nature in the affair, and had—formerly at least—been on very friendly terms with us, I asked him to come along with me; but he declined, with a kind of bashful reserve that I could not comprehend; and so, half offended at his coldness, I wished him a "good night," and departed.

I have now only to add, that I found Mrs. D. in good health and spirits, and, on the whole, rather pleased with the incident than otherwise. You shall hear from me again ere long, and meanwhile, believe me,

Your ever faithful friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER LXIX.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

Casa Dodd, Florence.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

So you tell me that the Newspapers is full of me, and that nothing is talked of but "the case of Mrs. Dodd" and her "cruel incarnation in the dungeons of Tuscany." I wish they'd keep their sympathies to themselves, Molly, for to tell you a secret, this same captivity has done us the greatest service in the world. Here we are, my darling, at the top of the tree—going to all the Balls—dining out every day—and treated with what they call the most distinguished consideration. And I must say, Molly, that of all the cities ever I seen, Florence is the most to my taste. There's a way of living here—I can't explain how it is done exactly—but everybody has just what he likes of everything. I believe it's the Bankers does it—that they have a way of exchanging, or discounting, or whatever it is called—that makes every one at their ease; and, indeed, my only surprise is why everybody doesn't come to live in a place with so many advantages. Even K. I. has ceased grumbling about money matters, and for the last three weeks we have really enjoyed ourselves. To be sure, now and then, he mumbles about "as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;" and this morning he said that he was "too old to beg," to "dig he was ashamed." "I hope you are," says I; "it isn't in your station in life that you can go out as a navvy, and with your two daughters the greatest beauties in the town." And so they are, Molly. There isn't the like of Mary Anne in the Cascini, and though Caroline won't give herself fair play in the way of dress, there's many thinks she's the prettiest of the two.

I wish you saw the Cascini, Molly, when the carriages all drive up and get mixed together, so that you would wonder how they'd ever get out again. They are all full of elegantly-dressed ladies; there's nothing too fine for them, even in the morning, and there they sit, and loll back, with all the young dandies lying about them, on the steps of the carriages, over the splash-boards—indeed, nearly under the wheels—squeezing their hands, looking into their eyes and under their veils. Oh, dear, but it seems mighty wicked till you're used to it, and know it's only the way of the place, which one does remark-

ably soon. The first thing strikes a stranger here, Molly, is, that everybody knows every other body most intimately. It's all "Carlo," "Luigi," "Antonio Mio," with hands clasped or arms about each other, and everlasting kissing between the women. And then, Molly, when you see a newly-arrived English family in the midst of them, with a sulky father, a stiff mother, three stern young ladies, and a stupid boy of sixteen, you think them the ugliest creatures on earth, and don't rightly know whether to be angry or laugh at them.

Lord George says that the great advantage of the Cascini is, that you hear there "all that's going on." Faith you do, Molly, and nice goings on it is! The Florentines say they've no liberty. I'd like to know how much more they want, for if they haven't it by right, Molly, they take it at all events, and with everybody, too. The creatures, all rings and chains, beards and moustaches, come up to the side of your carriage, put up their opera glasses, and stare at you as if you was a wax-work! Then they begin to discuss you, and almost fall out about the colour of your hair or your eyes, till one, bolder than the rest, comes up close to you, and decides what is, maybe, a wager! It's all very trying at first—not but Mary Anne bears it beautifully, and seems never to know that she is standing under a battery of fifty pair of eyes!

As to James, it's all Paradise. He knows all the beauties of the town already, and I see him with his head into a brougham there, and his legs dangling out of a phaeton here, just as if he was one of the family. You may think, Molly, when they begin that way of a morning, what it is when they come to the evening! If they're all dear friends in the daylight, its brothers and sisters—no, but husbands and wives they become when the lamps are lighted! Whether they walk or waltz, whether they hand you to a seat, or offer you an ice, they've an art to make it a particular attention—and, as it were, put you under an obligation for it; and whether you like it or not, Molly, you are made out in their debt, and woe to you when they discover you're a defaulter!

I'm sure, without Lord George's advice, we couldn't have found the right road to the high society of this place so easily; but he told K. I. at once what to do—and, for a wonder, Molly, he did it. Florence, says he, is like no other capital in Europe. In all the others there is a circle, more or less wide, of what assumes to be "the world;" there every one is known, their rank, position, and even their fortune. Now in Florence, people mix as they do at a Swiss table d'hôte; each talks to his neighbour, perfectly aware that *he*

may be a blackleg, or she—if it be a she—something worse. That society is agreeable, pleasant, and brilliant, is the best refutation to all the cant one hears about freedom of manners, and so on. And, as Lord G. observes, it is manifestly a duty with the proper people to mingle with the naughty ones, since it is only in this way they can hope to reclaim them. "Take those two charming girls of yours into the world here, Mrs. D.," said he to me the other day; "show the folks that beauty, grace, and fascination are all compatible with correct principles and proper notions; let them see that you yourself, so certain of attracting admiration, are not afraid of its incense; say to society, as it were, here we are, so secure of ourselves that we can walk unharmed through all the perils around us, and enjoy health and vigour with the plague on every side of us." And that's what we're doing, Molly. As Lord George says, "we're diffusing our influence," and I've no doubt we'll see the results before long.

I wish I was as sure of K. I.'s goings on; but Betty tells me that he constantly receives letters of a morning, and hurries out immediately after—that he often drives away late at night in a hackney-coach, and doesn't return till nigh morning! I'm only waiting for him to buy us a pair of carriage-horses to be at him about this behaviour; and, indeed, I think he's trying to push me on to it, to save him from the expense of the horses. I must tell you, Molly, that next to having no character, the most fashionable thing here is a handsome coach; and, indeed, without something striking in that way, you can't hope to take society by storm. With a phaeton and a pair of blood bays, James says, you can drive into Prince Walleykoffsky's drawing-room; with a team of four, you can trot them up the stairs of the Pitti Palace.

After a coach, comes your cook; and isn't my heart broke trying them! We've had a round of "experimental dinners," that has cost us a little fortune, since each "*chef*" that came was free to do what he pleased, without regard to the cost, and an eatable morsel never came to the table all the while. Our present artist is Monsieur Chardron, who goes out to market in a Brougham, and buys a turkey with kid gloves on him. He won't cook for us except on company days, but leaves us to his "*aide*," as he calls him, whom K. I. likes best, for he condescends to give us a bit of roast meat, now and then, that has really nourishment in it. We're now, therefore, in a state to open the campaign. We've an elegant apartment—a first-rate Cook—a capital Courier—and next week we're to set up a Chasseur, if K. I. will only consent to be made a Count.

You may stare, Molly, when I tell you that he fights against it

as if it was the Court of Bankruptcy; though Lord George worked night and day to have it done. There never was the like of it for cheapness; a trifle over twenty pounds clears the whole expense; and for that he would be Count Dodd, of Fiezole, with a title to each of the children. As many thousands wouldn't do that in England; and, indeed, one doesn't wonder at the general outcry of the expense of living there, when the commonest luxuries are so costly. Mary Anne and I are determined on it, and before the month is over your letters will be addressed to a Countess.

In the middle of all this happiness, my dear, there is a drop of bitter, as there always is in the cup of life, though you may do your best not to taste it! Indeed if it wasn't for this drawback, Florence would be a place I'd like to live and die in. What I allude to is this:—here we are between two fires, Molly—the Morrises on one side and Mrs. Gore Hampton on the other, both watching, scrutinising, and observing us, for, as bad luck would have it, they both settled down here for the winter! Now, the Morrises know all the quiet, well-behaved, respectable people, that one ought to be acquainted with, just for decency's sake. But Mrs. G. H. is in the fashionable and fast set, where all the fun is going on; and from what I can learn them the very people would suit us best. Being in neither camp, we hear nothing but the abuse and scandal that each throws on the other; and, indeed, to do them justice, if half of it was true, there's few of them ought to escape hanging!

That's how we stand; and can you picture to yourself a more embarrassing situation? for you see that many of the slow people are high in station and of real rank, while some of the fast are just the reverse. Lord George says, "Cut the fogies, and come amongst the fast 'uns;" and talks about making friends with the "Mammoth of unrighteousness;" and if he means Mrs. G. H., I believe he isn't far wrong: but even if we consented, Molly, I don't know whether she'd make up with us; though Lord George swears that he'll answer for it with his head. One thing is clear, Molly, we must choose between them, and that soon, too; for it's quite impossible to be "well with the Treasury and the Opposition also."

K. I. affects neutrality, just to blind us to his real intentions; but I know him well, and see plainly what he's after. Cary fights hard for her friends; though, to say the truth, they haven't taken the least notice of her since they came to their fortune—the very thing I expected from them, Molly, for it's just the way with all upstarts! Now you see some of the difficulties that attend even the highest successes in life; and maybe it will make you more contented with

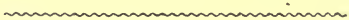
your own obscurity. Perhaps, before this reaches you, we'll have decided for one or the other; for, as Lord G. says, you can't pass your life between silly and crabbed.*

There's another thing fretting me, besides, Molly. It is what this same Lord George means about Mary Anne; for it's now more than six months since he grew particular; and yet there's nothing come of it yet. I see it's preying on the girl herself, too—and what's to be done? I'm sure I often think of what poor old Jones Macarthy used to say about this: "If I'd a family of daughters," says he, "I'd do just as I manage with the horses when I want to sell one of them. There they are—look at them as long as you like in the stable, but I'll have no taking them out for a trial, and trotting them, here, and cantering them, there; and then, a fellow coming to tell me that they have this, that, and the other." And the more I think of it, Molly, the more I'm convinced it's the right way; though it's too late, maybe, to help it now!

As I mean to send you another letter soon, I'll close this now, wishing you all the compliments of the season, except chilblains, and remain your true and affectionate friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P.S. You'd better direct your next letter to us, "Casa Dodd;" for I remark that all the English here try and get rid of the Italian names to the houses as soon as they can.



LETTER LXX.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Florence.

MY DEAR BOB,

IF you only knew how difficult it is to obtain even five minutes of quiet leisure in this same Capital, you'd at once absolve me from all the accusations in your last letter. It is pleasure at a railroad pace, from morning till night and from night till morning. Perhaps after all it is best there should be no time for reflection, since it would be like one waiting on the rails for an Express train to run over him!

I can give you no better nor speedier illustration of the kind of life we lead here, than by saying that even the Governor has felt the fascination of the place, and goes the pace, signing cheques and draw-

* Does Mrs. D. mean Scylla and Charybdis?—Ed. of *Dodd Correspondence*.

ing bills without the slightest hesitation, or any apparent sense of a coming responsibility. He plays, too, and loses his money freely, and, altogether, comports himself as if he had a most liberal income, or—terrible alternative—not a sixpence in the world. I own to you, Bob, that this recklessness affrights me far more than all his former grumbling over our expensive and wasteful habits. He seems to have adopted it, too, with a certain method that gives it all the appearance of a plan, though I confess what possible advantage could redound from it is utterly beyond my power of calculation.

Meanwhile, our style of living is on a scale of splendour that might well suit the most ample fortune. Tiverton says that for a month or two this is absolutely necessary, and that in society, as in war, it is the first dash often decides a campaign. And really even my own brief experience of the world shows that one's friends, as they are conventionally called, are far more interested in the skill of your cook than in the merits of your own character; and that he who has a good cellar may indulge himself in the luxury of a very bad conscience. You of course suspect that I am now speaking of a class of people dubious both in fortune and position, and who have really no right to scrutinise too closely the characters of those with whom they associate. Quite the reverse, Bob. I am actually alluding to our very best and most correct English, and who would not for worlds do at home any one of the hundred transgressions they commit abroad. For instance: we have in this goodly capital of debt and divorce celebrity, a certain house of almost princely splendour. The furniture, plate, pictures all perfection; the Cook, an artist that once pampered Royal palates. In a word, everything, from the cellar to the conservatory, a miracle of correct taste. The owner of all this magnificence is—what think you?—a successful swindler!—the hero of a hundred Bubble speculations—the spoliator of some thousands of shareholders—a fellow whose infractions have been more than once stigmatised by public prosecution, and whose rascalities are of European fame! You'd say, that with all these detracting influences he was a man of consummate social tact, refined manners, and at least possessing the outward signs of good-breeding. Wrong again, Bob. He is coarse, uneducated, and vulgar; he never picked up any semblance of the class from whom he peculated; and has lived on as he begun, a "low comedy villain," and no more. Well, what think you when I tell you that is "*the house*," *par excellence*, where all strangers strive to be introduced. That to be on the dinner-list here is a distinction, and that even a visitor enjoys an envied fortune; and that at the very moment I write the Dodd family are in earnest and active

negotiation to attain to this inestimable privilege. Now, Bob, there's no denying that there must be something rotten, and to the core, too, where such a condition of things prevails. If this man fed the hungry and sheltered the houseless, who had no alternative but his table, or no food, the thing requires no explanation; or if his hospitalities were partaken of by that large floating class who in every city are to be found, with tastes disproportionate to their fortunes, and who will at any time postpone their principles to their palates, even then the matter is not of difficult solution; but what think you that his company includes some of the very highest names of our stately nobility, and that the titles that resound through his *salon* are amongst the most honoured of our haughty aristocracy! These people assuredly stand in no want of a dinner. They are comfortably lodged, and at least reasonably well fed, at the *Italie*, or the "Grand Bretagne." Why should they stoop to such companionship? Who can explain this, Bob? Assuredly I am not the *Cedipus*!

I am nothing surprised that people like ourselves, for instance, seek to enjoy even this passing splendour, and find themselves at a princely board, served with a more than royal costliness. One of these grand dinners is like a page of the *Arabian Nights* to a man of ordinary condition; but surely his Grace the Duke, or the most Noble the Marquis, has no such illusions. With *him* it is only a question whether the Madeira over-flavoured the soup, or that the ortolans might possibly have been fatter. *Hé* dines pretty much in the same fashion every day during the London season, and a great part of the rest of the year afterwards. Why then should he descend to any compromise to accept Count "Dragonards'" hospitality? for I must tell you that "Dives" is a Count, and has orders from the Pope and the Queen of Spain.

With the explanation, as I have said, I have nothing to do. It is beyond and above me. For the fact alone I am guarantee; and here comes Tiverton in a transport of triumph to say that "Heaven is won," or in humbler phrase, "Monsieur le Comte de Dragonards prie l'honneur," &c., and that Dodd *père* and Dodd *mère* are requested to dine with him on Tuesday. The younger Dodds to assist at a reception in the evening.

Tiverton assures me that by accepting with a good grace the humbler part of a "refresher," I am certain of promotion afterwards to a higher range of character; and in this hope I live for the present.

It is likely I shall not despatch this without being able to tell you more of this great man's house; meanwhile—"majora cantamus"—I am in love, Bob! If I didn't dash into the confession at once, as

one springs into the sea of a chilly morning, I'd even put on the clothes of secrecy, and walk off unconfessed. She is lovely, beyond anything I can give you an idea of—pale as marble; but such a flesh tint! a sunset sleeping upon snow, and with lids fringed over a third of her cheek. You know the tender, languid, longing look that vanquishes me—that's exactly what she has! A glance of timid surprise, like an affrighted fawn, and then a downcast consciousness—a kind of self-reproaching sense of her own loveliness—a sort of a—what the devil kind of enchantment and witchery, Bob? that makes a man feel it's all no use struggling and fighting—that his doom is *there!* that the influence which is to rule his destiny is before him, and that turn him which way he will, his heart has but one road—and *will* take it!

She was in Box 19, over the orchestra! I caught a glimpse of her shoulder—only her shoulder—at first, as she sat with her face to the stage, and a huge screen shaded her from the garish light of the lustre. How I watched the graceful bend of her neck each time she saluted—I supposed it was salutation—some new visitor who entered. The drooping leaves and flowers of her hair trembled with a gentle motion, as if to the music of her soft voice. I thought I could hear the very accents echoing within my heart! But oh! my ecstasy when her hand stole forth and hung listlessly over the cushion of the box. True it was gloved, yet still you could mark its symmetry, and, in fancy, picture the rosy-tipped fingers in all their graceful beauty.

Night after night I saw her thus; yet never more than I have told you. I made superhuman efforts to obtain the box directly in front; but it belonged to a Russian Princess, and was, therefore, inaccessible. I bribed the bassoon, and seduced the oboe in the orchestra; but nothing was to be seen from their inferno of discordant tunings. I made love to a ballet-dancer, to secure the *entrée* behind the scenes; and, on the night of my success, *she*—my adored one—had changed her place with a friend, and sat with her back to the stage. The adverse fates had taken a spite against me, Bob, and I saw that my passion must prove unhappy! Somehow it is in love as in hunting, you are never really in earnest so long as the country is open and the fences easy; but once that the ditches are “yawners,” and the walls “raspers,” you sit down to your work with a resolute heart and a steady eye, determined at any cost, and at any peril, to be in at the death. Would that the penalties were alike also! How gladly would I barter a fractured rib, or a smashed collar-bone, for the wrecked and cast-away spirit of my lost and broken heart!

If I suffer myself to expand upon my feelings, there will be no end of this, Bob. I already have a kind of consciousness that I could fill three hundred and fifty folio volumes, like "Hansard's," in subtle description and discrimination of sensations that were not exactly "this," but were very like "that;" and of impressions, hopes, fancies, fears, and visions, a thousand times more real than all the actual events of my *bonâ fide* existence. And, after all, what balderdash it is to compare the little meaningless incidents of our lives with the soul-stirring passions that rage within us! the thoughts that, so to say, form the very fuel of our natures! These are, indeed, the realities; and what we are in the habit of calling such, are the mere mockeries and semblances of fact! I can honestly aver that I suffered—in the true sense of the word—more intense agony from the conflict of my distracted feelings than I ever did when lying under the pangs of a compound fracture! and I may add, of a species of pain not to be alleviated by anodynes and soothed by hot flannels.

To be brief, Bob, I felt that, though I had often caught slight attacks of the malady, at length I had contracted it in its deadliest form—a regular "blue case," as they say, with bad symptoms from the start. Has it ever struck you that a man may go through every stage of a love fever without even so much as speaking to the object of his affections? I can assure you that the thing is true, and I myself suffered nightly every vacillating sense of Hope, Fear, Ecstasy, Despair, Joy, Jealousy, and frantic Delight, just by following out the suggestions of my own fancy, and exalting into importance the veriest trifles of the hour.

With what gloomy despondence did I turn homeward of an evening, when she sat back in the Box, and perhaps nothing of her but her bouquet was visible for a whole night—with what transports have I carried away the memory of her profile, seen but for a second! Then the agonies of my jealousy, as I saw her listening, with pleased attention, to some essenced puppy—I could swear it was such—who lounged into her Box before the Ballet! But at last came the climax of my joy, when I saw her "lorgnette" directed towards me, as I stood in the Pit, and actually felt her eyes on me! I can imagine some old Astronomer's ecstasy, as, gazing for hours on the sky of night, the star that he has watched and waited for, has suddenly shone through the glass of his telescope, and lit up his very heart within him with its radiance. I'd back myself to have experienced a still more thrilling sense of happiness as the beams of her bright eyes descended on me.

At first, Bob, I thought that the glances might have been meant for another. I turned and looked around me, ready to fasten a deadly quarrel upon him, whom I should have regarded at once as my greatest Enemy. But the company amidst which I stood soon reassured me. A few snuffy-looking old Counts, with brown wigs and unshaven chins—a stray Government clerk, with a pinchbeck chain and a weak moustache, couldn't be my rivals. I looked again, but she had turned away her head; and save that the "lorgnette" still rested within her fingers, I'd have thought the whole a vision.

Three nights after this the same thing occurred. I had taken care to resume the very same place each evening, to wear the same dress, to stand in the very same attitude—a very touching "pose"—which I had practised before the glass. I had not been more than two hours at my post, when she turned abruptly round and stared full at me. There could be no mistake—no misconception whatever; for, as if to confirm my wavering doubts, her friend took the glass from her, and looked full and long at me. You may imagine, Bob, somewhat of the preoccupation of my faculties when I tell you that I never so much as recognised her friend. I had thoughts, eyes, ears, and senses for one—and one only. Judge then my astonishment when she saluted me, giving that little gesture with the hand your Florentines are such adepts in—a species of salutation so full of most expressive meaning.

Short of a crow-quilled billet, neatly endorsed with her name, nothing could have spoken more plainly. It said, in a few words, "Come up here, Jim, we shall be delighted to see you." I accepted the augury, Bob, as we used to say in Virgil, and in less than a minute had forced my passage through the dense crowd of the Pit, and was mounting the Box stairs, five steps at a spring. "Whose Box is No. 19?" said I to an official. "Madame de Goranton," was the reply. Awkward this; never had heard the name before; sounded like French; might be Swiss; possibly Belgian.

No time for debating the point, tapped and entered—several persons within barring up the passage to the front—suddenly heard a well-known voice, which accosted me most cordially, and, to my intense surprise, saw before me Mrs. Gore Hampton! You know already all about her, Bob, and I need not recapitulate.

"I fancied you were going to pass your life in distant adoration yonder, Mr. Dodd," said she, laughingly, while she tendered her hand for me to kiss. "Adeline, dearest, let me present to you my friend Mr. Dodd." A very cold—an icy recognition was the reply to this speech; and Adeline opened her fan, and said something behind

it to an elderly dandy beside her, who laughed, and said, "Parfaitement, ma foi!"

Registering a secret vow to be the death of the antiquated tiger aforesaid, I entered into conversation with Mrs. G. H., who, notwithstanding some unpleasant passages between our families, expressed unqualified delight at the thought of meeting us all once more—inquired after my Mother most affectionately; and asked if the Girls were looking well, and whether they rode and danced as beautifully as ever. She made, between times, little efforts to draw her friend into conversation by some allusion to Mary Anne's grace, or Cary's accomplishments; but all in vain. Adeline only met the advances with a cold stare, or a little half smile of most sneering expression. It was not that she was distant and reserved towards me. No, Bob; her manner was downright contemptuous; it was insulting; and yet such was the fascination her beauty had acquired over me, that I could have knelt at her feet in adoration of her. I have no doubt that she saw this. I soon perceived that Mrs. Gore Hampton did. There is a wicked consciousness in a woman's look as she sees a man "hooked," there's no mistaking. Her eyes expressed this sentiment now; and, indeed, she did not try to hide it.

She invited me to come home and sup with them. She half tried to make Adeline say a word or two in support of the invitation; but no, she would not even hear it; and when I accepted, she half peevishly declared she had got a bad headache, and would go to bed after the play. I tell you these trivial circumstances, Bob, just that you may fancy how irretrievably lost I was when such palpable signs of dislike could not discourage me. I felt this all—and acutely, too; but somehow with no sense of defeat, but a stubborn, resolute determination to conquer them.

I went back to sup with Mrs. G. H., and Adeline kept her word and retired. There were a few men—foreigners of distinction—but I sat beside the hostess, and heard nothing but praises of that "dear Angel." These eulogies were mixed up with a certain tender pity that puzzled me sadly, since they always left the impression that either the Angel had done something herself, or some one else had done it towards her, that called for all the most compassionate sentiments of the human heart. As to any chance of her history—who she was—whence she came, and so on—it was quite out of the question; you might as well hope for the private life of some aërial spirit that descends in the midst of canvas clouds in a Ballet. She was there—to be worshipped, wondered at, and admired, but not to be catechised.

I left Mrs. H.'s house at three in the morning—a sadder but scarcely a wiser man. She had charged me most solemnly not to mention to any one where I had been—a precaution possibly suggested by the fact that I had lost sixty Napoleons at Lanzquenet—a game at which I left herself and her friends deeply occupied when I came away. I was burning with impatience for Tiverton to come back to Florence. He had gone down to the Maremma to shoot snipe. For, although I was precluded by my promise from divulging about the supper, I bethought me of a clever stratagem by which I could obtain all his counsel and guidance without any breach of faith, and this was, to take him with me some evening to the Pit, station him opposite to No. 19, and ask all about its occupants; he knows everybody, everywhere, so that I should have the whole history of my unknown charmer on the easiest of all terms.

From that day, and that hour, I became a changed creature. The gay follies of my fashionable friends gave me no pleasure. I detested balls. I abhorred theatres. *She* ceased to frequent the Opera. In fact, I gave the most unequivocal proof of my devotion to one by a most sweeping detestation of all the rest of mankind. Amidst my other disasters, I could not remember where Mrs. Gore Hampton lived. We had driven to her house after the theatre; it was a long way off, and seemed to take a very circuitous course to reach, but in what direction I had not the very vaguest notion of. The name of it, too, had escaped me, though she repeated it over several times when I was taking my leave of her. Of course, my omitting to call and pay my respects would subject me to every possible construction of rudeness and incivility, and here was, therefore, another source of irritation and annoyance to me.

My misanthropy grew fiercer. I had passed through the sad stage, and now entered upon the combative period of the disease. I felt an intense longing to have a quarrel with somebody. I frequented Cafés, and walked the streets in a battle, murder, and sudden-death humour—frowning at this man, scowling at that. But, have you never remarked, the caprice of Fortune is in this as in all other things? Be indifferent at play, and you are sure to win; show yourself regardless of a woman, and you are certain to hear she wants to make your acquaintance. Go out of a morning in a mood of universal love and philanthropy, and I'll take the odds that you have a duel on hands before evening.

There was one man in Florence whom I especially desired to fix a quarrel upon—this was Morris, or as he was now called, Sir Morris Penrhyn. A fellow who unquestionably ought to have had very

different claims on my regard, but who now, in this perversion of my feelings, struck me as exactly the man to shoot or be shot by. Don't you know that sensation, Bob, in which a man feels that he must select a particular person, quite apart from any misfortune he is suffering under, and make *him* pay its penalty? It is a species of antipathy that defies all reason, and, indeed, your attempt to argue yourself out of it only serves to strengthen and confirm its hold on you.

Morris and I had ceased to speak when we met; we merely saluted coldly, and with that rigid observance of a courtesy that makes the very easiest prelude to a row; each party standing ready prepared to say "check" whenever the other should chance to make a wrong move. Perhaps I am not justified in saying so much of *him*, but I know that I do not exaggerate my own intentions. I fancied—what will a man not fancy in one of these eccentric stages of his existence?—that Morris saw my purpose, and evaded me. I argued myself into the notion that he was deficient in personal courage, and constructed upon this idea a whole edifice of absurdity.

I am ashamed, even before you, to acknowledge the extent to which my stupid infatuation blinded me; perhaps the best penalty to pay for it is an open confession.

I overtook our valet one morning with a letter in my Governor's hand, addressed to Sir Morris Penrhyn, and on inquiring discovered that he and my Father had been in close correspondence for the three days previous. At once I jumped to the conclusion that I was, somehow or other, the subject of these epistles, and in a fit of angry indignation I drove off to Morris's hotel.

When a man gets himself into a thorough passion on account of some supposed injury, which even to himself he is unable to define, his state is far from enviable. When I reached the hotel I was in the hot stage of my anger, and could scarcely brook the delay of sending in my card. The answer was, "Sir Morris did not receive." I asked for pen and ink to write a note, and scribbled something most indiscreet and offensive. I am glad to say that I cannot now remember a line of it. The reply came, that my "note should be attended to," and with this information I issued forth into the street half wild with rage.

I felt that I had given a deadly provocation, and must now look out for some "friend" to see me through the affair. Tiverton was absent, and amongst all my acquaintances I could not pitch upon one to whose keeping I liked to entrust my honour. I turned into several Cafés, I strolled into the Club, I drove down to the Cascini,

but in vain; and at last was walking homeward, when I caught sight of a friendly face from the window of a travelling carriage that drove rapidly by, and hurrying after, just came up as it stopped at the door of the Hotel d'Italie.

You may guess my astonishment as I felt my hand grasped cordially by no other than our old neighbour at Bruff, Doctor Belton, the Physician of our County Dispensary. Five minutes explained his presence there. He had gone out to Constantinople as the Doctor to our Embassy, and by some piece of good-luck and his own deservings to boot, had risen to the post of Private Secretary to the Ambassador, and was selected by him to carry home some very important despatches, to the rightful consideration of which his own presence at the Foreign Office was deemed essential.

Great as was the difference between his former and his present station, it was insignificant in comparison with the change worked in himself. The Country Doctor, of diffident manners and retiring habits, grateful for the small civilities of small patrons, cautiously veiling his conscious superiority under an affected ignorance, was now become a consummate man of the world—calm, easy, and self-possessed. His very appearance had undergone an alteration, and he held himself more erect, and looked not only handsomer but taller. These were the first things that struck me, but as we conversed together, I found him the same hearty, generous fellow I had ever known him, neither elated by his good fortune, nor, what is just as common a fault, contemptuously pretending that it was only one-half of his deserts.

One thing alone puzzled me, it was that he evinced no desire to come and see our family, who had been uniformly kind and good natured to him; in fact, when I proposed it, he seemed so awkward and embarrassed, that I never pressed my invitation, but changed the topic. I knew that there had been once on a time some passages between my sister Mary Anne and him, and therefore supposed that possibly there might have been something or other that rendered a meeting embarrassing. At all events I accepted his half apology on the ground of great fatigue, and agreed to dine with him.

What a pleasant dinner it was! He related to me all the story of his life, not an eventful one as regarded incident, but full of those traits which make up interest for an individual. You felt as you listened that it was a thoroughly good fellow was talking to you, and that if he were not to prove successful in life, it was just because his were the very qualities rogues trade on for their own benefit. There was, moreover, a manly sense of independence about him, a

consciousness of self-reliance that never approached conceit, but served to nerve his courage and support his spirit, which gave him an almost heroism in my eyes, and I own, too, suggested a most humiliating comparison with my own nature.

I opened my heart freely to him about everything, and in particular about Morris; and although I saw plainly enough that he took very opposite views to mine about the whole matter, he agreed to stop in Florence for a day, and act as my friend in the transaction. This being so far arranged, I started for Carrara, which being beyond the Tuscan frontier, admits of our meeting without any risk of interruption—for that it must come to such I am fully determined on. The fact is, Bob, my note is a “stunner,” and, as I won’t retract, Morris has no alternative but to come out.

I have now given you—at full length, too—the whole history, up to the catastrophe—which perhaps may have to be supplied by another hand. I am here, in this little capital of artists and quarrymen, patiently waiting for Belton’s arrival, or at least some despatch, which may direct my future movements. It has been a comfort to me to have the task of this recital, since, for the time at least, it takes me out of brooding and gloomy thoughts; and though I feel that I have made out a poor case for myself, I know that I am pleading to a friendly Court, and a merciful Chief Justice.

They say that in the few seconds of a drowning agony, a man calls up every incident of his life—from infancy to the last moment—that a whole panorama of his existence is unrolled before him, and that he sees himself—child, boy, youth, and man—vividly and palpably: that all his faults, his shortcomings, and his transgressions, stand out in strong colours before him, and his character is revealed to him like an inscription. I am half persuaded this may be true, judging from what I have myself experienced within these few hours of solitude here. Shame, sorrow, and regret, are ever present with me. I feel utterly disgraced before the Bar of my own conscience. Even of the advantages which foreign travel might have conferred, how few have fallen to my share!—in modern languages I have scarcely made any progress—with respect to works of art I am deplorably ignorant—while in everything that concerns the laws and the modes of Government of any foreign State, I have to confess myself totally uninformed. To be sure, I have acquired some insight into the rogueries of “Rouge-et-Noir,” I can slang a Courier, and even curse a Waiter, but I have some misgivings whether these be gifts either to promote a man’s fortune or form his character. In fact, I begin to feel that engrafting Continental slang upon Home “snobbery,” is a very

unrewarding process, and I sorely fear that I have done very little more than this.

I am in a mood to make a clean breast of it, and perhaps say more than I should altogether like to remember hereafter, so will conclude for the present, and with my most sincere affection, write myself, as ever, yours,

JIM DODD.

P.S. It is not impossible that you may have a few lines from me by to-morrow or next day—at least, if I have anything worth the telling, and “to the fore” to tell it.

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### LETTER LXXI.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

Casa Dodd, Florence.

DEAREST KITTY,

SEVENTEEN long and closely-written pages to you—the warm out-gushings of my heart—have I just consigned to the flames. They contained the journal of my life in Florence—all my thoughts and hopes, my terrors, my anxieties, and my day-dreams. Why, then, will you say, have they met this fate? I will tell you, Kitty. Of the feelings there recorded—of the emotions depicted—of the very events themselves, nothing—absolutely nothing—now remains; and my poor, distracted, forlorn heart no more resembles the buoyant spirit of yesterday, than the blackened embers before me are like the carefully-inscribed pages I had once destined for your hand. Pity me, dearest Kitty—pour out every compassionate thought of your kindred heart, and let me feel that, as the wind sweeps over the snowy Apennines, it bears the tender sighs of your affection to one who lives but to be loved! But a week ago, and what a world was opening before me—a world brilliant in all that makes life a triumph! We were launched upon the sunny sea of high society; our “argosy” a noble and stately ship; and now, Kitty, we lie stranded, shattered, and shipwrecked.

Do not expect from me any detailed account of our disasters. I am unequal to the task. It is not at the moment of being cast away that the mariner can recount the story of his wreck. Enough if these few lines be like the chance words which, enclosed in a bottle,



are committed to the waves, to tell at some distant date, and in some far-away land, the tale of impending ruin.

It is in vain I try to collect my thoughts: feelings too acute to be controlled, burst in upon me at each moment, and my sobs convulse me as I write. These lines must therefore bear the impress of the emotions that dictate them, and be broken—abrupt—mayhap incoherent!

He is false, Kitty!—false to the heart that he had won, and the affections where he sat enthroned! Yes, by the blackest treason has he requited my loyalty and rewarded my devotion. If ever there was a pure and holy love, it was mine. It was not the offspring of self-interest, for I knew that he was married; nor was I buoyed up by dreams of ambition, for I always knew the great difficulty of obtaining a divorce. But I loved him, as the classic maiden wept—because it was inconsolable! It is not in my heart to deny the qualities of his gifted nature. No, Kitty, not even now can I depreciate them. How accomplished as a linguist!—how beautifully he drove!—how exquisitely he danced!—what perfection was his dress!—how fascinating his manners! There was—so to say—an idiosyncrasy—an idealism about him; his watch-guard was unlike any other—the very perfume of his pocket-handkerchief was the invention of his own genius.

And then, the soft flattery of his attentions before the world, bestowed with a delicacy that only high-breeding ever understands. What wonder if my imagination followed where my heart had gone before, and if the visions of a future blended with the ecstasies of the present!

I cannot bring myself to speak of his treachery. No, Kitty, it would be to arraign myself were I to do so. My heartstrings are breaking as I ask myself, "Is this, then, the love that I inspired? Are these the proofs of a devotion I fondly fancied eternal?" No more can I speak of our last meeting, the agony of which must endure while life remains. When he left me, I almost dreaded that in his despair he might be driven to suicide. He fled from the house—it was past midnight—and never appeared the whole of the following day; another and another passed over—my terrors increased, my fears rose to madness. I could restrain myself no longer, and hurried away to confide my agonising sorrows to James's ear. It was early, and he was still sleeping. As I stole across the silent room I saw an open note upon the table—I knew the hand, and seized it at once. There were but four lines, and they ran thus:

DEAR JIM,

The Birds are wild and not very plenty ; but there is some capital boar-shooting, and hares in abundance.

They tell me Lady George is in Florence ; pray see her, and let me know how she's looking.

Ever yours,

GEORGE TIVERTON.

Maremma.

I tottered to a seat, Kitty, and burst into tears. Yours are now falling for me—I feel it—I know it, dearest. I can write no more.

I am better now, dearest Kitty. My heart is stilled, its agonies are calmed, but my blanched cheek, my sunken eye, my bloodless lip, my trembling hand, all speak my sorrows, though my tongue shall utter them no more. Never again shall that name escape me, and I charge your friendship never to whisper it to my ears.

From myself and my own fortunes I turn away as from a theme barren and profitless. Of Mary Anne,—the lost, the forlorn, and the broken-hearted, you shall hear no more.

On Friday last—was it Friday?—I really forget days and dates and everything—James, who has latterly become totally changed in temper and appearance, contrived to fix a quarrel of some kind or other on Sir Morris Penrhyn. The circumstance was so far the more unfortunate, since Sir M. had shown himself most kind and energetic about Mamma's release, and mainly, I believe, contributed to that result. In the dark obscurity that involves the whole affair, we have failed to discover with whom the offence originated, or what it really was. We only know that James wrote a most indiscreet and intemperate note to Sir Morris, and then hastened away to appoint a friend to receive his message. By the merest accident he detected, in a passing travelling carriage, a well-known face, followed it, and discovered—whom, think you?—but our former friend and neighbour Doctor Belton.

He was on his way to England with despatches from Constantinople ; but fortunately for James, received a telegraphic message to wait at Florence for more recent news from Vienna before proceeding further. James at once induced him to act for him ; and firmly persuaded that a meeting must ensue, set out himself for the Modenese frontier beyond Lucca.

I have already said that we know nothing of the grounds of quarrel ; we probably never shall, but whatever they were, the tact and delicacy of Doctor B., aided by the unvarying good sense and good

temper of Sir Morris, succeeded in overcoming them ; and this morning both these Gentlemen drove here in a carriage, and had a long interview with Papa. The room in which he received them adjoined my own, and though for a long time the conversation was maintained in the dull, monotonous tone of ordinary speakers, at last I heard hearty laughter, in which Papa's voice was eminently conspicuous.

With a heart relieved of a heavy load, I dressed, and went into the drawing-room. I wore a very becoming dark blue silk, with three deep flounces, and as many falls of Valenciennes lace on my sleeves. My hair was "en Impératrice," and altogether, Kitty, I felt I was looking my very best ; not the less, perhaps, that a certain degree of expectation had given me a faint colour, and imparted a heightened animation to my features. I was alone, too, and seated in a large, low arm-chair, one of those charming inventions of modern skill, whose excellence it is to unite grace with comfort, and make ease itself subsidiary to elegance.

I could see in the glass at one side of me that my attitude was well chosen, and even to my instep upon the little stool the effect was good. Shall I own to you, Kitty, that I was bent on astonishing this poor native Doctor with the change a year of foreign travel had wrought in me ? I actually longed to enjoy the amazed look with which he would survey me, and mark the deferential humility struggling with the remembrance of former intimacy. A hundred strange fancies shot through me—shall I fascinate him by mere externals, or shall I condescend to captivate ? Shall I delight him by memories of home, and of long ago, or shall I shock him by the little levities of foreign manner ? Shall I be brilliant, witty, and amusing, or shall I show myself gentle and subdued, or shall I dash my manner with a faint tinge of eccentricity, just enough to awaken interest by exciting anxiety ?

I was almost ashamed to think of such an amount of preparation against so weak an adversary. It seemed ungenerous and even unfair, when suddenly I heard a carriage drive away from the door. I could have cried with vexation, but at the same instant heard Papa's voice on the stairs, saying : " If you'll step into the drawing-room, I'll join you presently," and Doctor Belton entered.

I expected if not humility, dearest, at least deference, mingled with intense astonishment and perhaps admiration. Will you believe me when I tell you that he was just as composed, as easy, and unconstrained as if it was my sister Cary ! The very utmost I could do was to restrain my angry sense of indignation ; I'm not, indeed, quite certain that I succeeded in this, for I thought I detected at one

moment a half-smile upon his features at a sally of more than ordinary smartness which I uttered.

I cannot express to you how much he is disimproved, not in appearance, for I own that he is remarkably good-looking, and, strange to say, has even the air and bearing of fashion about him. It is his manners, Kitty, his insufferable ease and self-sufficiency that I allude to. He talked away about the world and society, about great people and their habits, as if they were amongst his earliest associations. He was not astonished at anything; and stranger than all, showed not the slightest desire to base his present acquaintance upon our former intimacy.

I told him I detested Ireland, and hoped never to go back there. He coldly remarked, that with such feelings it were probably wiser to live abroad. I sneered at the vulgar tone of the untravelled English; and his impertinent remark was an allusion to the demerits of badly-imitated manners and ill-copied attractions. I grew enthusiastic about Art, praised pictures and statues, and got eloquent about Music. Fancy his cool insolence, in telling me that he was too un-informed to enter upon these themes, and only knew when he was pleased, but without being able to say why. In fact, Kitty, a more insufferable mass of conceit and presumption I never encountered, nor could I have believed that a few months of foreign travel could have converted a simple-hearted, unaffected young man, into a vain, self-opinionated coxcomb—too offensive to waste words on, and for whom I have really to apologise in thus obtruding on your notice.

It was an unspeakable relief to me when Papa joined us. A very little more would have exhausted my patience; and in my heart I believe the puppy saw as much, and enjoyed it as a triumph. Worse again, too, Papa complimented him upon the change a knowledge of the world had effected in him, and even asked me to concur in the commendation. I need not say that I replied to this address by a sneer not to be misunderstood, and I trust he felt it.

He is to dine here to-day. He declined the invitation at first, but suffered himself to be persuaded into a cold acceptance afterwards. He had to go to Lord Stanthorpe's in the evening. I expected to hear him say "Stanthorpe's;" but he didn't, and it vexed me. I have not been peculiarly courteous nor amiable to him this morning, but I hope he will find me even less so at dinner. I only wish that a certain person was here, and I would show, by the preference of my manner, how I can converse with, and how treat those whom I really recognise as my equals. I must now hurry away to prepare Cary for what she is to expect, and, if possible, instil into her mind some share of the prejudices which now torture my own.



Mary Anne "astonishing" the Doctor.



Saturday Morning.

Everything considered, Kitty, our dinner of yesterday passed off pleasantly—a thousand times better than I expected. Sir Morris Penrhyn was of the party, too; and notwithstanding certain awkward passages that had once occurred between Mamma and him, comported himself agreeably and well. I conclude that Papa was able to make some explanations that must have satisfied him, for he appeared to renew his attentions to Cary; at least he bestowed upon her some arctic civilities, whose frigid deference chill me even in memory.

You will be curious to hear how Mr. B. (he appears to have dropped the Doctor) appeared on further intimacy; and really I am forced to confess that he rather overcame some of the unfavourable impressions his morning visit had left. He has evidently taken pains to profit by the opportunities afforded to him, and seen and learned whatever lay within his reach. He is a very respectable linguist, and not by any means so presumptuous as I at first supposed. I fancy, dearest, that somehow, unconsciously perhaps, we had been sparring with each other this morning, and that thus many of the opinions he appeared to profess were simply elicited by the spirit of contradiction. I say this, because I now find that we agree on a vast variety of topics, and even our judgments of people are not so much at variance as I could have imagined.

Of course, Kitty, the sphere of his knowledge of the world is a very limited one, and even what he *has* seen has always been in the capacity of a subordinate. He has not viewed life from the eminence of one who shall be nameless, nor mixed in society with a rank that confers its prescriptive title to attention. I could wish he were more aware—more conscious of this fact. I mean, dearest, that I should like to see him more penetrated by his humble position, whereas his manner has an easy, calm unconstraint, that is exactly the opposite of what I imply. I cannot exactly, perhaps, convey the impression upon my own mind, but you may approximate to it, when I tell you that he vouchsafes neither surprise nor astonishment at the class of people with whom we now associate; nor does he appear to recognise in them anything more exalted than our old neighbours at Bruff.

Mamma gave him some rather sharp lessons on this score, which it is only fair to say that he bore with perfect good breeding. Upon the whole, he is really what would be called very agreeable, and unquestionably very good looking. I sang for him two things out of Verdi's last Opera of the "Trovatore;" but I soon discovered that music was one of the tastes he had not cultivated, nor did he evince

any knowledge whatever when the conversation turned on dress. In fact, dearest, it is only your really fashionable man ever attains to a nice appreciation of this theme, or has a true sentiment for the poetry of costume.

Sir Morris and he seemed to have fallen into a sudden friendship, and found that they agreed precisely in their opinion about Etruscan vases, frescoes, and pre-Raphaelite art—subjects which I own general good breeding usually excludes from discussion where there are pretty girls to talk to. Cary of course was in ecstasies with all this; she thought—or fancied she thought—Morris most agreeable, whereas it was really the other man that “made all the running.”

James arrived while we were at supper, and the first little awkwardness of the meeting over, became excellent friends with Morris. With all his cold, unattractive qualities, I am sure that Morris is a very amiable and worthy person; and if Cary likes him, I see no reason in life to refuse such an excellent offer—always provided that it be made. But of this, Kitty, I must be permitted to doubt, since he informed us that he was daily expecting his yacht out from England, and was about to sail on a voyage which might possibly occupy upwards of two years. He pressed Mr. B. strongly to accompany him, assuring him that he now possessed influence sufficient to reinstate him in his career at his return. I’m not quite certain that the proposal, when more formally renewed, will not be accepted.

I must tell you that I overheard Morris say, in a whisper, to Belton, “I’m sure if you ask her, Lady Louisa will give you leave.” Cannot be that the Doctor has dared to aspire to a Lady Louisa? I almost fancy it may be so, dearest, and that this presumption is the true explanation of all his cool self-sufficiency. I only want to be certain of this to hate him thoroughly.

Just before they took their leave a most awkward incident occurred. Mr. B., in answer to some question from Morris, took out his tablets to look over his engagements for the next day: “Ah! by the way,” said he, “that must not be forgotten. There is a certain scampish relative of Lord Darewood, for whom I have been entrusted with a somewhat disagreeable commission. This hopeful young gentleman has at last discovered that his wits, when exercised within legal limits, will not support him, and though he has contrived to palm himself off as a man of fashion on some second-rate folks who know no better, his skill at *ecarté* and *lansquenet* fails to meet his requirements. He has accordingly taken a higher flight, and actually committed a forgery. The Earl whose name was counterfeited has paid the bill, but charged me with the task of acquainting his nephew



with his knowledge of the fraud, and as frankly assuring him that, if the offence be repeated, he shall pay its penalty. I assure you I wish the duty had devolved upon any other, though, from all I have heard, anything like feelings of respect or compassion would be utterly thrown away if bestowed on such an object as Lord George Tiverton."

Oh, Kitty, the last words were not needed to make the cup of my anguish run over. At every syllable he uttered, the conviction of what was coming grew stronger; and though I maintained consciousness to the end, it was by a struggle that almost convulsed me.

As for Mamma, she flew out in a violent passion, called Lord Darewood some very hard names, and did not spare his emissary; fortunately, her feelings so far overcame her that she became totally unintelligible, and was carried away to her room in hysterics. As I was obliged to follow her, I was unable to hear more. But to what end should I desire it? Is not this last disappointment more than enough to discourage all hope and trustfulness for ever? Shall my heart ever open again to a sense of confidence in any?

When I sat down to write, I had firmly resolved not to reveal this disgraceful event to you; but somehow, Kitty, in the overflowing of a heart that has no recesses against you, it has come forth, and I leave it so.

James came to my room later on, and told me such dreadful stories—he had heard them from Morris—of Lord G., that I really felt my brain turning as I listened to him; that the separation from his wife was all a pretence—part of a plot arranged between them; that she, under the semblance of desertion, attracted to her the compassion—in some cases the affection—of young men of fortune, from whom her husband exacted the most enormous sums; that James himself had been marked out for a victim in this way; in fact, Kitty, I cannot go on;—a web of such infamy was exposed as I firmly believed till then impossible to exist, and a degree of baseness laid bare, that, for the sake of human nature, I trust has not its parallel.

I can write no more. Tears of shame as well as sorrow are blotting my paper, and in my self-abasement I feel how changed I must have become, when, in reflecting over such disgrace as this, I have a single thought but of contempt for one so lost and dishonoured.

Yours, in the depth of affliction,

MARY ANNE DODD.

## LETTER LXXII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,  
BRUFF.

Florence.

MY DEAR TOM,

I HAVE had a busy week of it, and even now I scarcely perceive that the day is come when I can rest and repose myself. The pleasure-life of this same capital is a very exhausting process, and to do the thing well, a man's constitution ought to be in as healthy a condition as his cash account! Now, Tom, it is an unhappy fact, that I am a very "low letter" in both person and pocket, and I should be sorely puzzled to say whether I find it harder to dance or to pay for the music!

Don't fancy that I'm grumbling, now; not a bit of it, old fellow; I have had my day, and as pleasant a one as most men. And if a man starts in life with a strong fund of genial liking for his fellows, enjoying society less for its display than for its own resources in developing the bright side of human nature, take my word for it, he'll carry on with him, as he goes, memories and recollections enough to make his road agreeable, and, what is far better, to render himself companionable to others.

You tell me you want to hear "all about Florence"—a modest request, truly! Why, man, I might fill a volume with my own short experiences, and afterwards find that the whole could be condensed into a foot-note for the bottom of a page. In the first place, there are at least half a dozen distinct aspects in this place, which are almost as many cities. There is the Florence of Art—of pictures, statues, churches, frescoes, a town of unbounded treasures in objects of high interest. There are Galleries, where a whole life might be passed in cultivating the eye, refining the taste, and elevating the imagination. There is the Florence of Historical Association, with its palaces recalling the feudal age, and its castellated strongholds, telling of the stormy times before the "Medici." There is not a street, there is scarcely a house, whose name does not awaken some stirring event, and bring you back to the period when men were as great in crime as in genius. Here, an inscription tells you Benvenuto Cellini lived and laboured; yonder was the window of his studio; there, the narrow street through which he walked at nightfall, his

hand upon his rapier, and his left arm well enveloped in his mantle. There, the stone where Dante used to sit; there, the villa Boccaccio inhabited; there, the lone tower where Gallileo watched; there, the house, unchanged in everything, of the greatest of them all, Michel Angelo himself. The pen sketches of his glorious conceptions adorn the walls, the half-finished models of his immortal works are on the brackets. That splendid palace on the sunny Arno was Alfieri's. Go where you will, in fact, a gorgeous story of the past reveals itself before you, and you stand before the great triumphs of human genius, with the spirit of the authors around and about you.

There is also Florence the Beautiful and the Picturesque; Florence the City of Fashion and Splendour, and, saddest of all, Florence garrisoned by the stranger, and held in subjection by the Austrian!

I entertain no bigoted animosity to the German, Tom; on the contrary, I like him: I like his manly simplicity of character, his thorough good faith, his unswerving loyalty; but I own to you, his figure is out of keeping with the picture, here—the very tones of his harsh gutturals grate painfully on the ears, attuned to softer sounds. It is pretty nearly a hopeless quarrel when a Sovereign has recourse to a foreign intervention between himself and his subjects; as in private life, there is no reconciliation when you have once called Doctors' Commons to your councils. You may get damages; you'll never have tranquillity. You'll say, perhaps, the thing was inevitable, and couldn't be helped. Nothing of the kind. Coercing the Tuscans by Austrian bayonets was like herding a flock of sheep with bull-dogs. I never saw a people who so little require the use of strong measures; the difficulty of ruling them lies not in their spirit of resistance, but in its very opposite—a plastic facility of temper that gives way to every pressure. Just like a horse with an over-fine mouth, you never can have him in hand, and never know that he has stumbled till he is down.

It was the duty of our Government to have prevented this occupation, or at least to have set some limits to its amount and duration. We did neither, and our influence has grievously suffered in consequence. Probably at no recent period of history was the name of England so little respected in the entire Peninsula as at present. And now, if I don't take care, I'll really involve myself in a grumbling reverie, so here goes to leave the subject at once.

These Italians, Tom, are very like the Irish. There is the same blending of mirth and melancholy in the national temperament, the same imaginative cast of thought, the same hopefulness, and the same indolence. In justice to our own people, I must say that they

are the better of the two. Paddy has strong attachments, and is unquestionably courageous; neither of these qualities are conspicuous here. It would be ungenerous and unjust to pronounce upon the "naturel" of a people who for centuries have been subjected to every species of misrule, whose moral training has been also either neglected or corrupted, and whose only lessons have been those of craft and deception. It would be worse than rash to assume that a people so treated were unfitted for a freedom they never enjoyed, or unsuited to a liberty they never even heard of. Still, I may be permitted to doubt that Constitutional Government will ever find its home in the hearts of a Southern nation. The family, Tom—the fireside, the domestic habits of a Northern people are the normal schools for self-government. It is in the reciprocities of a household men learn to apportion their share of the burdens of life, and to work for the common weal. The fellow who with a handful of chestnuts can provision himself for a whole day, and who can pass the night under the shade of a fig-tree, acknowledges no such responsibilities. All-sufficing to himself, he recognises no claims upon him for exertion in behalf of others; and as to the duties of citizenship, he would repudiate them as an intolerable burden. Take my word for it, Parliamentary Institutions will only flourish where you have coal-fires and carpets, and Elective Governments have a close affinity to easy-chairs and hearth-rugs!

You are curious to learn "how far familiarity with works of high art may have contributed to influence the national character of Italy?" I don't like to dogmatise on such a subject, but so far as my own narrow experience goes, I am far from attributing any high degree of culture to this source. I even doubt whether objects of beauty suggest a high degree of enjoyment, except to intellects already cultivated. I suspect that your man of Glasgow or Manchester, who never saw anything more artistic than a power-loom and a spinning-jenny, would stand favourable comparison with him who daily passes beside the "Dying Gladiator" or the Farnese Hercules.

Of course I do not extend this opinion to the educated classes, amongst whom there is a very high range of acquirement and cultivation. They bring, moreover, to the knowledge of any subject a peculiar subtlety of perception, a certain Machiavellian ingenuity, such as I have never noticed elsewhere. A great deal of the national distrustfulness and suspicion has its root in this very habit, and makes me often resigned to Northern dulness for the sake of Northern reliance and good faith.

They are most agreeable in all the intercourse of society. Less

full of small attentions than the French, less ceremonious than the Germans, they are easier in manner than either. They are natural to the very verge of indifference; but above all their qualities stands pre-eminent their good-nature.

An ungenerous remark, a harsh allusion, an unkind anecdote, are utterly unknown amongst them, and all that witty smartness which makes the success of a French *salon*, would find no responsive echo in an Italian drawing-room. In a word, Tom, they are eminently a people to live amongst. They do not contribute much, but they exact as little; and if never broken-hearted when you separate, they are delighted when you meet; falling in naturally with your humour, tolerant of anything and everything, except what gives trouble!

There now, my dear Tom, are all my Italian experiences in a few words. I feel that by a discreet use of my material I might have made a tureen with what I have only filled a teaspoon; but as I am not writing for the Public, but only for Tom Purcell, I'll not grumble at my wastefulness.

Of the society, what can I say that would not as well apply to any city of the same size as much resorted to by strangers? The world of fashion is pretty much the same thing everywhere; and though we may "change the venue," we are always pleading the same cause. They tell me that social liberty here is understood in a very liberal sense, and the right of private judgment on questions of morality exercised with a more than Protestant independence. I hear of things being done that could not be done elsewhere, and so on; but were I only to employ my own unassisted faculties, I should say that everything follows its ordinary routine, and that profligacy does not put on in Florence a single "travesty" that I have not seen at Brussels and Baden, and twenty similar places! True, people know each other very well, and discuss each other in all the privileged candour close friendship permits. This sincerity, abused as any good thing is liable to be, now and then grows scandalous; but still, Tom, though they may bespatter you with mud, nobody ever thinks you too dirty for society. In point of fact, there is a great deal of evil speaking, and very little malevolence; abundance of slander, but scarcely any ill-will. Mark you, these are what they tell me; for up to this moment I have not seen or heard anything but what has pleased me—met much courtesy, and some actual cordiality. And surely, if a man can chance upon a city where the climate is good, the markets well supplied, the women pretty, and the Bankers tractable, he must needs be an ill-conditioned fellow not to rest satisfied with his good fortune. I don't mean to say I'd like

to pass my life here, no more than I would like to wear a domino, and spend the rest of my days in a Masquerade, for the whole thing is just as unreal, just as unnatural; but it is wonderfully amusing for a while, and I enjoy it greatly.

From what I have seen of the world of pleasure, I begin to suspect that we English people are never likely to have any great success in our attempts at it; and for this simple reason, that we bring to our social hours exhausted bodies and fatigued minds; we labour hard all day in Law Courts, or Counting-houses, or Committee-rooms, and when evening comes are overcome by our exertions, and very little disposed for those efforts which make conversation brilliant, or intercourse amusing. Your foreigner, however, is a chartered Libertine. He feels that Nature never meant him for anything but idleness; he takes to frivolity naturally and easily; and, what is of no small importance too, without any loss of self-esteem! Ah, Tom! that is the great secret of it all. We never do our fooling gracefully. There is everlastingly rising up within us a certain bitter conviction that we are not doing fairly by ourselves, and that our faculties might be put to better and more noble uses than we have engaged them in. We walk the stage of life like an actor ashamed of his costume, and "our motley" never sets easily on us to the last. I think I had better stop dogmatising, Tom. Heaven knows where it may lead me, if I don't. Old Woodcock says that "he might have been a vagabond, if Providence hadn't made him a Justice of the Peace;" so I feel that it is not impossible I might have been a Moral Philosopher, if Fate hadn't made me the husband of Mrs. Dodd!

Wednesday Afternoon.

MY DEAR TOM,

I had thought to have despatched this prosy epistle without being obliged to inflict you with any personal details of the Dodd family. I was even vaunting to myself that I had kept us all "out of the Indictment," and now I discover that I have made a signal failure, and the codicil must revoke the whole body of the testament. How shall I ever get my head clear enough to relate all I want to tell you? I go looking after a stray idea the way I'd chase a fellow in a crowded fair or market, catching a glimpse of him, now—losing him, again—here, with my hand almost on him—and the next minute no sign of him! Try and follow me, however; don't quit me for a moment; and, above all, Tom, whatever vagaries I may fall into, be still assured that I have a road to go, if I only have the wit to discover it!

First of all about Morris, or Sir Morris, as I ought to call him. I told you in my last how warmly he had taken up Mrs. D.'s cause, and how mainly instrumental was he in her liberation. This being accomplished, however, I could not but perceive that he inclined to resume the cold and distant tone he had of late assumed towards us, and rather retire from, than incur, any renewal of our intimacy. When I was younger in the world, Tom, I believe, I'd have let him follow his humour undisturbed; but with more mature experience of life, I have come to see that one often sacrifices a real friendship in the indulgence of some petty regard to a ceremonial usage, and so I resolved, at least, to know the why, if I could, of Morris's conduct.

I went frankly to him at his hotel, and asked for an explanation. He stared at me for a second or two without speaking, and then said something about the shortness of my memory—a recent circumstance—and such like, that I could make nothing of. Seeing my embarrassment, he appeared slightly irritated, and proceeded to unlock a writing-desk on the table before him, saying hurriedly:

“I shall be able to refresh your recollection, and when you read over——” he stopped, clasped his hand to his forehead suddenly, and, as if overcome, threw himself down into a seat, deeply agitated.

“Forgive me,” said he at length, “if I ask you a question or two. You remember being ill at Genoa, don't you?”

“Perfectly.”

“You can also remember receiving a letter from me at that time?”

“No—nothing of the kind!”

“No letter—you received no letter of mine?”

“None!”

“Oh, then, this must really——” he paused, and, overcoming what I saw was a violent burst of indignation, he walked the room up and down for several minutes. “Mr. Dodd,” said he to me, taking my hand in both his own, “I have to entreat your forgiveness for a most mistaken impression on my part influencing me in my relations, and suggesting a degree of coldness and distrust which, owing to your manliness of character alone, has not ended in our estrangement for ever. I believed you had been in possession of a letter from me; I thought until this moment that it really had reached you. I now know that I was mistaken, and have only to express my sincere contrition for having acted under a rash credulity.” He went over this again and again, always, as it seemed to me, as if about to say more, and then suddenly checking himself under what appeared to be a quickly-remembered reason for reserve.

I was getting impatient at last. I thought that the explanation explained little, and was really about to say so; but he anticipated me by saying: "Believe me, my dear Sir, any suffering, any unhappiness that my error has occasioned, has fallen entirely upon me. *You*, at least, have nothing to complain of. The letter which ought to have reached you contained a proposal from me for the hand of your younger daughter; a proposal which I now make to you, happily, in a way that cannot be frustrated by an accident." He went on to press his suit, Tom, eagerly and warmly; but still with that scrupulous regard to truthfulness I have ever remarked in him. He acknowledged the difference in age, the difference in character, the disparity between Cary's joyous, sunny nature and his own colder mood; but he hoped for happiness, on grounds so solid and so reasonable, that showed me much of his own thoughtful habit of mind.

Of his fortune, he simply said that it was very far above all his requirements; that he himself had few, if any, expensive tastes, but was amply able to indulge such in a wife, if she were disposed to cultivate them. He added, that he knew my daughter had always been accustomed to habits of luxury and expense, always lived in a style that included every possible gratification, and therefore, if not in possession of ample means, he never would have presumed on his present offer.

I felt for a moment the vulgar pleasure that such flattery confers. I own to you, Tom, I experienced a degree of satisfaction at thinking that even to the observant eyes of Morris himself—old soldier as he was—the Dodds had passed for brilliant and fashionable folk, in the fullest enjoyment of every gift of fortune! but as quickly a more honest and more manly impulse overcame this thought, and in a few words I told him that he was totally mistaken; that I was a poor, half-ruined Irish Gentleman, with an indolent tenantry and an encumbered estate; that our means afforded no possible pretension to the style in which we lived, nor the society we mixed in; that it would require years of patient economy and privation to repay the extravagance into which our foreign tour had launched us; and that, so convinced was I of the inevitable ruin a continuance of such a life must incur, I had firmly resolved to go back to Ireland at the end of the present month, and never leave it again for the rest of my days.

I suppose I spoke warmly, for I felt deeply. The shame many of the avowals might have cost me in calmer mood was forgotten, now, in my ardent determination to be honest and aboveboard. I was resolved, too, to make amends to my own heart for all the petty



deceptions I had descended to in a former case, and, even at the cost of the loss of a son-in-law, to secure a little sense of self-esteem.

He would not let me finish, Tom, but, grasping my hand in his with a grip I didn't believe he was capable of, he said:

"Dodd," he forgot the Mr. this time—"Dodd, you are an honest, true-hearted fellow, and I always thought so. Consent now to my entreaty—at least do not refuse it—and I'd not exchange my condition with that of any man in Europe!"

Egad, I could not have recognised him as he spoke, for his cheek coloured up, and his eye flashed, and there was a dash of energy about him I had never detected in his nature. It was just the quality I feared he was deficient in. Ay, Tom, I can't deny it, old Celt that I am, I wouldn't give a brass farthing for a fellow whose temperament cannot be warmed up to some burst of momentary enthusiasm!

"Of my hearty consent and my good wishes," I speedily assured him; just adding, "Cary must say the rest." I told him frankly that I saw it was a great match for my daughter; that both in rank and fortune he was considerably above what she might have looked for; but with all that, if she herself wouldn't have taken him in his days of humbler destiny, my advice would be, "don't have him now."

He left me for a moment to say something to his mother—I suppose some explanation about this same letter that went astray, and of which I can make nothing—and then they came back together. The old lady seemed as well pleased as her son, and told me that his choice was her own in every respect. She spoke of Cary with the most hearty affection; but with all her praise of her, she doesn't know half her real worth; but even what she did say brought the tears to my eyes, and—I'm afraid—I made a fool of myself!

You may be sure, Tom, that it was a happy day with me, although, for a variety of reasons, I was obliged to keep my secret for my own heart. Morris proposed that he should be permitted to wait on us the next morning, to pay his respects to Mrs. D. upon her liberation, and thus his visit might be made the means of re-opening our acquaintance. You'd think that to these arrangements, so simple and natural, one might look forward with an easy tranquillity. So did I, Tom—and so was I mistaken. Mr. James, whose conduct latterly seems to have pendulated between monastic severity and the very wildest dissipation, takes it into his wise head that Morris has insulted him. He thinks—no, not thinks, but dreams—that this calm-tempered, quiet Gentleman is pursuing an organised system of outrage towards him, and has for a time back made him the mark of his

sarcastic pleasantry. Full of this sage conceit, he hurries off to his hotel, to offer him a personal insult. They fortunately do not meet; but James, ordering pen and paper, sits down and indites a letter. I have not seen it: but even his friend considers it to have been "a step ill-advised and inconsiderate—in fact, to be deeply regretted."

I cannot conjecture what might have been Morris's conduct under other circumstances, but in his present relations to myself, he saw, probably, but one course open to him. He condescended to overlook the terms of this insulting note, and calmly ask for an explanation of it. By great good luck, James had placed the affair in young Belton's hands—our former Doctor at Bruff—who chanced to be on his way through here; and thus, by the good sense of one, and the calm temper of the other, this rash boy has been rescued from one of the most causeless quarrels ever heard of. James had started for Modena, I believe, with a carpet-bag full of cigars, a French novel, and a bullet-mould; but before he had arrived at his destination, Morris, Belton, and myself were laughing heartily over the whole adventure. Morris's conduct throughout the entire business raised him still higher in my esteem; and the consummate good tact with which he avoided the slightest reflection that might pain me on my son's score, showed me that he was a thorough Gentleman. I must say, too, that Belton behaved admirably. Brief as has been his residence abroad, he has acquired the habits of a perfect man of the world, but without sacrificing a jot of his truly frank and generous temperament.

Ah! Tom, it was not without some sharp self-reproaches that I saw this young fellow, poor and friendless as he started in life, struggling with that hard fate that insists upon a man's feeling independent in spirit and humble in manner, fighting that bitter battle contained in a Dispensary Doctor's life, emerge at once into an accomplished, well-informed Gentleman, well versed in all the popular topics of the day, and evidently stored with a deeper and more valuable kind of knowledge—I say, I saw all this, and thought of my own boy, bred up with what were unquestionably greater advantages and better opportunities of learning, not obliged to adventure on a career in his mere student years, but with ample time and leisure for cultivation; and yet, there he was—there he is, this minute—and there is not a station nor condition in life wherein he could earn half-a-crown a day. He was educated, as it is facetiously called, at Dr. Stingem's school. He read his Homer and Virgil, wrote his false quantities, and blundered through his Greek themes, like the rest. He went through—it's a good phrase—some books of

Euclid, and covered reams of foolscap with equations; and yet, to this hour, he can't translate a classic, nor do a sum in common arithmetic, while his handwriting is a cuneiform character that defies a key; and with all that, the boy is not a fool, nor deficient in teachable qualities. I hope, and trust this system is coming to an end. I wish sincerely, Tom, that we may have seen the last of a teaching that for one whom it made accomplished and well informed, converted fifty into Pedants, and left a hundred Dunces! In-  
 telligible spelling, and readable writing, a little history, and the "Rule of Three," some geography, a short course of chemistry and practical mathematics—that's not too much, I think—and yet I'd be easy in my mind if James had gone that far, even though he were ignorant of "spondees," and had never read a line of that classic morality they call the Heathen Mythology. I'd not have touched upon this ungrateful theme, but that my thoughts have been running on the advantages we were to have derived from our Foreign tour, and some misgivings striking me as to their being realised.

Perhaps we were not very docile subjects—perhaps we set about the thing in a wrong way—perhaps we had not stored our minds with the preliminary knowledge necessary—perhaps—anything you like, in short; but here we are, in all essentials, as ignorant of everything a residence abroad might be supposed to teach, as though we had never quitted Dodsborough. Stop—I'm going too fast—we *have* learned some things not usually acquired at home; we have attained to an extravagant passion for dress, and an inordinate love of grand acquaintances. Mary Anne is an advanced student in modern French romance literature; James, no mean proficient at *Ecarté*; Mrs. D. has added largely to the stock of what she calls her "knowledge of life," by familiar intimacy with a score of people who ought to be at the galleys; and I, with every endeavour to oppose the tendency, have grown as suspicious as a Government spy, and as meanly inquisitive about other people's affairs as though I were Prime Minister to an Italian Prince.

We have lost that wholesome reserve with respect to mere acquaintances, and by which our manner to our friends attained to its distinctive signs of cordiality, for now we are on the same terms with all the world. The *codé* is, to be charmed with everything and everybody—with their looks—with their manners—with their house and their liveries—with their table and their "toilette"—ay, even with their vices! There is the great lesson, Tom; you grow lenient to everything save the reprobation of wrong, and *that* you set down

for rank hypocrisy, and cry out against as the blackest of all the blemishes of humanity.

Nor is it a small evil that our attachment to home is weakened, and even a sense of shame engendered with respect to a hundred little habits and customs that to foreign eyes appear absurd—and perhaps vulgar. And lastly comes the great question, How are we ever to live in our own country again, with all these exotic notions and opinions? I don't mean how are *we* to bear *Ireland*, but how is *Ireland* to endure *us*? An American shrewdly remarked to me t'other day, "That one of the great difficulties of the slave question was, how to emancipate the slave *owners*? how to liberate the shackles of their rusty old prejudices, and fit them to stand side by side with real freemen?" and in a vast variety of questions you'll often discover that the puzzle is on the side opposite to that we had been looking at. In this way do I feel that all my old friends will have much to overlook—much to forgive in my present moods of thinking. I'll no more be able to take interest in home politics again, than I could live on potatoes! My sympathies are now more Catholic. I can feel acutely for Schleswick-Holstein, or the Druses at Lebanon. I am deeply interested about the Danubian Provinces, and strong on Sebastopol; but I regard as contemptible the cares of a Quarter Sessions, or the business of the "Union." If you want me to listen, you must talk of the Cossacks, or the war in the Caucasus; and I am far less anxious about who may be the new Member for Bruff, than who will be the next "Vladica" of "Montenegro."

These ruminations of mine might never come to a conclusion, Tom, if it were not that I have just received a short note from Belton, with a pressing entreaty that he may see me at once on a matter of importance to myself, and I have ordered a coach to take me over to his hotel. If I can get back in time for post hour I'll be able to explain the reason of this sudden call, till when, I say, adieu.



## LETTER LXXIII.

MISS CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,  
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

Florence.

MY DEAREST MISS COX,

IT would be worse than ingratitude in me were I to defer telling you how happy I am, and with what a perfect shower of favours Fortune has just overwhelmed me! Little thought I, a few weeks back, that Florence was to become to me the spot nearest and dearest to my heart, associated as it is, and ever must be, with the most blissful event of my life! Sir Penrhyn Morris, who, from some unexplained misconception, had all but ceased to know us, was accidentally thrown in our way by the circumstance of Mamma's imprisonment. By his kind and zealous aid her liberation was at length accomplished, and, as a matter of course, he called to make his inquiries after her, and receive our grateful acknowledgments.

I scarcely can tell—my head is too confused to remember—the steps by which he retraced his former place in our intimacy. It is possible there may have been explanations on both sides. I only know that he took his leave one morning with the very coldest of salutations, and appeared on the next day with a manner of the deepest devotion, so evidently directed towards myself, that it would have been downright affectation to appear indifferent to it.

He asked me in a low and faltering voice if I would accord him a few moments' interview. He spoke the words with a degree of effort at calmness that gave them a most significant meaning, and I suddenly remembered a certain passage in one of your letters to me, wherein you speak of the inconsiderate conduct which girls occasionally pursue in accepting the attentions of men, whose difference in age would seem to exclude them from the category of suitors. So far from having incurred this error, I had actually retreated from any advances on his part, not from the disparity of our ages, but from the far wider gulfs that separated *his* highly cultivated and informed mind from *my* ungifted and unstored intellect. Partly in shame at my inferiority, partly with a conscious sense of what his impression of me must be, I avoided, so far as I could, his intimacy; and even when domesticated with him, I sought for occupations in

which he could not join, and estranged myself from the pursuits which he loved to practise.

Oh! my dear, kind Governess, how thoroughly I recognise the truthfulness of all your views of life; how sincerely I own that I have never followed them without advantage—never neglected them without loss. How often have you told me that “Dissimulation is never good;” that, however speciously we may persuade ourselves that in feigning a part we are screening our self-esteem from insult, or saving the feelings of others, the policy is ever a bad one; and that, “if our sincerity be only allied with an honest humility, it never errs.” The pains I took to escape from the dangerous proximity of his presence, suggested to him that I disliked his attentions and desired to avoid them; and acting on this conviction it was that he made a journey to England during the time I was a visitor at his Mother’s. It would appear, however, that his esteem for me had taken a deeper root than he perhaps suspected, for on his return his attentions were redoubled, and I could detect that in a variety of ways his feelings towards me were not those of mere friendship. Of mine towards him I will conceal nothing from you. They were deep and intense admiration for qualities of the highest order, and as much of love as consisted with a kind of fear—a sense of almost terror lest he should resent the presumption of such affection as mine.

You already know something of our habits of life abroad—wasteful and extravagant beyond all the pretensions of our fortune. It was a difficult thing for me to carry on the semblance of our assumed position so as not to throw discredit upon my family, and, at the same time, avoid the disingenuousness of such a part. The struggle, from which I saw no escape, was too much for me, and I determined to leave the Morrisises and return home—to leave a house wherein I already had acquired the first steps of the right road in life, and go back to dissipations in which I felt no pleasure, and gaieties that never enlivened! I did not tell you all this at the time, my dear friend, partly because I had not the courage for it, and partly that the avowal might seem to throw a reproach on those whom my affection should shield from even a criticism. If I speak of it now, it is because, happily, the theme is one hourly discussed amongst us in all the candour of true frankness. We have no longer concealments, and we are happy.

It may have been that the abruptness of my departure offended Captain Morris, or possibly some other cause produced the estrangement; but, assuredly, he no longer cultivated the intimacy he had

once seemed so ardently to desire, and, until the event of Mamma's misfortune here, he ceased to visit us.

And now came the interview I have alluded to! Oh, my dearest friend, if there be a moment in life which combines within it the most exquisite delight with the most torturing agony, it is that in which an affection is sought for by one who, immeasurably above us in all the gifts of fortune, still seems to feel that there is a presumption in his demand, and that his appeal may be rejected. I know not how to speak of that conflict between pride and shame, between the ecstasy of conquest and the innate sense of the unworthiness that had won the victory!

Sir Penrhyn thought, or fancied that he thought, me fond of display and splendour—that in conforming to the quiet habits of his Mother's house I was only submitting with a good grace to privations. I undeceived him at once. I confessed, not without some shame, that I was in a manner unsuited to the details of an exalted station—that wealth and its accompaniments would in reality be rather burdens than pleasure to one whose tastes were humble as my own—that, in fact, I was so little of a "Grande Dame," that I should inevitably break down in the part, and that no appliances of mere riches could repay for the onerous duties of dispensing them.

"In so much," interrupted he, with a half-smile, "that you would prefer a poor man to a rich one?"

"If you mean," said I, "a poor man who felt no shame in his poverty, in comparison with a rich man who felt his pride in his wealth, I say, Yes."

"Then what say you to one who has passed through both ordeals," said he, "and only asks that you should share either with him to make him happy?"

I have no need to tell you my answer. It satisfied *him*, and made mine the happiest heart in the world. And now we are to be married, dearest, in a fortnight or three weeks—as soon, in fact, as may be; and then we are to take a short tour to Rome and Naples, where Sir Penrhyn's yacht is to meet us; after which we visit Malta, coast along Spain, and home. Home sounds delightfully when it means all that one's fondest fancies can weave of country, of domestic happiness, of duties heartily entered on, and of affections well repaid.

Penrhyn is very splendid; the castle is of feudal antiquity, and the grounds are princely in extent and beauty. Sir Morris is justly proud of his ancestral possessions, and longs to show me its stately magnificence; but still more do I long for the moment when my dear Miss

Cox will be my guest, and take up her quarters in a certain little room that opens on a terraced garden overlooking the sea. I fixed on the spot the very instant I saw the drawing of the Castle, and I am certain you will not find it in your heart to refuse me what will thus make up the perfect measure of my happiness.

In all the selfishness of my joy, I have forgotten to tell you of Florence; but, in truth, it would require a calmer head than mine to talk of Galleries and works of Art, while my thoughts are running on the bright realities of my condition. It is true we go everywhere and see everything, but I am in such a humour to be pleased that I am delighted with all, and can be critical to nothing. I half suspect that Art, as Art, is a source of pleasure to a very few. I mean, that the number is a limited one which can enter into all the minute excellences of a great work, appreciate justly the difficulties overcome, and value deservedly the real triumph accomplished. For myself, I know and feel that painting has its greatest charm for me in its power of suggestiveness, and, consequently, the subject is often of more consequence than the treatment of it; not that I am cold to the chaste loveliness of a Raphael, or indifferent to the gorgeous beauty of a Giordano. They appeal to me, however, in somewhat the same way, and my mind at once sets to work upon an ideal character of the creation before me. That this same admiration of mine is a very humble effort at appreciating artistic excellence, I want no better proof than the fact, that it is exactly what Betty Cobb herself felt on being shown the pictures in "the Pitti." Her honest worship of a Madonna at once invested her with every attribute of goodness, and the Painter, could he only have heard the praises she uttered, might have revelled in the triumph of an art that can rise above the mere delineation of external beauty. That the appeal to her own heart was direct, was evidenced by her constant reference to some living resemblance to the picture before her. Now, it was a saintly hermit by Caracci—that was the image of Peter Delany at the cross-roads; now, it was a Judas—that was like Tom Noon of the turnpike; and now, it was a lovely head by Titian—the "very moral of Miss Kitty Doolan when her hair was down about her." I am certain, my dearest Miss Cox, that the delight conveyed by painting and music is a much more natural pleasure than that derived from the enjoyment of imaginary composition by writing. The appeal is not alone direct, but it is in a manner the same to all—to the highest king upon the throne, and to the lowly peasant, as in meek wonder he stands entranced and enraptured.

But why do I loiter within doors when it is of Florence itself, of



its sunny Arno, of its cyprus-crowned San Miniato, and of the villa-clad Fiezole I would tell you ! But even these are so interwoven with the frame of mind in which I now enjoy them, that to speak of them would be again to revert to my selfishness.

Yesterday we made an excursion to Vallambrosa, which lies in a cleft between two lofty mountains, about thirteen miles from this. It was a strange transition from the warm air and sunny streets of Florence, with all their objects of artistic wonder on every side, to find oneself suddenly traversing a wild mountain gorge in a rude bullock-cart, guided by a peasant of semi-savage aspect, his sheep-skin mantle and long ox-goad giving a picturesque air to his tall and sinewy figure. The snow lay heavily in all the crevices around, and it was a perfectly Alpine scene in its desolation ; nor, I must say, did it recal a single one of the ideas with which our great Poet has associated it. The thickly-strewn leaves have no existence here, since the trees are not deciduous, and consist entirely of pines.

A straight avenue in the forest leads to the Convent, which is of immense size, forming a great quadrangle. At a little distance off, sheltered by a thick grove of tall pines, stands a small building appropriated to the accommodation of strangers, who are the guests of the monks for any period short of three days, and by a special permission for even a longer time.

We passed the day and the night there, and I would willingly have lingered still longer. From the mountain peak above the Convent the two seas at either side of the Peninsula are visible, and the Gulf of Genoa and the Adriatic are stretched out at your feet, with the vast plain of Central Italy, dotted over with cities, every name of which is a spell to memory ! Thence back to Florence, and all that gay world that seemed so small to the eye the day before ! And now, dearest Miss Cox, let me conclude, ere my own littleness become more apparent, for here I am, tossing over laces and embroidery, gazing with rapture at brooches and bracelets, and actually fancying how captivating I shall be when apparelled in all this finery. It would be mere deceitfulness in me were I to tell you that I am not charmed with the splendour that surrounds me. Let me only hope that it may not corrupt that heart which at no time was more entirely your own than while I write myself yours affectionately,

CAROLINE DODD.

## LETTER LXXIV.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE,  
BRUFF.

Florence.

WELL, my dear Tom, my task is at last completed—my magnum opus accomplished. I have carried all my measures, if not with triumphant majorities, at least with a “good working party,” as the slang has it, and I stand proudly pre-eminent the head of the Dodd Administration. I have no patience for details. I like better to tell you the results in some striking paragraph, to be headed “Latest Intelligence,” and to run thus: “Our last advices inform us that, notwithstanding the intrigues in the Cabinet, K. I. maintains his ascendancy. We have no official intelligence of the fact, but all the authorities concur in believing that the Dodds are about to leave the Continent and return to Ireland.”

Ay, Tom, that is the grand and comprehensive measure of family reform I have so long laboured over, and at length have the proud gratification to see Law!

I find, on looking back, that I left off on my being sent for by Belton. I’ll try and take up one of the threads of my tangled narrative at that point. I found him at his hotel in conversation with a very smartly-dressed, well-whiskered, kid-gloved little man, whom he presented as “Mr. Curl Davis, of Lincoln’s Inn.” Mr. D. was giving a rather pleasant account of the casualties of his first trip to Italy when I entered, but immediately stopped, and seemed to think that the hour of business should usurp the time of mere amusement.

Belton soon informed me why, by telling me that Mr. C. D. was a London Collector who transacted the foreign affairs for various discounting houses at home, and who held a roving commission to worry, harass, and torment all such and sundry as might have drawn, signed, or endorsed Bills, either for their own accommodation or that of their friends.

Now I had not the most remote notion how I should come to figure in this category. I knew well that you had “taken care of”—that’s the word—all my little missives in that fashion. So persuaded was I of my sincerity, that I offered him at once a small wager that





*The Planting of the...*

he had mistaken his man, and that it was, in fact, some other Dodd, bent on bringing our honourable name to shame and disgrace.

"It must, under these circumstances, then," said he, "be a very gross case of forgery, for the name is yours; nor can I discover any other with the same Christian names." So saying, he produced a pocket-book, like a family Bible, and drew from out a small partition of it a Bill for five hundred pounds, at nine months, drawn and endorsed by me in favour of the Hon. Augustus Gore Hampton!

This precious document had now about fifty-two hours some odd minutes to run. In other words, it was a crocodile's egg with the shell already bursting, and the reptile's head prepared to spring out.

"The writing, if not yours, is an admirable imitation," said Davis, surveying it through his double eye-glass.

"Is it yours?" asked Belton.

"Yes," said I, with a great effort to behave like an ancient Roman.

"Ah, then, it is all correct," said Davis, smirking. "I am charmed to find that the case presents no difficulty whatsoever."

"I'm not quite so certain of that, Sir," said I; "I take a very different view of the transaction."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Dodd," said he, coaxingly, "we are not Shylocks. We will meet your convenience in any way; in fact, it is with that sole object I have come out from England. Don't negotiate it, said Mr. Gore Hampton to me, if you can possibly help it; see Mr. D. himself, ask what arrangement will best suit him, take half of the amount in cash, and renew the Bill at three months, rather than push him to an inconvenience. I assure you these were his own words, for there isn't a more generous fellow breathing than Gore." Mr. Davis uttered this with a kind of hearty expansiveness, as though to say, "The man's my friend, and let me see who'll gainsay me."

"Am I at liberty to inquire into the circumstances of this transaction?" said Belton, who had been for some minutes attentively examining the Bill, and the several names upon it, and comparing the writing with some other that he held in his hand.

I half scrupled to say "Yes" to this request, Tom. If there be anything particularly painful in shame above all others, it is for an old fellow to come to confession of his follies to a young one. It reverses their relative stations to each other so fatally, that they never can stand rightly again. He saw this, or he seemed to see it, in a second, by my hesitation, for, quickly turning to Mr. Davis, he said, "Our meeting here is a most opportune one, as you will perceive by this paper"—giving him a letter as he spoke. Although I paid little attention to these words, I was soon struck by the change that had come

over Mr. Davis. The fresh and rosy cheek was now blanched, the easy smile had departed, and a look of terror and dismay was exhibited in its place.

“Now, Sir,” said Belton, folding up the document, “you see I have been very frank with you. The charges contained in that letter I am in a position to prove. The Earl of Darewood has placed all the papers in my hands, and given me full permission as to how I shall employ them. Mr. Dodd,” said he, addressing me, “if I am not at liberty to ask you the history of that Bill, there is at least nothing to prevent *my* informing *you* that all the names upon it are those of men banded together for purposes of fraud.”

“Take care what you say, Sir,” said Davis, affecting to write down his words, but in his confusion unable to form a letter.

“I shall accept your caution as it deserves,” said Belton, “and say that they are a party of professional swindlers—men who cheat at play, intimidate for money, and even commit forgery for it.”

Davis moved towards the door, but Belton anticipated him, and he sat down again without a word.

“Now, Mr. Davis,” said he, calmly, “it is left entirely to my discretion in what way I am to proceed with respect to one of the parties to these frauds.” As he got thus far, the waiter entered, and presented a visiting card, on which Belton said—“Yes, show him upstairs,” and the next minute Lord George Tiverton made his appearance. He was already in the middle of the room ere he perceived me, and for the first time in my life I saw signs of embarrassment and shame on his impassive features.

“They told me you were alone, Mr. Belton,” said he, angrily, and as if about to retire.

“For all the purposes you have come upon, my Lord, it is the same as though I were.”

“Is it blown, then?” asked his Lordship of Davis; and the other replied with an almost imperceptible nod. Muttering what sounded like a curse, Tiverton threw himself into a chair, drawing his hat, which he still wore, more deeply over his eyes.

I assure you, Tom, that so overwhelmed was I by this distressing scene, for, say what you will, there is nothing so distressing as to see the man with whom you have lived in intimacy, if not actual friendship, suddenly displayed in all the glaring colours of scoundrelism. You feel yourself so humiliated before such a spectacle, that the sense of shame becomes like an atmosphere around you—I actually heard nothing—I saw nothing. A scene of angry discussion ensued between Belton and the Lawyer—Tiverton never uttered a word—of

which I caught not one syllable: I could only mark, at last, that Belton had gained the upper hand, and in the other's subdued manner and submissive tone defeat was plainly written.

"Will Mr. Dodd deny his liability?" cried out Davis; and though, I suppose, he must have said the words many times over, I could not bring myself to suppose they were addressed to me.

"I shall not ask him that question," said Belton, "but *you* may."

"Hang it! Curl, you know it was 'a plant,'" said Tiverton, who was now smoking a cigar as coolly as possible. "What's the use of pushing them further. We've lost the game, man!"

"Just so, my Lord," said Belton; "and notwithstanding all his pretended boldness, nobody is more aware of that fact than Mr. Curl Davis, and the sooner he adopts your Lordship's frankness the quicker will this affair be settled."

Belton and the Lawyer conversed eagerly together in half-whispers. I could only overhear a stray word or two; but they were enough to show me that Davis was pressing for some kind of a compromise, to which the other would not accede, and the terms of which came down successively from five hundred pounds to three, two, one, and at last fifty.

"No, nor five, Sir—not five shillings in such a cause!" said Belton, determinedly. "I should feel it an indelible disgrace upon me for ever to concede one farthing to a scheme so base and contemptible. Take my word for it, to escape exposure in such a case is no slight immunity."

Davis still demurred, but it was rather with the disciplined resistance of a well-trained rascal than with the ardour of a strong conviction.

The altercation—for it was such—interested me wonderfully little, my attention being entirely bestowed on Tiverton, who had now lighted his third cigar, which he was smoking away vigorously, never once bestowing a look towards me, nor in any way seeming to recognise my presence. A sudden pause in the discussion attracted me, and I saw that Mr. Davis was handing over several papers, which, to my practical eye, resembled Bills, to Belton, who carefully perused each of them in turn before enclosing them in his pocket-book.

"Now, my Lord, I am at your service," said Belton; "but I presume our interview may as well be without witnesses."

"I should like to have Davis here," replied Tiverton, languidly; "seeing how you have bullied *him* only satisfies me how little chance I shall have with you."

Not waiting to hear an answer to this speech, I arose and took my

hat, and pressing Belton's hand cordially, as I asked him to dinner for that day, I hurried out of the room. Not, however, without his having time to whisper to me :

"That affair is all arranged—have no further uneasiness on the subject."

I was in the street in the midst of the moving, bustling population, with all the life, din, and turmoil of a great city around me, and yet I stood confounded and overwhelmed by what I had just witnessed. "And this," said I at last, "is the way the business of the world goes on—robbery, cheating, intimidation, and overreaching are the politenesses men reciprocate with each other!" Ah, Tom, with what scanty justice we regard our poor hard-working, half-starved, and ragged people, when men of rank, station, and refinement are such culprits as this! Nor could I help confessing that if I had passed my life at home, in my own country, such an instance as I had just seen had in all likelihood never occurred to me. The truth is, that there is a simplicity in the life of poor Countries, that almost excludes such a craft as that of a swindler. Society must be a complex and intricate machinery where *they* are to thrive. There must be all the thousand requirements that are begotten of a pampered and luxurious civilisation, and all the faults and frailties that grow out of these. Your well-bred scoundrel trades upon the follies, the weaknesses, the foibles, rather than the vices of the world, and his richest harvest lies amongst those who have ambitions above their station, and pretensions unsuited to their property—in one word, to the "Dodds of this world, whether they issue from Tipperary or Yorkshire, whether their tongue betray the Celt or the Saxon!"

I grew very moral on this theme as I walked along, and actually found myself at my own door before I knew where I was. I discovered that Morris and his Mother had been visiting Mrs. D. in my absence, and that the interview had passed off satisfactorily Cary's bright and cheery looks sufficiently assured me. Perhaps she was "not i' the vein," or perhaps she was awed by the presence of real wealth and fortune, but I was glad to find that Mrs. D. scarcely more than alluded to the splendours of Dodsborough; nor did she bring in the M'Carthys more than four times during their stay. This is encouraging, Tom; and who knows but in time we may be able to "lay this family," and live without the terrors of their resurrection!

The Morrises are to dine with us, and I only trust that we shall not give them a "taste of our quality" in high living, for I have just caught sight of a fellow with a white cap going into Mrs. D.'s dressing-room, and the preparations are evidently considerable. Here's



Mary Anne saying she has something of consequence to impart to me, and so, for the present, farewell.

The murder is out, Tom, and all the mystery of Morris's missing letter made clear. Mrs. D. received it during my illness at Genoa, and finding it to be a proposal of marriage to Cary, took it upon her to write an indignant refusal. Mary Anne has just confessed the whole to me in strict secrecy, frankly owning that she herself was the great culprit on the occasion, and that the terms of the reply were actually dictated by her. She said that her present avowal was made less in reparation for her misconduct—which she owned to be inexcusable—than as an obligation she felt under to requite the admirable behaviour of Morris, who, by this time, must have surmised what had occurred, and whose gentlemanlike feeling recoiled from vindicating himself at the cost of family disunion and exposure.

I tell you frankly, Tom, that Mary Anne's own candour, the honest, straightforward way in which she told me the whole incident, amply repays me for all the annoyance it occasioned. Her conduct now assures me that, notwithstanding all the corrupting influences of our life abroad, the girl's generous nature has still survived, and may yet, with good care, be trained up to high deservings. Of course she enjoined me to secrecy; but even had she not done so, I'd have respected her confidence. I am scarcely less pleased with Morris, whose delicacy is no bad guarantee for the future; so that for once, at least, my dear Tom, you find me in good humour with all the world, nor is it my own fault if I be not oftener so! You may smile, Tom, at my self-flattery; but I repeat it. All my philosophy of life has been to submit with a good grace, and make the best of everything—to think as well of everybody as they would permit me to do; and when, as will happen, events went cross-grain, and all fell out "wrong," I was quite ready to "forget my own griefs and be happy with *you*." And now to dinner, Tom, where I mean to drink your health!

It is all settled; though I have no doubt, after so many "false starts," you'll still expect to hear a contradiction to this in my next letter; but you may believe me this time, Tom. Cary is to be married on Saturday; and that you may have stronger confidence in my words, I beg to assure you that I have not bestowed on her, as her marriage portion, either imaginary Estates or mock Domains. She is neither to be thought an Irish Princess, "en retraite," nor to be the proud possessor of the "M'Carthy diamonds." In a word, Tom, we have contrived, by some good luck, to conduct the whole of

this negotiation without involving ourselves in a labyrinth of lies, and the consequence has been a very wide-spread happiness and contentment.

Morris improves every hour on nearer acquaintance; and even Mrs. D. acknowledges, that when "his shyness rubs off, he'll be downright agreeable and amusing." Now, that same shyness is very little more, than the constitutional coldness of *his* country, more palpable when contrasted with the over-warmth of *ours*. It *never* does rub off, Tom, which unfortunately our cordiality occasionally does; and hence the praise bestowed on the constancy of one country, and the censure on the changeability of the other. But this is no time for such dissertations, nor is my head in a condition to follow them out.

The house is beset with Milliners, Jewellers, and other seductionists of the same type; and Mrs. D.'s voice is loud in the drawing-room on the merits of Brussels lace and the becomingness of rubies. Even Cary appears to have yielded somewhat to the temptation of these vanities, and gives a passing glance at herself in the glass without any very marked disapproval. James is in ecstasies with Morris, who has confided all his horse arrangements to his especial care; and he sits in solemn conclave every morning with half a dozen stunted, knock-kneed bipeds, in earnest discussion of thorough-breds, weight-carriers, and fencers, and talks *Bell's Life* half the day afterwards.

But, above all, Mary Anne has pleased me throughout the whole transaction. Not a shadow of jealousy, not the faintest colouring of any unworthy rivalry has interfered with her sisterly affection, and her whole heart seems devoted to Cary's happiness. Handsome as she always was, the impulse of a high motive has elevated the character of her beauty, and rendered her perfectly lovely. So Belton would seem to think also, if I were only to pronounce from the mere expression of his face as he looks at her.

I must close this at once; there's no use in my trying to journalise any longer, for events follow too fast for recording; besides, Tom, in the midst of all my happiness there comes a dash of sadness across me that I am so soon to part with one so dear to me! The first branch that drops from the tree tells the story of the decay at the trunk; and so it is as the chairs around your hearth become tenantless, you are led to think of the dark winter of old age, the long night before the longer journey! This is all selfishness, mayhap, and so no more of it. On Saturday the wedding, Tom; the Morrises start for

Rome and the Dodds for Ireland. Ay, my old friend, once more we shall meet, and, if I know myself, not to part again till our passports are made out for a better place. And now, my dear friend, for the last time on foreign ground,

I am, yours ever affectionately,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

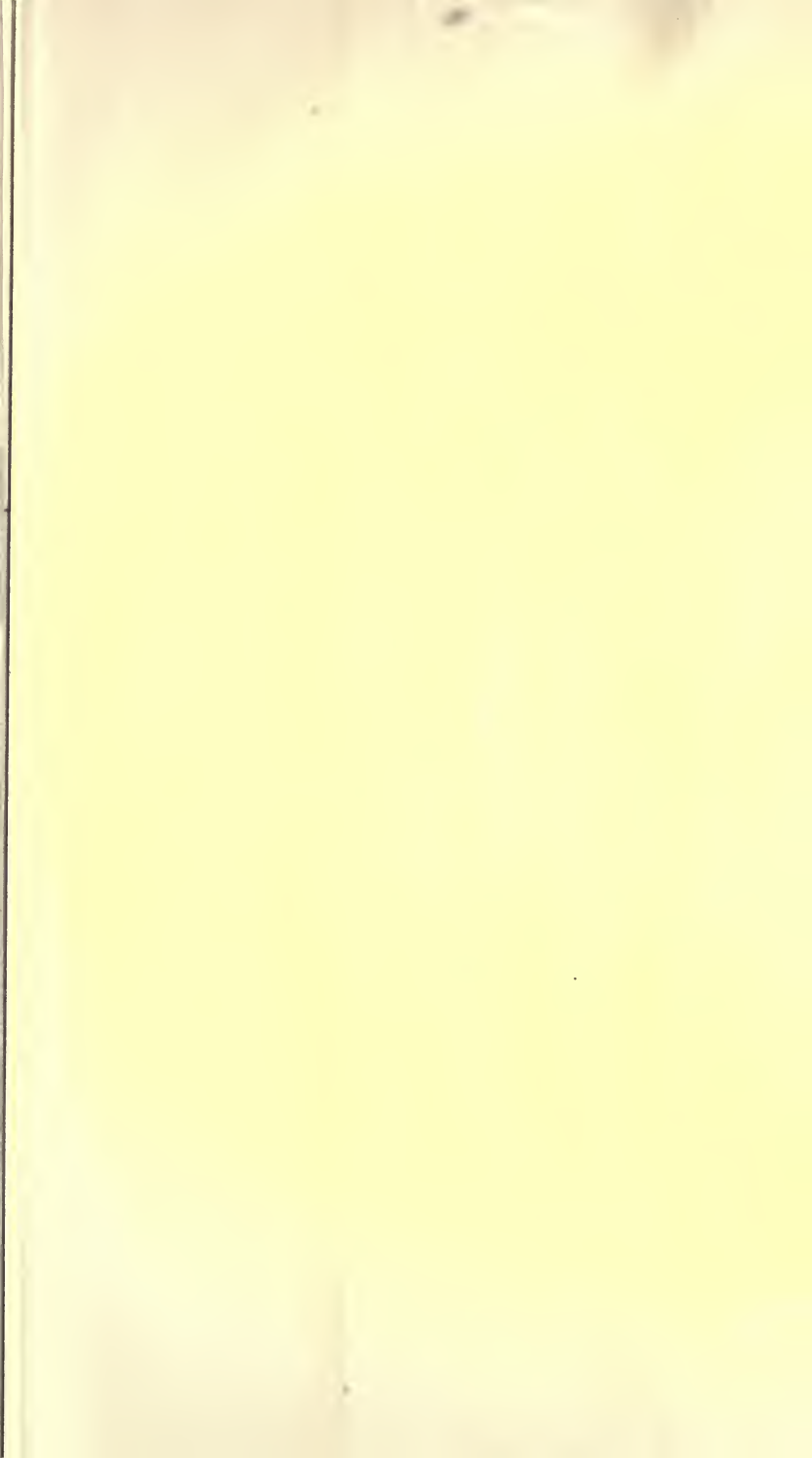
Tell Mrs. Gallagher to have fires in all the rooms, and to see that Nelligan has a look to the roof where the rain used to come in. We must try and make the old house comfortable, and if we cannot have the blue sky without, we'll at least endeavour to secure the means of an Irish welcome within doors.

I suppose it must be a part of that perversity that pertains to human nature in everything, but now that I have determined on going home again, I fancy I can detect a hundred advantages to be derived from foreign travel and foreign residence. You will, of course, meet me by saying, what are your own experiences, Kenny Dodd? Do they serve to confirm this impression? Have you the evidences of such within the narrow circle of your own family? No, Tom, I must freely own I have not. But I am perhaps able to say why it has been so, and even that same is something.

You can scarcely take up a number of the *Times* without reading of some newly-arrived provincial in London being "done" by sharpers, through the devices of a very stale piece of roguery; his appearance, his dress, and his general air being the signs which have proclaimed him a fit subject for deception. So it is abroad; a certain class of travellers, the "Dodds" for instance, ramble about Switzerland and the Rhine country, John Murray in hand, speaking unintelligible French, and poking their noses everywhere. So long as they are migratory, they form the prey of innkeepers and the harvest of Laquais de Place; but when they settle and domesticate, they become the mark for ridicule from some, and for robbery from others. If they be wealthy, much is conceded to them for their money—that is, their house will be frequented, their dinners eaten, their balls danced at; but as to any admission into "the society" of the place, they have no chance of it. Some Lord George of their acquaintance, cut by his equals, and shunned by his own set, will undertake to provide them guests; and so far as their own hospitalities extend, they will be "in the world," but not one jot further. The illustrious company that honours your *soirée*, amuses itself with racy stories of your bad French, or flippant descriptions of your wife's "toilette;" nor is it enough that they ridicule these, but they will even make laughing

matter of your homely notions of right and wrong, and scoff at what you know and feel to be the very best things in your nature. Your "noble friend," or somebody else's "noble friend," has said in public that you are "nobody;" and every Marquis in his garret, and every Count with half the income of your Cook, despises as he dines with you. And you deserve it, too; richly deserve it, I say. Had you come on the Continent to be abroad what you were well contented to be at home—had you abstained from the mockery of a class you never belonged to—had you settled down amidst those your equals in rank, and often much more than your equals in knowledge and acquirement—your journey would not have been a series of disappointments. You would have seen much to delight and interest, and much to improve you. You would have educated your minds while richly enjoying yourselves; and while forming pleasant intimacies, and even friendships, widened the sphere of your sympathies, with mankind, and assuredly have escaped no small share of the misfortunes and mishaps that befel the "Dodd Family Abroad."

THE END.











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